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GREEN GOODS;

—OR,—

A Victim of Circumstances.

By SCOTT CAMPBELL,

AUTHOR OF "MARGIE'S VENGEANCE," "THE SMUGGLER'S DAUGHTER," "THE BALL OF FIRE," ETC., ETC.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Harry Belden, a detective, talking with his brother Edward, a lawyer, reads him a newspaper personal, as follows:

Green Goods—Terms accepted; time and place stated. 128 T. H.

He explains that he thinks it has been inserted by a bungling purchaser of counterfeit money. They meet Jesse Edwards, 10 years before a college chum of Harry, who says he is a broker in the West, and who in college days was noted for his dare-devil brilliancy and for his powers of acting and mimicry. Harry shows him two counterfeit bills, of which Edward, carelessly but with a strange gleam in his eye, takes the numbers. Harry starts for the mountain region of New Hampshire to work up the case.

Belden, driving through the mountains, takes into his carriage Guy Annodale, a handsome tourist, and the two agree to stay together at the next village inn. Before reaching it they meet a strangely dressed man who darts out of sight as he catches sight of them.

At the inn Belden registers as Priest. Betsey Mufletts, the landlady, tells Belden she thinks the strange man is "Gobob's Fool," son of Zenas Gobob, a late arrival in the village, who has bought a farm, but makes little attempt to run it. Belden sees Zenas. He puzzles Annadale by his busy scrutiny of several photographs he has brought in his bag. The two men set out on a tramp. At night Guy returns alone, wear nn Harry's jewelry. The next morning he has disappeared, leaving his bed untouched and without paying either bill.

To return to Annadale. He leaves the house. Walking a mile or more through a wood road, just beyond a lone house, he rescues a beautiful girl from an outrage attempted by Gobob's fool. Leaving the girl, Millie Forrest, at her home, he says he expects to return that way in three weeks.

CHAPTER V.

THE ATTORNEY'S GUEST.

Nearly three weeks have elapsed since that bright summer morning when Betsey Muffets awoke to the realization that her two civilly-spoken guests, Annadale and Priest, had departed her humble inn without a settlement of their accounts. Three quiet, uneventful weeks in that little country village, encompassed in the almost hallowed scenery of its majestic surroundings.

Even thus long had the conscientious Betsey sustained a hope that one or the other might at length return, and in an honest like manner liquidate the landlady's score; and even thus long had Harry Belden's goodly grip remained unopened, in a closet in the little lady's front "parlyer." She had confided her maltreatment to none save Melicent Forrest, who, calling, as was frequent, had curiously referred to the little register and the mantel, and discovering therein the name of her timely defender, had soon gleaned from Miss Betsy all the facts of the affair. Without reference to her fervent obligation to Annadale, the young lady had given Mistress Muffets much faith of his return, and the morning which marks the opening of this chapter saw her again at the village inn, some two miles from her rather isolated home.

"Sakes alive!" Miss Betsey had declared in reply to a question, after the usual friendly greeting. "Not a word have I heerd from either one of them, and what's more, Mille dear, not a word do I ever expect to. They're gone, and gone to stay, and I'm four dolyars out. Heaven preserve us! who'd a-thought it!"

"Oh, I wouldn't give them up yet," replied Millie Forrest, laughing. "They may turn up any day, you know."

"And I know they may not, dear, which is a deal more likely," twittered the little woman, with a dubious expression of concern on the wrinkled face, which was scarcely larger than a good-sized saucer. "Take off your things, dear; of course you've come to stay the day."

"No, indeed, thank you, though I should like to well enough; but poor, deaf granny can't be left alone so long. I only rode in with father, who has driven over to the mill for a grind of corn. He's to call for me here in half an hour."

"I'm sorry enough!" exclaimed Miss Betsey. "Well, well; an hour is better than a minute, anyway. Sit right down and wait till I take my bread from the oven, then we'll have a real chat; I'll not be a jiffy." And the little landlady, ever alert to duty, tripped her haste to the kitchen, leaving her caller alone in the front room.

But Melicent Forrest did not sit. She went immediately to the mantel, and taking therefrom Miss Betsey's diminutive register, gazed with gravely earnest eyes on two names carelessly written across one of its narrow pages. Only one, however, was of special interest, and as she stood there, her eyes intently fixed upon it, her cheeks slowly tinging a deeper, richer hue, the hand which held the book trembling slightly, as from a quicker throbbing of her heart, her lips seemed to repeat the words—Guy Annadale, Guy Annadale—as if their euphonious syllables were a kind of silent music, rhythmical to her mind.

Melicent Forrest was scarcely 18, just blossoming from roseate girlhood into the fuller bloom of a beautiful woman. She was above the medium height and naturally formed, her every movement betraying a natural grace and freedom seen rarely in the more studied circles of life. Her abundant, dark-brown hair waved backward from a pure white brow, that bespoke at once intelligence and vivid imagination; while her deep hazel eyes, soft in mental repose, but flashing brightly in excitement, lighted a face immediately striking for its symmetrical beauty. Her chin betokened power and will; but the curve of her bright red lips, though firm and regular, indicated an ardently loving disposition, when once its object was accepted. It was the imaginative mind, together with her eagerly sympathetic nature, which led her to thus repeat Guy Annadale's name; and to believe, away down in her heart, that he, whose bravery had been her saviour, whose gentle kindness had so touched her, could not be guilty of doing wrong to man or woman. His informal departure must surely have been a mistake. She would have staked her life on that, and, unless fain to confess to herself that she was dreaming too much of this stranger, longing with too eager a fascination for his return. In truth, it was these dreams and longings which had brought her to the inn this day.

She was still conning the name when Miss Betsey returned, and she asked carelessly, which of the two men had done the writing, then immediately blushed for the asking.

"Bless you, dear! what a question," ejaculated the little landlady, her eyes twinkling, though she had no idea of Millie's incentive. "Mr. Priest writ them both; ain't he a nice writer?—one of the best in the book. Do you know, Millie dear, his absence is quite as strange as the tother's, when you come to think on it; for his big valise is here yet, and—hello! your father must have called, too, for I hear a team driving."

She tripped to the dining-room window and looked out into the yard.

"Sakes alive! and heaven preserve us!" she exclaimed. "If 'tain't that very team them two men came in three weeks back. And there's a man coming 'round to the front door! What on airth can it mean?"

In a little flurry of excitement, she whipped off her apron and adjusted her starched cap a trifle higher on her gray ringlets, just as the new arrival entered the open door.

Millie Forrest had dropped upon a sofa in a corner of the room, whence she viewed the stranger curiously. He was a neat and well-dressed man, barring the dust which had collected on his garments; and his face would have been a pleasant, prepossessing one were it not for the traces of anxiety about the eyes and the drawn lips.

The stranger was Edward Belden, the detective's brother.

With grave urbanity he greeted both women; then laying his hat upon the table, like one having business, he turned to Miss Betsey and said, with a peculiar intentness with which he might have questioned the witness of an opposing counsel:

"You are Miss Elizabeth Muffets, I believe?"

"Yes, sir," she replied, with rising excitement; "though how you should a-know I was Miss Mufletts, any more'n the—"

"I acquired my information of the people of whom I hired the team in which I arrived," interposed the attorney, gravely; but did not state that he had learned of Miss Betsey's characteristic volubility also. It was evident that he had no intention of gratifying the little lady's foible, for he added quickly; "I wish you to answer me a few questions, and as briefly as possible."

"Yes, sir," she replied, vaguely feeling not unlike a child who has been told to hold his tongue. "Will you take a chee?"

The attorney thanked her and accepted the invitation.

Millie Forrest seemed about to rise and leave the room, but the little lady, as if fearful of being thus deserted, quickly motioned her to retain her seat and took a position on the sofa beside her.

"Some three weeks ago," said the attorney, more gently, for he perceived the effect of his former manner, "the team outside was returned by you to its owners. The gentleman who hired it at that time, and presumably arrived here in it, was my brother. I am very anxious of his safety and have succeeded in tracing him—"

"There were two gentlemen, sir," interposed Miss Betsey, unable longer to contain herself.

"Two!" exclaimed Belden, in much surprise.

"Yes, sir." A Mr. Annadale and a Mr. Priest."

"Will you kindly describe them?—or, better, still, have you a register?"

"Sakes alive! Of course I have, sir! I wouldn't think of running a hotel without that," twittered Miss Betsey, tripping to the mantel and producing the little book, now really neeeed for the first time on record.

The attorney's countenance paled as he viewed the names.

"It is my brother's writing," he said, gravely.

"Well, well! I'm glad enough of that, for he went off without paying," cried the little landlady who had no suspicion of what all this was to amount to; "but I'd say nothing of storage on the bag, which is still here, if—"

"I will repay all indebtedness," interposed the lawyer, with a forced smile. "I would like to see the bag, if you please."

"Sakes alive! certainly; why not?" she replied, highly elated that the bill was to be liquidated, and the bag was produced forthwith.

The attorney at once opened and examined it. The contents were as when he saw it packed in his Boston home on the morning of our story's opening.

"Who wrote the names in the register?" he asked, as he closed and fastened the grip. "I see they are in one hand."

"Mr. Priest wrote them, sir; and a very nice writer he was, too."

"An assumed name," thought the attorney, and resuming his seat he turned to Miss Betsey and asked intently:

"What has become of this man, Annadale?"

"Lord bless you, sir! he went off too without paying."

Ned Belden's brow darkened ominously, and when he spoke again his voice had a bitterly portentous ring.

"Will you please describe him, and state as nearly as you can what happened here from the time of their arrival till their departure?"

"Certainly, sir!" cried Miss Betsey, highly delighted; and thereupon she rendered a lengthy and characteristic account of the appearance, conduct and declared intentions of the two men, yet saving nothing to derogate Annadale's character. She seemed, in her pleasable excitement, not to notice the intense interest of the attorney, who sat with his brow resting in his palms, his elbow on his knee, his gaze riveted upon her face.

But in Millie Forrest all this was awakening a horrible conception. Through Miss Betsey's long recital her eyes were never turned from the attorney's intense and whitening face, her own countenance constantly paling, her hands clasped tightly together, her bosom seeming scarcely to move so constrained was her breathing. She saw to virtual life the dread in her bosom, as she keenly divined his suspicion, saw him slowly but surely strengthening the network of circumstances about the man, on whose nobility she would a brief time before, and even now, have staked her life. Beside her blood circulating in her veins, and her heart sinking like lead in her bosom.

"The relations between these men?" said Belden with fearful gravity, when Miss Betsey had finished, out of breath. "Did they appear to be of a friendly nature?"

"Lord bless you! yes. Why they roomed together, sir."

"Yes," interposed the attorney. To Millie, his cold, intense questioning was frightful; a manner born of his profession.

"On his return from the mountains, what did Annadale say about Mr. Priest? Any excuse for his absence?"

"Oh, yes! said he was with Mr. Priest had gone on a little further and might return in a few days. Also that I should return the team."

"Yes, and without a word departed during the night. Miss Muffets, did you observe anything peculiar in his actions or appearance? Was he pale? or excited? or did he—"

"Oh, no! nothing like that—though he might have been sort of sober-like. But—" here the little landlady blushed as vividly as her wrinkled, aged skin permitted, and seemed doubtful of the propriety of imparting something in mind.

"But what?" demanded the attorney, nothing of which escaped him.

"I—I noticed that he wore the ring, and the watch and chain which Mr. Priest had worn in the morning!"

Edward Belden's face became ghastly, but not more so than the agonized countenance of the young girl upon the sofa. "They were displayed to divert suspicion," he muttered hoarsely. Betsey Muffets felt the sofa trembling beneath her friend's suppressed agitation, and turned upon her in surprise and sudden dread.

"Why!" she cried shrilly, "what's the matter?"

Millie Forrest did not reply, but leaning towards the attorney to address him for the first time, she said intensely:

"You seem troubled, sir! Why do you ask these questions? Do you fear that anything has happened?"

He turned a pair of moist eyes upon her, and answered hoarsely:

"Alas! young lady! I fear the worst that possibly could happen—my brother has been murdered!"

"Oh! no—no—no!"

The girl's distressed cry was mingled with Miss Betsey's little scream, and she sprang to her feet trembling violently, her hands pressed hard above her heart.

"No!" exclaimed the attorney, rising. "What can you know of it? Stay! stay! I do not mean to—

"Nothing! Not one thing!" replied Millie, in eager, quivering tones; "only it seems—oh! it seems too terrible!"

She turned away. She could not look him in the face. She would have been glad to have cried out, that the manly voice which had denounced that "misshaven cur," the brave heart that had rushed to her rescue, the tender, solicitous eyes that had looked so anxiously into her own, the kindly tone, the touch of that gentle, modest hand, the retiring, sympathetic nature which had so interested and won her—she would have been glad to have cried out, that these were not the qualities of a man who had that day committed a most hideous crime! But she could not do so! Did she not owe more than life to him? And to declare thus—must she not betray him? Confess their mutual love, and wonder why he had gone? On no evidence but his own confession would she believe him guilty of such sin; it was alien to the nature she had so plainly sensed; and believing thus, her loyalty was to become the barrier to his menacing danger, her faith the spur to heroic measures for his defence.

"Alas!" declared the attorney; "the circumstances are beyond doubting!"

"One word!" cried Millie, eagerly; for he seemed about to go. "Let me bring my father—consult with him! He is the county sheriff, and—"

"I was about to seek him," said Belden, quickly. "I will not put you to the trouble, if you will tell me wh re I may find him."

"I'll bring him here at once," she answered, eagerly; and seizing the light wrap which she had worn above her summer clothing, she hurried from the house.

As she stepped from the piazza without, and was about to hurry up the road, a dark shadow came from around a corner of the house, close by the windows of the room in which the late scene had occurred; and that uncouth creature, Zenas Gobob's dementest son, known by the few people of the village as Gobob's Fool, stood before her in the bright morning sunlight.

CHAPTER VI.

A CLIMAX OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

It is proper at this time that a more minute description should be rendered of that uncouth personage, who twice before has ominously appeared upon the scene of our depicture, and who now intercepted Millie Forrest as she hastened from the inn to seek her father.

He was a sturdily built fellow of about 30 years, and something below the medium height, which, indeed, his stature would have attained had he stood erect instead of being bowed at the shoulders by what seemed to be a deformity of the spine, and which had a tendency to force his head forward, giving his arms an ungainly length, and him an appearance of always looking upon the ground. A heavy growth of dark beard and mustache as stiff as a hog's bristles, and clipped as closely as could be done with scissors, covered the whole lower part of his face, giving it a soiled and repulsive appearance; while his black hair, unevenly cut apparently a task self-imposed by necessity, grew low over his brow and about his sturdy neck. A circling darkness beneath his eyes betokened physical dissipation, and their peculiar activity a disposition strangely alien to the nature usually attributed to a dulled and stupid intellect, as suggested by his nickname; while, when raised from the ground, and from beneath his wrinkled brows, fixed with more than ordinary intenseness upon a particular object, especially if it chanced to be as now, a woman of Millie Forrest's striking beauty, they assumed a keen brilliancy which betrayed not only intelligence and cunning, but a painful aberration at least, if not of an acuteness approaching mania.

He was poorly dressed in a dark suiting, a flannel shirt open low at the neck, and wore upon his head a woollen cap, which, despite the warm summer weather, was drawn low about his neck and ears. The only redeeming feature of this repugnant object was his hands; they were as perfect and finely formed as the hands of the woman he had intercepted; and when he spoke one of them, in an action which was more instinctively than thoughtfully polite, went to the visor of his soiled cap.

"Good morrow, Mistress Millie," he cried in a deep, chest tone; and despite the quickening brightness of the eye, his manner betrayed a kind of faltering timidity, for it was their first meeting since the night of his villainous assault. "Whither away so briskly?"

She bestowed only a scornful look upon him, and, without a word, hurried by him and up the sandy road.

But he seemed not to be thus put off; he followed on in a sort of shambling dog-trot, necessitated by her rapid pace, and keeping a few yards from her and in the high road.

"Hey, hey!" he cried softly, and with a leering laugh. "Wilt thou not speak to me? Pray be not unkind to one who cannot sleep from thinking of thee. I thought I heard you scream a moment back, and flew to aid you—even as your friend did, when in my mad love and folly I—"

"Hark you!" she said, sternly, and stopping for a moment to turn suddenly upon him, "if I pity you sufficiently to have said nothing of your outrageous conduct, remember that I was alone when I forbore yourself upon me, my father shall know the truth, and the result shall be your arrest and confinement!"

"Would you be so cruel?" he answered, gravely, yet seemingly more at ease from her reference to secrecy. "I am unworthy vindictiveness! I own that I did wrong, yet my mad love of you was so—"

"Stop!" she commanded angrily, yet shrinking from his eyes, and his too apparent mendacity. "I'll not endure such base familiarity. Here! Miss Edna!" she added, calling to a young woman who had just come forth from the village store, and was now standing upon the walk a dozen feet back of Gobob's fool, her black eyes turned ominously in his direction. "You must look more closely to your brother here, cannot allow this intrusion of his company."

The woman addressed crossed towards them, saying gravely:

"What is he doing, Miss Forrest? I am sorry if—"

"Oh, it's all right," interposed Millie, quickly, and observing the sudden start, almost of fear, which the man had given on hearing her voice. "only I prefer he should restrain his professed admiration to proper limits. You will pardon me, but I am in great haste." And she hurried on.

"I will speak to him," answered she called Edna, and who was known thereabouts as Zenas Gobob's daughter.

But her appearance and bearing, as she turned upon the rude fellow standing in the road, would seem to belie such a relationship. She was in the neighborhood of 25, tall and dark and quite slight of figure. Her face, rather long and handsome, yet delicately refined of feature, was almost hueless; paleness rendered, perhaps, more vivid by contrast with her black dress and broad shade hat and heightened by an evident exasperation, partly subdued by a wilful effort, yet betraying itself in the flashing black eyes that were turned with ominous menace on the man before her.

"So!" she exclaimed, softly, as if fearful of being overheard by others chancing to be near; yet the words came from between her thin lips with a vehemence that would have been startling to her friends. "Do you forget what I have threatened?"

The man shrank a little, then quickly approached her.

"Bah!" he cried, in a whisper, fiercely intense, and his repulsive face became livid with suppressed fury. "Are you jealous! Hark you—the old story tonight, and go home! I shall throttle you one of these days!"

But the stern gaze of the woman never faltered from his murderous aspect, and with a low, mocking laugh the fellow turned abruptly and half walked, half trotted back towards the inn, leaving the woman apparently unnerved by his threats, to gaze intently after him for a moment and then turn and walk coolly off up the road.

It did not take long for Millie Forrest to find her father, and hurriedly impart to him the nature of her errand; and even less time was required for Matt Forrest to reach the inn, and introduce himself in his official capacity to the Boston attorney; and for half an hour after the two men were in close conference in Miss Betsey's private parlor.

Edward Belden at once confided to the sheriff the object of his brother's visit to the locality, and how, rendered anxious by hearing no news of his relative, he had traced him to the village, and was determined to institute inquiries on the spot.

Matthew Forrest was astounded by the nature of the attorney's disclosure. He could not credit the possibility of a deliberate, pursuing their nefarious trade, or even existing, in the vicinity, and although in his own mind half ridiculing the opinion of the attorney, he carefully concealed his own conclusion, that if Harry Belden had indeed met with a fatal misfortune, it was the result of a premeditated, and, for motives other than that suggested by the lawyer.

The sheriff was a powerfully built man of about 40 years, and rather inclined to fatness; but his dark, prepossessing countenance, grave and thoughtful, his clear, bright eyes and lofty forehead, betokened, if not acquired knowledge, a natural shrewdness and intelligence at least which admirably fitted him for the public trust reposed in him. He exhibited these latter qualities by appearing to coincide with the attorney's views; and also that he had not yet become jaded with the bigotry of familiar office by remarking, near the close of their private conference:

"Well, Mr. Belden, your theories may be the right ones. At any rate, we will start with that supposition. And I would suggest that for the present the circumstance of your brother's visit here be concealed; that, if he did indeed meet death at such hands as you suspect, no incentive may be given the criminals to seek safety by flight."

"A good idea, Mr. Forrest," replied the attorney, highly gratified by the sheriff's immediate interest. "First thing to be done, of course, is to make absolutely certain that a crime has been committed. My assurance, you know, will not convince others."

"And what steps do you purpose taking?"

"First, I wish to organize search parties and scour the mountains. In case of an accident to my brother, some revelation would be the result."

"That is easily done," replied Forrest. "Shall we begin today?"

"At once, if you will look after it with me," said the attorney, rising. "Get all the help you can and spare no expense."

They left the room together, and as a result of their conference the quiet little village was thrown into a furor of excitement by the announcement of the apprehended outrage. An immediate interest was awakened, and for days thereafter search parties, with no little perseverance, scoured the district in every direction. So thorough, indeed, was the overhauling to which the glens and mountain side were subjected that at one time a hundred men were engaged in the work.

But of all the searchers, not one among them seemed to have that infinite zest and almost fiendish eagerness that was exhibited by Gobob's fool. He dove into obscure crevices and fissures, which would otherwise have escaped observation; sought out the hitherto hidden places, none of which seemed to escape his zealous eyes; and appeared, indeed, to be inspired by an atrocious desire to find a human body—perhaps that the suspicion roused already against Guy Annadale, the violence of whose indignation he too well remembered, might be immeasurably augmented.

Edward Belden had been right in his frightful conjecture. On the morning of the third day of the search, and just three weeks from the day of Harry Belden's arrival at Miss Betsey Muffet's humble inn, the attorney's importuning by his terrible task was rewarded, and the body of his brother discovered by Gobob's fool in a place which had been previously passed over by the searchers. The utmost ingenuity had been shown in its concealment, and it was evident that the murderer had gone very deliberately about the work of hiding all traces of his crime. The body had been forced, face downwards, into a cavity between a bowlder and a projecting rock, and the opening closed with no fewer than 40 large and heavy stones and a quantity of moss. Some yards away and higher up the mountain, the dead man's cap was found stuffed into a small fissure in the rocks.

The body was at once removed to the inn, and during the afternoon a brief inquest held, and an examination of the remains made by the medical official from the town of B. The condition of the body made it impossible to entertain the theory, in itself improbable, that the detective had met his death by accident, and that then his terrified companion had hidden the remains for fear suspicion might rest on him. All the pockets in the deceased's clothes had been emptied, and the medical examination showed that the frontal bones had been fractured, as also the right shoulder. In all probability, then, the injuries, there being none other than those mentioned, had been inflicted by means of a violent blow from some heavy, blunt object, possibly a large stone, which, when wielded with both hands, would become as terrible a weapon as can well be imagined.

On the morning after the inquest Edward Belden returned to Boston with the remains of his unfortunate brother. Just before leaving he drew the sheriff aside, when the following conversation ensued.

"I wish to leave this case in your hands for a day or two, Mr. Forrest," said the attorney, gravely. "You doubtlessly have formed some suspicions of the criminal from the facts gleaned at the inquest. May I ask you what it is?"

"Certainly," replied the sheriff. "To my mind the crime was committed for the purpose of robbery. Your brother's pockets were rifled, even to the two counterfeit notes which you have described as being in his possession. Mr. Belden, not the identity of the criminal, but his whereabouts most concerns us now."

"You believe him to be this man Annadale?"

"Most assuredly I do!" said Forrest, decisively.

"And so do I; and while I am in Boston I wish you would take such steps as you deem advisable for his apprehension. I will return here during the week."

"I will do that," said Forrest, earnestly.

"One more favor, also," continued the attorney. "Kindly take my brother's portmanteau to your house and hold till my return; I have no wish, at this time, to take that sadly familiar object to my home. It contains only some clothing, I believe; and I will relieve you of it at my next visit."

The sheriff readily consented, and the two shook hands and parted, both convinced in mind that Guy Annadale was the guilty man.

Indeed, among all who had heard the evidence against him, and the circumstances surrounding the affair, there was hardly one who doubted the tourist's guilt.

But there was one! One who had heard from her father's lips all that had been confided to him by the attorney; one who still had faith in that gentle and modest manliness by which she had been impressed, and who now pinned all her trust on the keeping of his remembered promise to return—and that one was Millie Forrest, the sheriff's daughter.

CHAPTER VII.

A SHOT BETWEEN WIND AND WATER.

Though there was, perhaps, no one more exercised in mind during those two days of ghastly searching that was Millie Forrest, yet no one betrayed less the uncanny dread of the moment. Indeed, her apprehension assumed a rather different character, one of a more personal nature than that experienced by the others: it was less a fear that the frightful evidence of crime should finally be revealed, than that Guy Annadale should suddenly return upon the scene, and unwarned of the horrible storm-cloud threatening to burst above him, should, in a moment of excitement or irrepressible violence, meet with some mishap the nature of which she could only vaguely conjecture, knowing at length the fatal evidence was discovered, and she learned from her father the result of the inquest and the mass of ominous circumstances which had accumulated against the suspected man, heard of vague threats made in moments of excessive indignation, of angry menaces of retribution, delegate justice, and naturally enough her apprehension was redoubled.

She had carefully avoided the village since the morning of her scene with the attorney, fearing lest he, recalling her illy-concealed emotions at that time, should require her to testify at the inquest, thereby compelling her to make known her meeting with Annadale; and, moreover, remembering the latter's expressed intention of returning the same way whence he had departed, she had been watching for him, that she might only warn him of his danger; watching with the patience and anxiety and with a determination and persistency equalled only by her gratitude to him she sought to serve.

She was not much surprised to learn from her father's report of each day's proceedings that Gobob's Fool had said nothing in regard to the section in which Annadale had departed, and attributed his silence to a fear of his outrageous conduct becoming known. As for herself, it was purely out of pity for the fellow that she concealed the fact from her father, for Matt Forrest, who idolized his lovely daughter, the only child of a loved and departed wife, would be likely to have slain the knave in wrathful indignation.

For the earlier hours of the two preceding evenings, the patient girl had maintained a tireless watch upon the bridge which crossed the river, in the possibility that Annadale's returning after dark, as he departed; but on the evening of that when Edward Belden had returned to Boston, which day had been passed by the sheriff in a visit to B— and several adjoining towns, in the hope of getting some trace of the suspected man, she was unclasping the door of her father in a visit to the village. He was very willing, and shortly after supper they rode away together, in a light Concord wagon, behind the sheriff's speedy mare.

"What has started you up, Millie girl, to go to the village tonight?" he asked, as they entered the highway at that point where Annadale had missed his way. "Did you tell granny you were going?"

"Oh, yes," she replied, slipping a hand about his arm in a kind of irrepressible affection. "You'll not be very late, and granny isn't the best of companions, you know, since she has grown so deaf. She said she was going to bed all of half an hour ago."

"And she also said," laughed Matt Forrest, deeply, "that you have been mysteriously busy up in the garret for the last day or two. What's the matter—anything wrong, or are you preparing for me some surprise?"

"I guess it must be the latter," answered Millie, joining a little nervously in his bluff laugh. "No, I know of nothing wrong," she added, eager to change the subject from herself, "except this terrible affair which everybody knows about."

"Not everybody, yet," said Forrest, gravely. "I am having it kept as quiet as possible in the hope that the criminal may not yet have learned of our discoveries."

"Why, father, you don't think the man—what's his name? is guilty?" she asked, just a little artfully.

"Annadale? Yes! There's not a doubt of it; and if brought up to the ringbolt he would go to pieces like a cur."

Millie turned a little pale at his grim response, and bit her lip. She hated to think of her father so absolute in his certainty of her hero's villainy.

"It seems very terrible," she murmured softly.

"Well," said Forrest, bluntly, "it was terrible for the poor chap who went under, wasn't it?"

"Yes," was the demure response. "Are you going to the inn?"

"Uh, hah!" noised the sheriff, thoughtfully, his answer being nothing more than a grunt and heave of his burly chest.

"Then I may take Nancy and drive over to Miss Lovejoy's for a call?"

"Uh, hah!"

"Uh, hah!" laughed Millie. "What a way to say yes! But," she added, with a kind of eager warmth, "you are a dear, great, big, old darling, in spite of your being a horrid sheriff, and always looking to put some poor creature in jail!"

He only shook a little, in a kind of noiseless laughter; and leaned over sideways to kiss her tenderly.

"And you are the sweetest little mountain pink that ever bloomed among these hills," he said gently. "Don't be too long, though, for I don't wish to stay late, I'm tired. I know how you women chatter time away when you get together."

"I'll remember," laughed Millie, with a pinch for his innuendo, "and will call for you at Miss Betsey's."

There was much more than the usual excitement at the inn—indeed, there was usually none! But, since it is asserted to be an ill wind that blows nobody any good, Miss Betsey seemed to be thus far the most favored one of the late breeze raised by the two innocuous strangers by whom she had once weeks before believed herself to be hoodwinked. The little tavern had of late become a general headquarters for news and new arrivals; and between her cooking and her cleaning and her thousand and one other household duties, the little Betsey had found herself almost carried away by the tremendous requirement of the moment. But it was dollars to Miss Betsey, and dollars are a powerful mainspring in the human mechanism.

Millie deposited her father at the inn door, and drove on to make her call upon a young friend in the neighborhood. As she drew the horse into the road, she observed Gobob's Fool, seated upon the fence across the way. Somewhat to her surprise, he appeared not to notice her, though she passed quite near him; and she congratulated herself in the thought that his sister, to whom she had complained a few days before, had cautioned him as to his conduct.

It is not to be wondered at if Millie Forrest was a little artful in her doings that evening, it would have taken a girl of more than her conceit and courage to have asserted, in the face of the circumstances, her

Continued on the Seventh Page.

SOCIETY AT SEA.

A Sailor's Yarn About the Forecastle.

Murderers, Ex-Captains, Ministers and Scions of Nobility

Who Ship Together and Eat Out of the Same Old "Duff-Kid."

"There is no one knows—unless he has been there himself—the varied types of men who are found in a vessel's forecas'le," said an old sea captain the other day, as he sat in the midst of a group of attentive listeners.

"Why, I thought sailors were all alike," remarked a landsman who formed one of the party.

"There you are as far out of the way as the fellow who was bound from Baltimore to Boston with a load of coal, after banging round for 15 days, when he found himself on the northern edge of the Bahama Banks. No, sir; they are not all alike, and I don't mean by that to speak of the different nationalities and the customs peculiar to each, but of the different grades of society which are represented there. Some lads, as we all know, springing from the very highest families, are born with a strong inclination for the sea; it may not be the sea, entirely, but an innate love of adventure, this desire, if gratified, will lead eight out of 10 to become sailors. It is the same with the son of a day laborer, and thus one frequently finds two young men—who, when ashore, would scarcely speak to each other—dipping their hands in the same tar bucket while on a ship's deck.

"I will tell you my own experience as an illustration of this point," went on the mariner. "I was born and reared to the age of 14 in a town a few miles from Boston. My mother was a widow and very poor, consequently it was a hard struggle to make both ends meet. Living close by our humble abode was a very rich family, whose youngest son was about my own age and an attendant of the same day and Sunday school as myself, but this young nabob used to ride a pony while I went afoot, and he never spoke to me, unless it was to order me out of his way.

"It is needless to say I never would turn out for him, there was too much Yankee in me for that. Well, when I went to sea in a big ship out of this port, was gone a year, returned, and shipped in another just Indiaman. Imagine my surprise when going down the harbor to find my former wealthy neighbor alongside of me on the mainyard loosening the sail. I tell you, gentlemen, I almost dropped from the foot-ropes, though I will admit, to a slight feeling of exaltation; for, thinks I, old son, I'm as good as you are now, and it only lays with myself to see who will

Make the Best Sailor.

"I think that continued rivalry for a year did more to make a man of me than anything else which could have happened. He used to feel pretty sore, and I'll warrant you that his 'lob-scouse' and salt beef didn't taste half so good to him as it did to me. But all his father's money didn't make any difference in the eyes of the skipper or the officers. In fact, I think they took a mischievous delight in setting him to perform disagreeable jobs. Where he is now I do not know; if that voyage did not sicken him of the sea he may be knocking about the world somewhere now, but, judging from what I last saw of his ability as a seaman he has never stowed his chest anywhere abaft the mainmast, unless his father has bought him a vessel and hired a 'nautical nurse' to sail with him."

"You seem to have got ahead, captain, if you have not become a rich father," remarked one of the listeners.

"Probably that's just the reason. I had to work, and I knew it. I recall one case when I was able seaman. We had a chap for'ard who was, I think, without exception, the finest type of a man and sailor that I have ever seen. He was a fine-looking, handsome person, and withal ever light-hearted and merry. He was a prime favorite fore and aft. He was always found at the weather 'earring' when reefing tops'ls—by the way, the most dangerous place—and invariably the first to respond to a call. Well, I was chaps, we were ordered aloft to furl the main topsail, and I was stationed on the weather yard-arm, and I was the fourth man from the end. The sail was very wet, and we had a hard time of it, for it was blowing quite fresh, and the ship was pitching and plunging like a mad horse. Well, I was on the fourth man from the end, and I was the fourth man from the end, and I was the fourth man from the end, and I was

SUNSET PASS;

—OR,—

Running the Gauntlet Through Apache Land.

BY CAPT. CHARLES KING,

AUTHOR OF "THE DESERTER," "A WAR-TIME WOOING," ETC.

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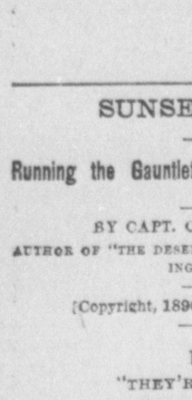
IV.

"THEY'RE COMING."



FOR fully half an hour poor old Pike remained there at his post of observation, every now and then vainly scanning the plateau through his field glass. Meantime he was talking over the situation to himself. "The jig is up now. I've got to go back to camp presently. I'll have to tell them the captain is still away, and that I have no idea where he has gone. I might just as well make a clean breast of it and admit that Manuelito has deserted and gone off with the mules, and that the old man (for by this half endearing appellative the soldiers often spoke of their captain) is in pursuit. I don't suppose he found their trail until broad daylight, anyhow."

Then he looked back towards the nook in which his precious charges were doubtless impatiently awaiting his return. He could just see the top of the ambulance over the ledge of rock that hid it from the road.

"Jim is just giving them his breakfast about this time," he went on with his self-communion. "They could not eat another mouthful if I were to go back now with my bad news. Better wait until they've had a square meal before I tell them. They can bear it better then."

Still the stout-hearted veteran would not give up hope. Again he swept the road with his glass, searching wistfully for some little dust cloud or other sign of coming horseman across the wide, open plateau, but all was silence and desolation, and, at last, feeling that he must go back to camp and get something to eat, he shouldered his rifle and went down the hill, his heart as heavy as lead.

Of course it was still possible for him to hitch up the team and make a run for it, with Kate and the children, for Sunset Crossing, but he felt confident that neither Kate nor little Ned would listen to such a project if it involved leaving the captain behind. There was yet a chance of his old commander's returning in time. Although he was not to be seen anywhere over the 20-mile stretch towards Jarvis' pass, it was all the more probable that he might have found Manuelito's trail leading into the mountains north or south of the gorge in which they were now hiding. The Mexican had long been employed in the pack train, and had been up through this range towards Chevelon's fork—he had heard him say so. Very probably, therefore, he had struck out for the old "short cut" back to the Verde. It was impracticable for wagons, but easy enough for mules—and it lay, so Pike judged, 10 or 15 miles south of the pass.

The very thing! It would be the most natural course for him to follow since the signal fire west of Snow lake had showed them the evening previous that the Indians were on their trail. Doubtless the captain had reasoned it out on the same line, and had ridden southward along the western base of the range until he had overtaken his treacherous employe. A huge shoulder of the mountain shut off the view in that direction, but the theory seemed so probable to Pike that his spirits began to rise again as he struck the road. Why! It might readily be that at this moment the captain was not more than a mile or two away, and hurrying back as fast as the mules would let him to join the loved ones whom he had left at camp.

"It's a theory worth banking on for an hour or two at least," said Pike to himself. And so, much comforted in spirit, the old trooper—half New England Puritan, half wild frontiersman—strode briskly down the road, determined that he would make no move for the Colorado until he knew from the evidence of his own eyes that the Apaches were coming in pursuit.

The shortest way from Jarvis' pass to the point where they now lay resting was by way of the road along which they had come the night before, on both sides of which, as has been said, the country lay comparatively clear and open for miles to both north and south. Pike felt certain that with the aid of his glass he could see the Indians almost as soon as they got out upon the plain, and while still many a long mile away. Then there would be abundant time to bundle their supplies into the ambulance, run it back to the road, stow Kate and the children safely in the interior, and whip up for "the Chiquito," leaving their pursuers far behind.

What a mercy it is, thought Pike, that these Tontos have no horses! The captain, too, he argued, even if he had not started before, would have an eye on that road wherever he was, and would gallop for camp the moment he saw the distant signs of the coming foe.

Even as he trudged along, whistling loudly now by way of conveying an idea of jollity to the anxious little party at the ambulance, Pike's keen eyes were scanning the mountain sides. North of the pass the ground did not begin to rise to any extent until fully half a mile away, but southward the ascent began almost at the roadside, and was so steep as to be in places almost precipitous. A thick growth of scrub oak, cedar and juniper covered the mountain, and here and there a tall tree shot up like some leafy giant among its humbler neighbors; and, standing boldly out on the very point where the heights turned southward, was a vertical ledge of solid rock.

Pike stopped instantly. "Now that's a watch tower as is a watch tower," he exclaimed. "I'll scramble up and have a look from there before I do another thing."

So saying he left the road, and pushing his way among the stunted trees and over rocks and boulders, he soon began a moderately steep climb. Long accustomed to mountain scouting, the craft of the old Indian fighter was manifest in his every movement. He carefully avoided bending or breaking the merest twig among the branches, and in stepping he never set foot on turf or soft earth, but skipped from rock to rock, wherever possible, so as to leave no "sign" behind him. It was more a matter of habit than because he believed it necessary to conceal his trail from the Indians in his case. No human being on earth can follow an enemy like an Apache; a bent twig, a flattened bit of sod: even a tiny impression in the loose sand or rocky surface will catch his eye in an instant, and tell him volumes. Pike knew well that there was no such thing as hiding the trail of his party, and thinking of them he stopped to take breath and look down.

Their little fastness was hidden from him by the trees, but he could see the baggage wagon down in the road, and, being unwilling to have Kate and the little ones worrying about his long-continued absence, he set up a loud and cheery shout.

"Hullo—o—o Jim!"

Jim's voice came back on the instant, "What d'you want?"

"Just save a little breakfast for the captain and me, will you? We'll be hungry as wolves when we get in."

"Is papa there?" piped up little Ned in his childish treble.

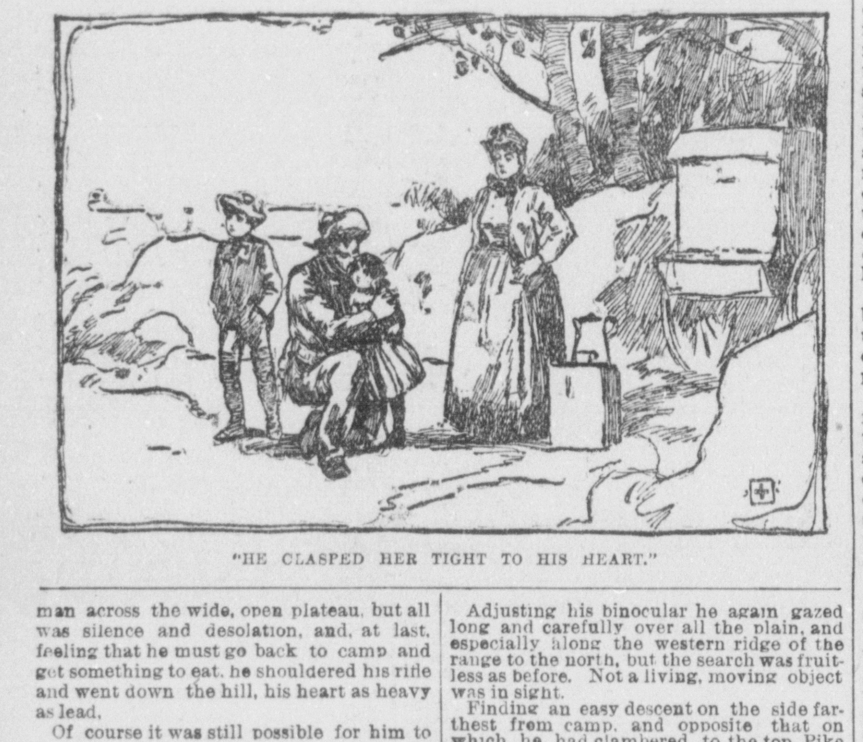
"No, he's down around the west side. He'll be in presently. I look for him every minute. He's all right, Ned."

"Where you at?" shouted Jim again in his southern vernacular.

"Up here on the hill. I'm going a piece farther to look at a big rock. I'll be down in 10 or 20 minutes.

And so, having cheered and reassured them, Pike pushed on again. A few minutes' sharp climbing brought him to the base of the ledge, which proved to be far bigger and higher than he had supposed, and all the better for his purpose.

Clambering to the top he could hardly repress a shout of exultation. Not only had he now a commanding view of all the plateau over to the ridge through which wound Jarvis' Pass, but he could even see over beyond towards Snow lake, while northward for several miles the western foothills of the range were open to his view. It was by long odds the best lookout he could have found, and he only regretted that his view southward was still shut off.



"HE CLASPED HER TIGHT TO HIS HEART."

Adjusting his binocular he again gazed long and carefully over all the plain, and especially along the western ridge of the range to the north, but the search was fruitless as before. Not a living, moving object was in sight.

Finding an easy descent on the side farthest from camp, and opposite that on which he had clambered to the top, Pike half slid, half swung himself to the base again, and there he came upon a sight that filled his soul with joy. From base to summit the ledge was probably 50 feet in height, and was so far tilted over on the western side as to have an overhang of at least 15. More than this, there was a great cleft near the base, and an excavation or hollow running inwards and downwards, perhaps 15 feet more.

Pike went in to explore, and, to his farther satisfaction, found a "tank" where the water had gathered from the melting snows and in the rainy season. He tasted it, and found it cool and fresh, and then, sprawling at full length, he drank eagerly.

"What a find!" he almost shouted with glee. "We can store Kate and the children back in there throw up a little barrier of rock at the front with loopholes for our rifles. Not a bullet or arrow can reach us from any direction except the tops of those trees down yonder, and God help the Tonto that tries to climb 'em. And, even if the captain don't come, by Jinks! we can stand off all the Apaches in Arizona. It won't be more than three days before Al Sieber will be galloping out with a swarm of the old boys at his back, and if Jim and I, in such a fort as this, can't lick Es-Kirninzin and his whole gang, call me a 'dough boy!'"

The more he explored, the better was Pike pleased with the situation, and in five minutes he had made up his mind what to do. The little nook in which the party had been hiding was all very well for the night, and a good refuge for the horses as well as the human beings; but in broad daylight the Indians would have no difficulty in finding and surrounding it, and there was hardly any space within its rocky walls which would be safe from bullet or arrow when once the assailants got up the hillside. Here, however, they could stand a siege with almost perfect safety. From above or from the flanks the Indians could not reach them at all, and if they attacked from the front—up hill—nothing but a simultaneous and preconcerted rush of the whole band could succeed, and Pike knew the Apache well enough to feel secure against that possibility.

Now it was possible to wait for the captain indefinitely. If he got back in abundant time for them to load up and push out for the Colorado Chiquito before the Indians reached the pass, well and good. If he did not—well, thought Pike, from here I can see the scoundrels when they are still miles away, and all we've got to do is to stock this cave with blankets, provisions and ammunition, build our breastwork and let 'em come.

Greatly elated over his discovery, Pike went scrambling down the rocky hillside in the direction of camp. He no longer took any precautions about concealing his "trail." He well knew that in the two or three trips it would take to bring their stores, and then Kate and the children, up to the cave, such "signs" would be left that the Apaches could follow without the faintest hesitation.

Five minutes brought him into the midst of his charges, and here for a moment the stout-hearted soldier was well-nigh unmanned. Instantly he was besieged with eager and anxious inquiry about papa, and poor little Nellie, who had come running eagerly forward when she heard his cheery voice, looked wistfully beyond him in search of her father, and seeing at last that Pike had come alone, she clasped her little arms about his knees and, looking imploringly up in his face, burst into tears and begged him, amid her sobs, to say why papa did not come. Bending down, he raised her in his strong arms and hugged her tight to his heart.

"Don't cry, little sweetheart," he plead. "Don't worry, pet. Papa isn't far away. He's coming soon, and I've got such a beautiful playhouse for you and Ned and Kate, up there on the hill. We won't go up just now, for we all want to be here to give papa his breakfast when he comes in. And, my! How hungry I am, Nellie. Won't you give old Pike some coffee now, and some bacon and frijoles?"

Then, as he went up to take his rations, he sung out gaily to Ned:

"Here, Ned, my boy. We ought to have a sentry as post to present arms to the captain when he comes in. Get your rifle and mount guard until I get through here." And Ned, proud to be so employed, and out in the Indian country, too, was presently pacing up and down on the side nearest the road, with all the gravity and importance of a veteran soldier.

Pike made great pretence of having a tremendous appetite, and made little Nell help him to coffee twice, refusing to take sugar except from her hand. Once during his repast poor old Kate came forth from behind the ambulance, and with her apron to her eyes slowly approached them, but the trooper sternly warned her back, saying no word, but pointing significantly to the ambulance. He did not mean to have the little ones upset by the nurse's lamentations.

His square meal finished, he asked Nellie to see to the breakfast for her father being carefully kept in readiness, and then, sauntering off towards the road, called Jim to follow him.

Then, while they were apparently examining the bolts of the baggage wagon, he gave the darkey his instructions.

"Jim, I don't know when the captain will get back or how far he's gone, but I haven't a dread or fear of any kind now. Up there where you see that big gray rock I've found a cave that is the most perfect defensive position I ever saw. No bullet can reach it from any point, and, on the contrary, from the mouth of the cave, we command the whole hillside. Now if those Apaches are bound to follow, they ought to be here about noon. If the captain gets here in plenty of time we'll pull out for the Chiquito. If he doesn't I mean to move the whole outfit up to the cave. I want you now to roll and strap all the blankets; to get the provisions and everything of that kind in shape so that we can easily 'pack' them, then I'm going back to the top of the rock to keep a lookout. I can see way beyond Jarvis' Pass, and if the Indians are following I'll spot them before they get within 10 miles of us. See?

Quarter of an hour later Pike was once more on top of the rock. First he glanced at his watch. Just 9 o'clock. Then he sprawled at full length upon the blanket he had brought with him, levelled his glasses, and, resting his elbows on the rock, gazed long and earnestly over the winding road. Presently he sat up, whipped off the red silk handkerchief about his neck, carefully wiped the eye and object glasses of his binocular and his own tired old eyes, and, once more prone on his stomach, gazed again; then twisted the screw a trifle as though to get a better focus; gazed still another time; lowered the glass; rose to his knees, his eyes gleaming brilliantly and his teeth setting hard; once more levelled the glass, and looked with all soul in his eyes, and then slowly let the faithful binocular fall to the blanket by his side as he spoke aloud:

"By Jove! They're coming!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TRICKS WITHOUT APPARATUS.

Conjuror Hermann Describes Several Mystifying Card Tricks.

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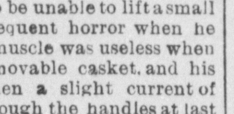
II.

I have already referred to Houdin's assertion that "a prestidigitator is not a mere juggler; he is an actor playing the part of a magician," and he adds that though quickness is a prime requisite to the conjuror, there must always be associated with it a calmness and smoothness of movement as it were, which prevents any appearance of nervousness or constraint on the part of the performer, and this truth cannot be too constantly borne in mind by the amateur performer, who is rather apt to get "rattled," as the slang phrase goes, and to betray himself at the critical moment by his over anxiousness. As an illustration of the value of the dramatic quality in a conjuring trick, I cannot do better than describe a clever performance of my illustrious predecessor, the same Robert Houdin whom I have just quoted.

He was sent, as is well known, into Africa by the French government to undermine the influence of the marabouts or native conjurers by the display of his own superior powers.

Now there is a simple enough trick which few conjurers now-a-days would have the temerity to exhibit before an audience of average intelligence, which consists of producing a small brass-bound chest, which can be readily lifted by anyone of ordinary strength by means of its two handles. At the word of command the chest becomes fixed immovably to the floor.



The explanation is simple enough. An iron plate is fastened to the bottom of the box and at the spot where it rests on the stage is another iron plate which is connected with a strong electro-magnet, which only becomes operative when an electric current, operated at the will of the performer, is passed through it. When the iron plate is thus magnetized it would, of course, require a superhuman effort to move the box. Now, Houdin, when he chose this trick as the most fitting with which to conquer the Arab conjurers, showed it in no such bald fashion as described above. He turned the attention of his audience with the tact of the true conjurer not to the chest, but to the man who volunteered to lift it, and asserted that by his magic power he would rob the Arab Hercules of his strength.

In his memoirs he graphically describes how the Arab scornfully scoffed at the idea that he could be so weakened by a mere pass of a wand as to be unable to lift a small chest, and his subsequent horror when he found that all his muscle was useless when applied to the immovable casket, and his positive terror when a slight current of electricity sent through the handles at last completed the victory and contorted his body as much with mental as with physical anguish. Thus it will be seen how the attendant circumstances transformed the simplest of tricks into a positive drama of real life.

In last Sunday's article I explained the principle of "palming" and "passing" coins or other small articles. I hope it will be clear after what I have said above that these arts, necessary as they are to the conjurer, are not in themselves what may properly be called tricks. In order to rise to this rank they have to be skilfully used in combination with one another or with other forms of sleight of hand or deceptions. So also in the case of "card tricks."

I shall devote a little space to the elucidation of the pass that is technically termed "santer la coupe," which is the basis, as it were, of nine out of ten of the principal and best-known as well as the most effective tricks with cards.

As in my former article, all I can do is to outline as clearly as I can the movements necessary to accomplishment of this little trick, and leave it to my readers to make such subtile alterations in the actual performance as may commend themselves to them.

The following is one of the most ordinary methods of making the pass, as it is called, and it must be borne in mind that this sleight consists essentially in reversing the respective positions of the two halves of the pack, so as to make those cards which, when the pack is taken into the hand, are uppermost, find their way to the bottom, and vice versa. It will be seen that by this means the cutting of the pack by an observer can be rendered of no avail, and it was, in fact, the French card-sharpers or "Greeks," who from this circumstance applied to it the name by which it is known, and which may be translated as "to neutralize the cut."

Take the pack of cards, which, by the way, for conjuring purposes should be of the thinnest and smoothest quality, in the left hand, holding them face downwards as though about to deal, with the thumb on the left side of the cards and the fore-finger lying on top. Now slip the second and third finger of the left hand between the upper and lower portions of pack (it will be remembered that the lower portion is to be brought on top) the first and little finger will be below the pack (thus holding the cards as though in a forceps) and the thumb will be kept well out of the way. Now bring forward the right hand and cover the pack with it and grasp the upper portion of the pack lengthwise between the thumb at bottom and the first and second finger at top.

Raise the upper portion slightly, or rather tilt it as it were towards the thumb of the left hand, and at the same time straighten the fingers of the left hand which still retain the lower portion of the pack, and the left edge of the latter will describe a segment of a circle and clear itself from the right edge of the upper portion of the pack. (See "A," Fig. 1.) As soon as it is thus clear close the fingers of the left hand, and the two portions of the pack under cover of the right hand will have been brought together again in a reversed position, the lower will now be uppermost and the upper at the bottom. (See Fig. 1.)

The movement appears elaborate and cumbrous, but by constant practice it may be done so swiftly and at the same time with so little apparent effort that, the eyes of the spectator being skilfully averted from the hands of the performer for the fraction of a second, there need be no fear of detection. With increased confidence the pass may be practised with one hand only, the movement being identical save that the upper pack is clipped between the ball of the left thumb and the palm.

One of the more important of the many other leading sleights is the palming of one or more cards. This is simple enough in its principle, but in order to be done neatly and safely requires not only vast practice but that other essential to all conjuring, a large and supple hand. The card which it is desired to conceal is brought to the top of the pack by the pass or in some other convenient way, and with the pack held face downwards in the left hand is pushed outward with the thumb until it projects slightly from the rest of the pack. The pack is covered with the right hand and the card pushed upwards with the third finger of the left hand, which is immediately below it, and the right hand immediately closed over it in a bent position. The card will now fit closely into the right hand, the upper edge being clipped by the top joints of the fingers and the lower by the ball of the thumb where it joins the palm. (See Fig. 2.)

The hand may now drop carelessly by the side with the back towards the spectators, and no suspicion that a card is snugly stowed away therein will ever enter their minds.

This last sleight can be utilized in the performance of a trick which, simple as it appears, is yet uncommonly mystifying if deftly handled, and was a favorite with no less distinguished a conjurer than Robert Houdin. The performer produces a pack of cards still sealed up in their original package, which is handed to a spectator, who opens the package and counts the cards, finding them, of course, to amount to the usual number of 52. He then, by direction of the performer, divides them into two nearly equal packs, and having chosen one of them counts carefully the number of cards in it.

During this operation the performer deftly palms three cards of another pack, but similar to those in the spectator's hands—or rather which are now lying on the table where they have been counted out. The number of these cards we will suppose has been found to be 24.

"Now take them into your own hands," says the performer, pushing the cards towards the spectator, at the same time quietly adding to them the three palmed cards, and requesting the spectator to hold them firmly high above his head. The remaining cards are then slowly counted by the performer himself and found of course to number 28. These are handed to another spectator, but as the cards are squared together, after being counted three have been quietly slipped off the top of the pack and palmed so that only 25 really reach the spectator's hands. These three are disposed of in one of the many ways at the conjurer's command, but in the case of the amateur may be deftly inserted in his coat-tail pocket, and a little effective "patter," as the performer's remarks to his audience are termed, is indulged in, in which the performer announces that at the word of command three cards, one after the other, will fly into the pack held by the first spectator from that uplifted by the second unconscious confederate.

The word is given with more or less solemnity, and on the cards being counted the first spectator is found to hold 27, while the second has but 25. This trick is perhaps less tedious if performed with a "short" pack of 32 cards, but however performed it owes its effectiveness rather to the aplomb and audacity as well as the histrionic skill of the conjurer than to his cleverness as a sleight-of-hand performer, and is therefore well adapted to the beginner.

SHIELDS AND ARMOR.

Walter Hough's Description of Military Curiosities.

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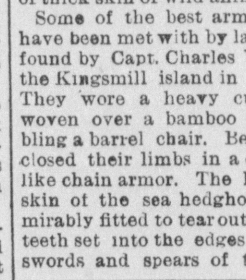

TO those whose acquaintance with armor is confined to that of the times of Richard Cœur de Lion, the primitive suits in the National Museum at Washington would prove a surprise. There have been knights of all nations and times; the first sword was a blade of clipped flint, the first spear a five-pointed stick, the first shield and body armor of thick skin of wild animals.

Some of the best armored warriors that have been met with by later travellers were found by Capt. Charles Wilkes, U. S. N., in the Kingsmill island in the South Pacific. They wore a heavy cuirass of cocoanut woven over a bamboo framework resembling a barrel chair. Besides this they enclosed their limbs in a cocoanut network, like chain armor. The helmet was of the skin of the sea hedghog. The suit is admirably fitted to tear out the jagged shark's teeth set into the edges of the murderous swords and spears of these islands. The Kingsmill natives acted on the belief that their mail was impregnable, until Capt. Wilkes thought it advisable to hang a suit in the rigging and riddle it with bullets.

Japanese differs from European armor by not being closely fitting. It seems to be rather low in the scale, as it is composed of overlapping plates, a method that is frequently followed in the beginning of the making of armor.

Numerous attachments were made by the Japanese armorer to the original coat of mail or cuirass, covering the trunk and protecting the vital organs. In feudal times in Japan the daimios or lords possessed splendid and serviceable harness, which was often so heavy as to hamper the movements. The helmet was generally shallow, with a mask before the face made to look as gruesome as possible—looks are considerably more than half the Oriental battle.

Primitive armor only protected the body, the legs are left free to run and dance about in the skirmish fighting of wild tribes. The "Romans of California," as the Hupa and Klamath Indians were called, wore an armor of wooden slats woven together, fitted around the arms and neck, and fastened over the shoulders with bands of buckskin. A stone-headed arrow like those people used a few years ago would be harmless against this fence of hard-wood sticks. They also made odd-looking coats of thick elkskins almost capable of stopping a bullet at medium range. Farther north this variety of skin armor is painted with grotesque Alaskan figures in glaring colors.

The Alaskan helmet is also a strikingly-carved and colored object.

An Aleutian skin coat in the National Museum shows a curious combination of ornament and protection. It is covered over with brass Chinese coin called "cash," sewed on with sinew cord. It would be interesting to know how the Aleutian acquired Chinese money.

It seems strange that the Esquimaux high up in Behring straits should feel the need of armor. With plates cut from walrus

KINGSMILL ISLANDER—ALASKAN WARRIOR.

tusk he makes mail put together like that of the Japanese that are marvels of patience. When barrel hoops were to be had he sometimes used these instead of ivory.

The Churkchies, on the Siberian side of Behring straits, had an armor made of bands of sealskin that telescoped like a tourist's drinking cup. They had a shield attachment protecting the sides of the face, also a square breast piece hinged on with leather thongs.

A shield is detached or movable armor. While it is tolerably easy to pick out all the tribes that have advanced to the use of a protection worn on the body, all the barbarian world use shields. Happy was the Indian that had a "medicine" shield; no bullet or arrow coul hurt him, and, summit to Indian felicity, it was reputed to make him successful in battle and horse stealing. The Indian buffalo-hide shield was generally showily decorated in colors and trapped with red flannel, scalps, horsehair and eagle feathers. Sometimes the designs relate the exploits of the owner, or are his own dream device, a kind of coat of arms.

The most wonderful shield in the world is that used by some Australian tribes. It is really a sort of parrying stick. With it the native turns aside any spear or other throwing missile sent against him. An Australian gave an exhibition of its use to the Prince of Wales in London some years ago. He parried with ease spears that were thrown full force at him from a distance of 15 paces.

WHITE-NOSED BUMBLEBEES.

Homer Green's Story of What a Joke With One Led To.

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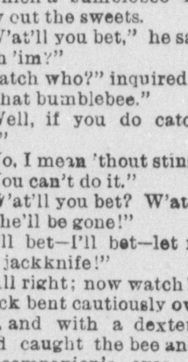


IT WAS 43 years ago last summer that the incident occurred which is now for the first time to be recorded, and it was on an afternoon in June.

The two persons who are the chief characters in this brief chronicle are still living. They are now sedate and gray-haired men.

One of them was known in boyhood as "Dick, the Terror." He was agile, mischievous and quick-witted. Joe, the other boy, was, on the contrary, slow of comprehension, awkward and logy. If there was a stone in his path he was sure to stub his toe against it. His life was a chapter of accidents. The surface of his body was covered with a rare and curious collection of scars, sores and bruises. The commendable things about Joe were that he was honest, and that whatever he undertook to do he persevered in until his task was accomplished, no matter at what cost of effort, of toil, or of physical pain. These boys lived in a little farming settlement surrounded by a Pennsylvania forest, and on the afternoon in question they were strolling through a meadow on the outskirts of the village in search of anything in the way of diversion that they might chance to find.

Dick, going ahead, moved with agility and grace from stump to stump, from rock to rock, darting aside here and there to look for a woodchuck's hole or a night-hawk's nest, keeping up a bright running comment on his conduct as he went. Suddenly he stopped, and waiting until Joe reached his side he pointed to a red clover blossom on which a bumblebee had just settled to draw out the sweets.

"W'at'll you bet," he said, "'at I dassent catch 'im?"

"Catch who?" inquired Joe.

"That bumblebee."

"Well, if you do catch him he'll sting you."

"No, I mean 'thout stingin' me."

"You can't do it."

"W'at'll you bet? W'at'll you bet? Hurry up; he'll be gone!"

"I'll bet—I'll bet—let me see—I'll bet my new jackknife!"

"All right; now watch!"

Dick bent cautiously over the clover blossom, and with a dexterous sweep of his hand caught the bee and held it up before his companion's eyes. Joe was actually dumb with astonishment. When, at last, he was able to speak, he inquired, almost breathlessy:

"Didn't—didn't he sting you?"

"Sting me? Naw. They can't sting you when you take 'em this way. Look!"

He was holding the bee daintily between his thumb and forefinger, while the insect, no less astonished than Joe at the unceremonious capture, was struggling to free itself, pausing occasionally to feel and test, by the sensitive organs of either extremity, the nature of its captivity. It was a small, white-nosed male bee, and therefore without a sting and harmless. Now Dick knew that white-nosed bumblebees would not or could not sting, and he knew also that Joe was ignorant of that scientific fact. So his amusement-loving mind was made up to play a practical joke on his less enlightened companion.

"You see," continued Dick, "you've got to catch 'em quick an' flop 'em over on their backs 'fore they git a chance to sting you, an' git 'em 'tween your thumb an' finger, that way, so they can't handle theirselves, an' then they won't hurt you. Try it; it's easy."

Joe had listened to the explanation with profound interest. It seemed to him that to catch a bumblebee in his hand and be saved harmless from its sting was a most extraordinary feat. He decided at once to add it to his own too brief list of accomplishments.

"I'll let this one go now," said Dick, "an' we'll hunt for another; see!"

He held out his brown hand, opened his fingers with an airy toss, and the insect, released from imprisonment, sailed lightly away.

They were not long in finding another bee on which to make the experiment. This one was big and black, and was resting heavily on the blossom of a berry bush by the side of a burned stump.

"Sh!" exclaimed Dick, in an awe-stricken whisper, "sh! Don't make no noise, you'll scare 'im. Git on this side of 'im; there. Hold your hand so an' bresh 'im up quick, like that; now!"

Joe, bending carefully over the bush, his eye fixed on the unsuspecting bee, his lips set with determination, was holding his pudgy right hand out awkwardly, ready to make the sweep and catch.

"Now!" repeated Dick, his eyes sparkling with anticipation. "Quick! Don't let 'im get away!"

There was a sudden, heavy movement of Joe's brown hand, and it closed on bee and blossom. But it opened again, almost immediately, to let the blossom fall and the bee escape.

"Ouch!" he exclaimed under his breath, jerking his hand violently; "ouch!"

"Did 'e sting you?" asked Dick. "Was 'e hot, eh?" Then, bursting into a hearty peal of laughter, he lay down and rolled over to smother his merriment in the soft grass.

"I don't care," said Joe, picking the sting from his hand; "if you can catch 'em, I can. Show me another bee!"

The lad's pluck was up. With that stubborn perseverance characteristic of him he had determined to keep on catching bumblebees till he could do it without being stung.

"Good boy!" exclaimed Dick, springing to his feet and slapping his companion heartily on the shoulder; "good boy! That's right; stick to it; it's awful easy when you know how."

On a big thistle blossom, over by the lane, they found another bee, a splendid, ugly-looking fellow, and without further ado Joe repeated his experiment. The result was no less disastrous than before.

But Dick was hardly to the bottom of his big laugh when some one just across the fence exclaimed: "Dick Porter, you're a coward!"

Both boys turned quickly to look at the speaker. She was a young girl. She had paused at the bars and had been watching the movements of the boys unnoticed by them. With her quick instinct she had discovered the trick that was being played on Joe, and it made her indignant.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," she continued, vehemently, "to play a cruel joke like that on Joe. He never hurt you, I'm sure."

The victim of Dick's deceit began slowly to realize that he had been duped.

"Tip," he said—Tip was the girl's nickname—"Tip, did he know I'd get stung?"

"To be sure he did," she replied. "He caught the white-nosed bees and let you catch the black ones."

"And won't white-nosed ones sting?" inquired Joe.

"Of course they won't, you stupid!" exclaimed Tip, getting angry at Joe, too, for his slow wit.

The boy looked over at Dick, and it was apparent that at last his temper was aroused. He began awkwardly to pull off his jacket.

"Then I'm going to fight him," he said, slowly.

Dick, who had been leaning against a bar-post, humming a tune and trying to look unconcerned, sprang at once into an erect position and began to strip himself of his jacket also.

"If you want to fight," he exclaimed, "come on! I'm your man!"

"Oh, boys," cried Tip, her anger changing suddenly to alarm, "boys, don't fight! Joe, you musn't. Dick, you'll both get hurt!"

"Well, it's your fault!" shouted Dick. "You put 'im up to it. Now, I'm goin' to fight 'im any way."

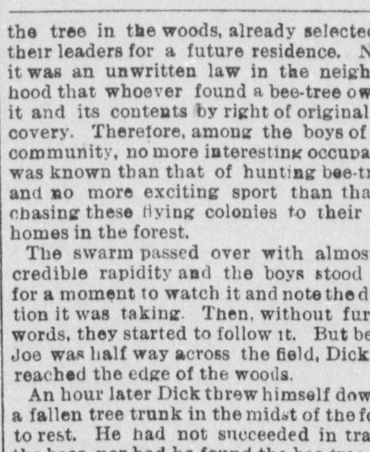
Tip looked hastily back, towards the village, as though seeking for help; then, as the two boys advanced towards each other in true prize-fighter style, she put her hands over her eyes and turned away in dreadful anticipation.

In the next moment the first blow would have been given and returned, but in that moment a shout from the direction of the nearest farmhouse broke upon the ears of the combatants and induced them to pause and look around. The shout was followed by the ringing of a loud dinner-bell, and that in turn by the discordant noise made by beating upon tin pans.

"Bees!" exclaimed Dick.

"Bees!" shouted Joe.

Each boy turned and caught up his jacket and struggled into it as he ran. Tip drew her hands down from her eyes and noted with glee the cessation of hostilities. Suddenly she was aware of a rasping, humming noise overhead, and, looking up, she saw a brown cloud between her and the clear June sky. It was a swarm of honey-bees that had left the home hive and were on their way to the tree in the woods, already selected by their leaders for a future residence. Now, it was an unwritten law in the neighborhood that whoever found a bee-tree owned it and its contents by right of original discovery. Therefore, among the boys of the community, no more interesting occupation was known than that of hunting bee-trees, and no more exciting sport than that of chasing these flying colonies to their new homes in the forest.



"IF YOU WANT TO FIGHT," HE EXCLAIMED, "COME ON!"

The swarm passed over with almost incredible rapidity and the boys stood still for a moment to watch it and note the direction it was taking. Then, without further words, they started to follow it. But before Joe was half way across the field, Dick had reached the edge of the woods.

An hour later Dick threw himself down on a fallen tree trunk in the midst of the forest to rest. He had not succeeded in tracing the bees, nor had he found the bee tree.

He was at least two miles from home, perhaps three; it was growing late, and there was a shower coming up. He knew that he must give up the search and return as quickly as possible to the village. He wondered where Joe was. A bee, winging its way over his head, caused him to look up. It alighted on the trunk of a great maple and crawled into a little hole in the tree high above the ground. Dick started to his feet with an exclamation of gladness. He now saw other bees alight and crawl into the aperture, and he saw some come out and fly away. At last and unexpectedly he had found the bee tree.

He drew from his pocket the jackknife with which Joe had paid his bet that afternoon, and began to cut into the bark of the tree a capital D. It was his private mark, but before he had fairly finished his task he heard a noise in the distance behind him, and turned just in time to see Joe pushing his way through the underbrush toward him. Instinctively Dick shut his knife and dropped down out of sight behind the fallen tree. Joe came on slowly, talking to himself, as was his custom when alone. Suddenly his attention was attracted by the freshly cut symbol in the maple bark.

"Dick's found it," he said to himself, glancing up into the tree, and then stepping back a little to sit down on the log.

"Dick's found it, an' it's his."

After a moment he continued: "Cracky! how that hand hurts!"

He was resting his swollen right hand in the palm of the left, and looking out through an opening in the tree to the black clouds, cut through with lightning flashes, rolling up from the west.

"Guess I'd better be making for home," he said, still talking to himself. "It ain't safe here in the woods. Wonder where Dick is?" He rose from the log and started away.

"Joe! Say, Joe?"

It was Dick who was calling. He had risen to his feet, and, afraid that he might be left to face the storm alone, he was hurrying after his old companion.

"Why, Dick!" exclaimed Joe, "I thought yo'd been here and found the tree an' gone."

"No, I hadn't gone yet. I was jest a waitin'—"

A sharp flash of lightning, followed quickly by a terrific crash of thunder, interrupted Dick's speech, and his face paled with fear.

It was evident now that the storm was going to be a terrible one. The black clouds in the west were twisting and writhing like giants in pain. In the woods it was as dark as though evening had already fallen. There was an oppressive stillness in the air. Not a leaf stirred among the trees. In the zenith the sky was of an angry copper color.

The two boys, hurrying homeward, were still in the midst of the forest when the storm broke on them.

First there came an ominous rustling of the foliage; then a faint, rumbling sound, growing rapidly into a hoarse, heavy roar.

Suddenly, in front of them the branches of the trees began to sway violently, then a great maple came crashing down before their eyes, and it seemed as though the entire forest were being uprooted and dashed to the earth.

It was one of these cyclonic storms in which the flying, whirling wind-cloud, descending to travel for a space on the earth's surface, leaves death and destruction in its path. In two minutes it had passed and the rain was beating down heavily on a wide swath of broken and uprooted trees.

But the two boys were nowhere to be seen. Five minutes, 10 minutes went by; the rain ceased to fall. There was even a fitful gleam of sunlight across the scene of destruction.

Finally something stirred slightly the thick branches of a huge hemlock that lay uprooted on the ground. After a minute the branches were again stirred, and from them emerged, first a hand and arm, then a boy's head and shoulders, struggling up into the light.

They were Joe's. His hat was gone, his hair dishevelled, his face bruised and bloody. He rubbed his eyes and twisted himself a little to try to get his legs free, but he was unable to do so. He wondered if Dick would not come and help him. He looked around, but Dick was nowhere in sight. He called:

"Dick!"

There was no answer.

"Dick!" Everything was still. The wind had gone down, there was no rain falling; the sun came out again for a moment and lighted the broad windfall with a yellow glow and then disappeared for the night.

Perhaps Dick had been killed. This thought nerved Joe to renewed efforts for release. He twisted and tugged and pulled, drawing his body inch by inch from its constrained and confined position until, finally, he was free. But his freedom had been dearly bought. His tugging and pulling had left his clothing in shreds, his limbs scraped and bruised, and his ankles wrenched and sprained.

He crawled painfully from the treetop and again called for Dick. Still there was no answer. Then he began a search, but it was not a long one. Under a hickory sapling, not 20 feet away, Dick was lying prostrate and still. His face was turned away and one arm was thrown up over his head.

Joe went to him and spoke his name, but there was no response. His eyes were closed, his face was very white and Joe thought he was dead. But after a little his hands began to twitch, he drew a long breath, unclosed his eyelids and lay for a full minute looking up into Joe's face. Finally he said:

"What was it, Joe?"

"It was a big wind," replied Joe. "But it's over now. Just wait till I pull this sapling off o' your legs an' then you can get up."

But that was more easily said than done. The great hemlock, falling on the wiry young tree, had borne it to the ground and it lay directly across Dick's legs above his knees, binding him to the earth. Joe tugged desperately at the sapling, but a stout horse could scarcely have pulled it loose. Finally he said, out of breath:

"I can't get it up that way. Does it hurt much, Dick?"

"Awful," said Dick.

Joe stood for a moment in deep thought, looking away over the fallen trees. "I wish somebody would come," he said. Then, after a moment, he continued: "Have you got that knife yet, Dick?" That one you know—the one I let you have this afternoon? I'm going to cut the sapling off."

"Yes; it's here in my pocket, but I can't get it."

"I'll get it."

Joe put his hand into Dick's pocket and drew out the knife. It was a large one, with a broad blade. He opened it and began vigorously the work of cutting through the body of the tree. To any one else it would have been a hopeless task from the start. With Joe nothing was hopeless that seemed necessary of accomplishment.

The sky had again become covered with clouds, the rain was falling gently and night was coming on. Already it was dark in the woods. Joe kept at his task persistently, only pausing now and then to say some encouraging word to Dick, who lay moaning in extreme pain.

His hand, already swollen and inflamed as a result of the bee stings, had now become so bruised and chafed by the hard surface of the knife handle that blood was flowing from it freely; but neither to this nor to the pain in his strained ankles did Joe give a thought. His energies were all directed to the accomplishment of one end. There was no room in his mind for other things. Still his progress was very slow. The tough young hickory wood was almost like steel in its texture, and the knife was fast losing its edge, while the sapling was not yet cut one-tenth of the way through.

"Is it pretty near off, Joe?" asked Dick, faintly.

"Not quite," replied Joe. "It'll take a few minutes longer. Does it hurt you much now, Dickie?"

"Not so much," said Dick; "but I got a kind o' funny feeling." After a minute he continued: "How do folks feel when they're a going to die, Joe?"

"I don't know," replied Joe. "Do you feel that way?"

"Yes; kind o' light an' airy like, you know."

Joe paused in his task and looked over at Dick's face. It was just a pale blur in the darkness. He could not even distinguish the features.

"I guess," he said, rising to his feet, "I guess I'd better go for help."

"Oh, don't!" cried Dick, holding up his hands appealingly, "don't go! I couldn't stan' it to be left here alone. Somebody'll come if we stay here, sure. Joe, don't go, will you?"

"All right," replied Joe; "I won't unless you say so, but I'll holler. There won't be any harm in that, will there?"

"No."

So Joe turned his face in the direction of home and called, once, twice, a half dozen times. But no answer came to him through the thick darkness.

The horror of being left alone was still on Dick's mind.

"Joe," he said slowly, "if I should die here, you—you wouldn't go away and—and"—

"No," replied Joe. "I wouldn't go away."

"Joe, does it rain? Seems to me as if I—I feel kind o' wet."

"Yes, it rains. I ought to 'a' thought of that before," said Joe, stripping off his jacket and spreading it carefully over Dick's shoulders. He was not satisfied with that, but he pulled off his vest too and folded and laid it tenderly under Dick's head. Then he resumed his task of cutting.

For a minute Dick did not speak. Then he said:

"Joe, you—you're awful good."

After another minute he continued:

"I'm sorry about that bumble bee. I'm ashamed. If I sh'd git well I'd never be as mean as that again as long as I live, never!"

"Oh! that's all right, Dick, don't think about that."

"Tell Tip I was sorry, will you, Joe?"

"Yes."

Dick's voice was very feeble, and it was apparent that he was growing faint again.

For a little while after that there was silence. The darkness was profound. The falling of the rain upon the leaves was scarcely audible. Somewhere near by the slow drip of water could be heard.

Now and then a bird whose nest had been destroyed in the wild storm uttered a cry of grief and loneliness.

At last Joe's knife became useless. The edge was blunt and round, and the sapling was not yet cut half way through. Joe was almost in despair, when a new idea occurred to him, an idea so simple that he was ashamed of himself that he had not thought of it before. He turned quickly and began to plunge the broad blade of his knife into the earth under Dick's legs, ploughing up the soft soil and scooping it out with his bleeding, swollen hands. It was marvellous the rapidity with which he worked.

He lengthened the excavation so that it took in Dick's hips and feet. The pressure was removed so gradually and uniformly that poor, half-conscious Dick scarcely knew what it was that had relieved him.

"There, Dickie," Joe said finally, "how does she feel now?"

"Real nice and comfortable, but don't let me fall, Joe, will you? It's—it's so high up here."

"No," replied Joe, his heart failing him a little as he noticed these signs of wandering in Dick's mind. "No; you just hold yourself together a bit longer an' I'll have you out o' this.

There were 10 minutes more of desperate work on Joe's part; then taking hold under his companion's arms he drew him as gently as possible from under the tree and made a new resting place for him on the soft boughs of the hemlock.

"Thank you, Joe!" Dick said in a whisper, "You're such a good fellow." After a minute he continued: "Joe is it dark here in the room, or—or don't I see very good?"

"That's all right, Dickie! You're in the woods, you know, an' it's night, an' it's cloudy, an' it's raining a little an' it's very dark."

"Oh, yes, I forgot. Joe, don't leave me. Where is your hand, Joe? Give me your hand."

"Here it is. Have you got it? There! Now, shall I holler again, Dickie? Maybe somebody—Hark! what was that?

Somewhere in the distance a human voice was calling and the call was repeated. The sound of it came echoing up through the wet woods and across the fallen timber to Joe's most willing ears. He leaped to his feet crying:

"Here, here! Here we are!"

He plunged ahead into the thick darkness, repeating the cry:

"Here, here! This way, this way!"

They came that way. Joe caught glimpses of their lanterns, waving, rising, falling, as those who carried them climbed through the tangled or fallen trees, calling continually for direction. It was Joe's father and Dick's father and a round half dozen of the neighbors. And when they reached the spot where the two boys were and found that they were both alive, the men sent up a cheer that made the forest ring.

Then Dick fainted dead away again. Poor fellow, his leg had been broken in two places by the hickory sapling, and the summer months went by and the frost of autumn came before he could even bear his weight upon it. As for Joe, there was a marked increase, both in number and variety, of scars and bruises on his unfortunate body, but in two weeks' time he was stumbling and strolling about again as usual.

In after years Dick became a successful artist and Joe an honest lawyer. They have been the best of friends, and last Christmas Dick's present to Joe was a handsome painting representing a white-nosed bumblebee resting lightly on a red clover blossom.

COLUMBUS' SHIPS.

S. G. W. Benjamin Describes the Craft that Carried Him.

II.

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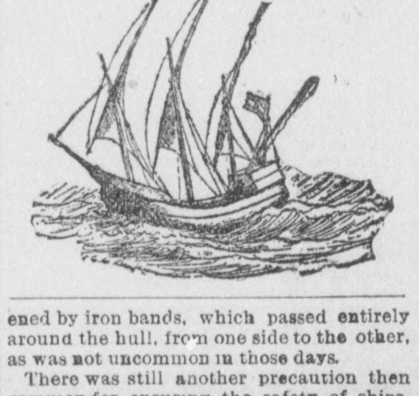
The sister ships to the Santa Maria, called the Pinta and the Nina, were somewhat smaller, probably from 68 to 75 feet long, the Nina being the smallest. They differed in some respects from the Santa Maria, having no deck amidships, but only the cabins, or castles at each end. Some historians deny this fact, but Peter Martyr says positively that they were undecked. It may appear to us extraordinary that such vessels apparently so ill fitted to battle with the terrific mountainous billows of the Atlantic should have been selected. But all these ships were constructed in the most solid manner, far more solidly, indeed, than ships of that size are built now.

The timbers were of thoroughly seasoned oak, and the planking was of fir and yellow pine. They were fastened with iron bolts and oak tree nails, called trunnels; it is probable that they were further strengthened by iron bands, which passed entirely around the hull, from one side to the other, as was not uncommon in those days.

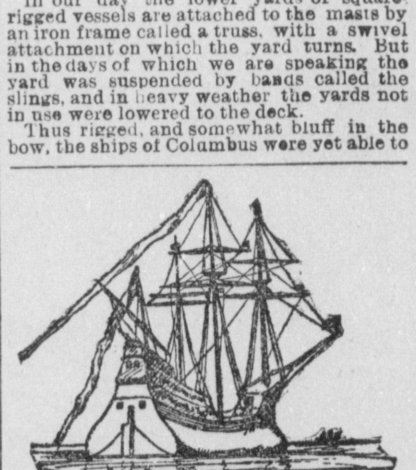


There was still another precaution then common for ensuring the safety of ships. Iron marks were nailed to the ship's side at a certain distance from the water ways or deck line, above which marks it was unlawful to load a ship, her buoyancy being thus insured by law. The celebrated Plimsoll had a law passed in Parliament some years ago obliging every English ship to have a load mark painted on the side. The idea was supposed to be new with him.

The Pinta and Nina were caravels rigged with lateen sails altogether. But the Pinta was changed to a redoud before leaving Palos, a square rig being the safest in a storm and the most handy in a steady, fair wind, like the trade wind that wafted them to this country. When the fleet stopped at the Canary Islands the Nina was also changed from a lateen rigged to a square rigged vessel, perhaps because although the smallest of the squadron, she could with her vast lateen sails keep closer to the wind than the others, and thus outsail them in tacking to windward. It may be a surprise to some to learn that the art of tacking a ship, and by that means making way against a head wind, is comparatively a modern discovery, notwithstanding that sails had been used for thousands of years. But it was formerly the practice to employ oars against a head wind, and they only fell gradually out of use when mariners discovered (in the 13th century) that a ship might be made to sail to windward by tacking and going close-hauled, as it is called.

In our day the lower yards of square-rigged vessels are attached to the masts by an iron frame called a truss, with a swivel attachment on which the yard turns. But in the days of which we are speaking the yard was suspended by bands called the slings, and in heavy weather the yards not in use were lowered to the deck.

Thus rigged, and somewhat bluff in the bow, the ships of Columbus were yet able to make better time than one would suppose. They averaged six and one-half miles an hour, and sometimes made over seven in crossing the Atlantic.



The Spanish mariners were in those days less skilful than the seamen of our time, and the contrivances for working a ship were far more rude than ours. For this reason they carried very large crews in proportion to their size. No less than 120 persons sailed in the ships of Columbus. It was then the law that a ship should be manned according to specific rules. The number of sailors was graduated to the tonnage, one-third being apprentices. In the after cabin were the captain, called the patron; the first mate, called the watchman; an officer known as the counsellor, and serving as navigator; the master of the quarter-deck; the secretary, called the scribe, who kept the log-book and acted as purser, the head steward and the surgeon. In the forward cabin were lodged the captain of the forecastle, who was equivalent to a second mate; the boatswain, the carpenter and the carpenter's mate. Every ship going on a long voyage was obliged to carry a full complement of officers as above. Besides these there were quartermasters to tend the helm, which was a tiller, the steering-wheel being then unknown; and there was a chief look-out with four assistants to keep watch on the bow day and night.

Where and how the common sailors slept is a curious question which can be only solved after considerable study. Hammocks, suspended from the beams, were invented a short time before that period and were generally occupied by two—sleeping head to foot. This was economizing space with a vengeance. Rude bunks also appear to have been used, built into the side of the ship, between decks, and were also occupied by two men. But for the most part the crews rolled themselves up in blankets, or bits of felt, and threw themselves down in a corner wherever they could—in good weather on the spar deck, and in bad weather between decks. Some of them seem to have had mattresses, for it was a regulation that no sailor should take a mattress on board weighing over 15 pounds. It was also a rule that only such should have beds as could afford to pay the captain a certain stipulated sum for the privilege.

It was in such ships as these, with such simple means and with such hardy but primitive crews, that the great Columbus started forth on Friday, Aug. 3, 1492, to accomplish the most extraordinary undertaking of which we have any record. Mark that he sailed on Friday, and yet his voyage was crowned with success. Mark, too, that he discovered America on Friday.

MISS SIBYL.

By A. A. ATWA.

[LETTER FROM MR. ARNOLD M'KILVERT TO MR. JOHN BRAKE.]

OLOMA, May 3, 1886.

MY DEAR JACK—Again I shall have to disappoint you; I shall not be able to spend Sunday at the Centre. I am well aware that if we are to take a hunting trip this summer we must make plans at once, but I shall not have a moment to myself before next Wednesday. I am having a much more difficult time over Wilder—the gambler charged with shooting his companion, you remember—than I anticipated. You will be surprised when I say that I almost wish I had never been elected district attorney, and still more surprised when I tell you why.

The fact is, throughout this trial I have been working under the terrific pressure of a most peculiar and at first unexplainable influence. I noticed at the very outset that when a difficult point arose (and difficult points arose constantly, as my witnesses were for the most part hostile) a picture would flash upon my mind just as I was about to give up in despair, and would clear up my difficulty in an instant.

The first picture of this kind came to me while I was trying to trace the movements of the prisoner on the day preceding the murder.

The witness on the stand had fought my questions with skilful obstinacy for almost an hour, when suddenly I saw with the vividness of a dream the very street I was asking about, and Wilder walking slowly with a companion towards the river.

Urged by what you will undoubtedly call a foolish impulse, I framed a question, acting upon a visionary suggestion. Hawkins was plainly startled and disturbed; he stammered, grew red, and finally admitted what he had fought desperately to conceal.

A few days later my line of inquiry was blocked by a second witness of the same low type as the first, in fact, a suspected confederate of Wilder's in former shady transactions. He assumed a brazen confidence and displayed an elusiveness that threatened to wreck my case. Again a scene flashed before me. I seized the suggestion.

"Did you not drink with the prisoner in a basement saloon at No. —— —— avenue, on such a date?" I asked.

The man glared around the court room as if seeking the person who had betrayed him, and reluctantly answered, "Yes."

Again and again groups and scenes were thus flashed upon my mind like photographs. Never was there any movement in them; the persons who appeared were always motionless; the scene never shifted—it appeared and disappeared, a single impression. Nor was one scene immediately succeeded by another.

You will say at once that these pictures were the effect of a half-conscious ratiocination; that after extorting from a number of unwilling witnesses ill-fitting bits of testimony, the results of my deductions took the form of pictures and gave me the premises for further questioning and additional pictures.

But that cannot be the explanation, for when out of court I endeavored to trace the process by which I might have evolved the pictures, or when I tried to use them as premises for further conclusions, I utterly failed. I would start in without the faintest idea which lines of investigation to pursue, often without the slightest appreciation of the value of my results the day before. I would perhaps forget the previous line of inquiry entirely and grope along aimlessly until apparently hopelessly entangled, when a scene would dart into my head, instantly recalling the former scenes, and lighting the way for me to continue. When afterward I tried to follow back over the line I never succeeded. The starting suggestions were extraneous to my normal thought. The figures were not creatures of my own intellect.

Weeks ago I became convinced that I was somebody's mesmeric subject, perhaps victim; that the pictures were fixed upon me by a process of mind photography. Now I am sure of it. I am anxious to convict the prisoner, but some one more anxious than I am, and who knows facts damning to his cause, has aided me in this unseen way.

You laugh at me, I know. I laughed at myself at first for entertaining such a theory, but as I say I am thoroughly convinced that it is the correct one. For the last few days the pictures have not been so vivid, in fact I fear the power is failing. As my reputation will suffer greatly if I lose I am greatly distressed.

Until this is off my mind I cannot bother with hunting trips. Ever yours. MACK.

[FROM JOHN BURKE TO ARNOLD M'KILVERT.]

ILKEN CENTRE, May 4, 1886.

MY DEAR MACK—Your letter amused me intensely. So you have joined the band which delights in weird mind manifestations? You have evidently been overworking, and the sooner we arrange to get up to the lakes the better. It is quite fortunate you did not plan to spend Sunday with me, as I could not have stowed you away very comfortably. Since Mrs. Turvey has rented the back room to "The Mystery" I have had no place to put people.

But you do not know about "The Mystery" do you? (Nor does anybody else, to tell the truth; that's what troubles this inquisitive town.) She persists in minding her own business and making the villagers mind theirs: hence the name they have given her. She has been in the town about three weeks, and every morning takes the 9 o'clock express and goes up the road on a mileage ticket. She stays away all day. The poor girl seems to be in great unhappiness about something. By the way, she's near enough like Mabel to be her sister. Her hair is a trifle darker, but her eyes are large, innocent blues, like Mabel's, and have the same fashion of flashing quizzical when you least expect them to.

Speaking of Mabel, did you know that her husband has his three years on shore now, and is stationed at Newport this summer? Shall we stop at Newport on our way North? She would have a chance to see that you still live and enjoy some good hunting every year—hunting you probably would have lost had she accepted you, old man. And concerning this hunting I will see you on Wednesday. Yrs. J. B.

P. S.—I sent parts of your letter to Miss Sibyl—that is her name—and your mesmeric fantasy quite cheered the poor creature up for half an hour. J.

FROM MR. ARNOLD M'KILVERT TO MR. JACK BRAKE.

OLOMA, May 4, 1886.

DEAR JACK—Yrs. rcd. Come Wed. morn. Shall be through summing up the Wilder case by eleven; quite confident now of convicting him. Many thanks for making my letter public. You have evidently been fool enough to half fall in love with this mournful unknown. "The quicker we get to the lakes the better." MACK.

As a result of the foregoing correspondence, I took the 9 o'clock express on the Wednesday following the receipt of the last letter, and an hour later arrived at Oloma. I had forgotten that Miss Sibyl took this train every morning, and not until I had passed half way up the main street did I perceive her ahead of me. Even then I should not have given her a thought had she not turned into Mack's office.

I paused. My curiosity was aroused. I am always ashamed of myself for being curious about affairs of other people; so, as an exercise in self-restraint, I did not go directly to Mack's office, but went on up the street and used about half an hour doing a bit of business I had not planned for that morning. I then went straight to my original destination, hoping Miss Sibyl had departed, and that I would have the pleasure of feeling I had resisted a temptation to pry.

But Miss Sibyl had not left. Mack met me at the door of his private office and, evidently laboring under suppressed excitement of a most extraordinary kind, seized me and dragged me into the room, with the parting injunction to his clerk "Let nobody interrupt us."

In the middle of the office stood Miss Sibyl, her face flushed, her lips set and her hands clenched, a striking picture of womanly determination or defiance, first glance was not sufficient to decide which.

"Go on, go on," urged Mack, addressing her in an impatient undertone and without explanation to me, without introduction even, "he knows about it, for I have written him. Do not stop. I want him to hear."

Miss Sibyl, after a restrained bow to me which might or might not have signified former acquaintance, continued a recital evidently just begun as follows, speaking in a voice much firmer than one would have supposed at her command, for she trembled perceptibly:

"I was born in this city 23 years ago, of rich, highly educated, and I think I may say, aristocratic parents, and my early years were as happy as can be imagined. My father was an entertainer of the old school, and our house was open not only to the best people of New York and the vicinage, but to the leading families of the South and East. Statesmen, artists, literateurs, men of talent of all kinds were constantly at my father's board.

"Up to about my 17th birthday my father lived this life, one might say, of luxuriant hospitality, then he suddenly withdrew, and with an abruptness, at the time unexplainable, refused to see any of his former friends with three exceptions—Herr Obermann, Herr Dreyfus, and a third man, John Pitt—all unknowns in the former brilliant assemblages of our home, now became my father's bosom companions. And even then my mother and myself knew but little of them.

"Every night the three would be admitted by a servant evidently well instructed, and would pass quickly to the library. At 8.30 they and my father would sit down to whist, at which they would play for exactly an hour. This I knew from catching glimpse of them at table.

"At 9.30 precisely the noise of their chairs being pushed back from the centre rugs to the uncovered floor would be heard, and before the sound had fairly died away the doorbell would ring.

"Then there would appear a group of usually from five to 10 people of the poorer classes, people whom I and my mother had never seen. They never sent their names or cards up, but were conducted by our man straight to the library.

"We discovered very soon that each group had some striking characteristics. One night the visitors would be all lame, the next day they would be all undersized, almost dwarfs, the next a number of gigantic fellows would appear. Upon one occasion five red-haired boys came, the next night six colored men were taken to the library and so on, in endless variety. The same set of men apparently never came twice.

"And we did not wonder at that, for every evening after the strangers had been admitted sounds of the most hideous description came from the library, and continued until the departure of the—to us—unknown visitors.

"What my father and his three friends did to them, or what they did to my father and his three friends, we could little guess; but usually, until far into the morning hours, cries, gasps, groans, loud laughing, hysterical crying, joyful acclamations, in fact almost every expression of human mirth and human woe issued from the mysterious room.

"My mother was of an unobtrusive and uninquiring disposition, and, although the sounds startled her, she never asked any questions, and we should have remained in ignorance of the fact that my father and his friends were conducting a series of mesmeric experiments had he not taken me into his confidence and explained to me roughly, without going into details, a great discovery that he and his friends had made. They had evolved a process by which they could interchange with each other their mesmeric powers, could concentrate them in one of their number, and by passing the power through a series of mediums, that is minds, of various degrees and kinds of intellectuality and will power, could greatly magnify it.

"The immense importance of this discovery can be seen at a glance. The occasion of my being taken into the confidence of my father was the determination on his part and on the part of Herr Obermann, Herr Dreyfus and John Pitt to undertake a great work, namely, the application of the process or the art, which they called mensomagno-photography, to a great public matter, and in this way. The four were to magnify to the utmost their several mesmeric powers and to concentrate them in one of their number. He was to apply it to the chairman of a certain committee in the House of Representatives and force him to secure the passage of a great bill, a bill to which the chairman was at that time opposed, and would surely kill, unless some occult power were brought to bear upon him.

"A book on mensomagno-photography was to be written in the meanwhile and to be published simultaneously with the passage of the bill. The bill was to be proof that the theory expounded in the book could be put into practice.

"When I was taken into my father's confidence the plan had been well matured. They had only to choose the one in whom the mesmeric forces were to be concentrated, and one evening soon afterwards a fierce contention arose on this very point.

"My father claimed the honor of becoming the immediate instrument as being the oldest. Pitt maintained that he was the strongest in mesmeric ability, and that the others should concentrate in him on that ground, while Herr Obermann and Herr Dreyfus each persisted that he was the steadiest of the four in disposition and in general best suited for the task.

"'A game of whist,' cried my father at last, impatiently. 'And the two winners shall draw for the honor. Come, Pitt, let us play together.'

"Herr Obermann and Herr Dreyfus assenting, chairs were drawn, cards produced and my father dealt. I remained a spectator meanwhile, almost unnoticed. Not entirely unnoticed; for Pitt never missed an opportunity to impose upon me some patronizing caress. A chance offering now, he playfully pinched my cheek and leered at me as he drew up to his place at table, putting me in such a rage that I scarce noted how the first cards fell. Not until Herr Obermann and Herr Dreyfus had four tricks and an equal number had fallen to their opponents, did I perceive how the game stood. The next trick fell to the Germans, but this advantage was immediately balanced and the game promised to be most exciting.

"It was not, however, for the next three tricks all went to my father and Pitt, and they proceeded with bated breaths to draw a card.

"'I will draw,' said Pitt, seizing a card from the middle of the pack, 'and you call red or black.'

"'Red,' cried my father.

"As his partner of the moment before turned the card he held towards us, we saw it was the 10-spot of hearts. My father had won. Anger and disappointment fairly distorted Pitt's face when he beheld the color.

"'You saw the card as I lifted the corner,' he exclaimed.

"'You lie, sir!' promptly returned my father, and the next instant they were locked in each other's arms, struggling to do each other harm: and indeed they would have soon succeeded had not Herr Obermann and Herr Dreyfus rushed in and separated them.

"That night when I went to bed I felt confident that my father and Pitt had arranged to fight a duel, although I had heard nothing which absolutely warranted such a belief.

"The next night my fears were increased, for the rubber of whist was played under a cloud of facial gloom, and at its close I was immediately banished from the library. On the third evening after the struggle between Pitt and my father, Herr Dreyfus broke out abruptly at 9.30 as they rose from the table:

"'It is too bad. If you persist, gentlemen, our whole life's work is destroyed. Let us carry out our plan first; have a dozen duels after that if you will.'

"A long discussion then ensued, and Herr Dreyfus and Herr Obermann who sided with him of course finally prevailed.

"The duel was postponed. But alas! the discord which had been aroused proved a bar to any further progress. Night after night they strove to concentrate the mesmeric power in my father, but in vain. The complete unity of will which had made their former success possible was gone forever.

"My father in three short weeks became a gray-haired man, and Herr Dreyfus and Herr Obermann, haggard and wan, appeared half insane. I felt that something terrible was soon to happen. Something ten times more terrible than I had imagined did happen. One day my poor father was brought home by Herr Obermann and Herr Dreyfus (who immediately departed and never after were seen by us) with a fatal pistol wound in his chest.

"My mother and I knew at once what had taken place, although my father refused to say where or in what manner he had received his injury. We had no time to waste in heaping condemnation upon the head of the slayer, Pitt: our whole attention was turned to comforting the last days of the dying man. On the very morning he was brought home he called me to his bedside, and taking my hand, said:

"'My daughter, I have been grievously wronged, by whom it is unnecessary to say; but this mesmeric power and the secret of mensomagno-photography must not die with me. What little time I live must be devoted exclusively to instructing you in this new art.'

"It was a bitter task, but, bound to comply with my father's dying wish, I bent to it. In three weeks I had acquired all of his power. The following day he passed away, with this parting injunction: 'Guard what you have learned. But one thing can deprive you of it. Do not fall in love. Once allow yourself to feel love for another and your strength will vanish. My success has been largely due to the fact that I crowded your poor mother entirely out of my heart. She has understood it, I trust. I have explained it to her. I have told her repeatedly it was a sacrifice for the good of the world. Remember, once you love your whole mesmeric power will vanish. Steel your heart against all suitors, and give to the world my discovery, perfected.'

"Those were dark days, but darker were to come.

"Upon the day of the funeral Pitt, whom we had not seen since my father was shot, came boldly to our house and told us that the property which we supposed my father died possessed of was in reality his (Pitt's) and warned us that he should demand possession at the earliest day.

"We could not believe what he told us, but an investigation showed us that my father and mother (the latter not knowing at the time what she did), had deeded all they possessed to this fiend who now harassed us.

"My father's intention had evidently been to concentrate in the youngest of the four mesmerists the means of all, that the work might be carried on. Herr Obermann and Herr Dreyfus had been similar victims, I subsequently learned, but for smaller amounts. I prepared sadly to take my poor mother, not yet recovered from the shock occasioned by my father's death, away from the home which had sheltered her for many years.

"At this point Pitt approached the climax of his baseness by approaching me with a suggested means of saving my mother. He urged me to marry him. Had I been the only one concerned I should have struck him at the words; as it was I went sorrowfully home and told my mother of his offer. She nobly scorned the thought of our saving ourselves by any such act, declaring that she would die of a broken heart should I listen to our tormentor's importunities.

"And we went our way, but alas! it was a hard way. We were very soon cold and hungry; yes, cold and hungry. I pass over the details.

"Even in this plight Pitt did not leave us. I suddenly realized that he was pursuing me, and that he was exerting his mesmeric influence over me. As I walked along the streets, mind pictures of the most harrowing nature would flash upon me, always the same subject, altho' somewhat varied at times. I would see my mother starving, and imploring me to save her. The surroundings were changed with endless ingenuity, but the central figure was always my poor, dear, old mother, bending towards me with outstretched hands, supplicating for bread. When one of these pictures stole into my mind, if I turned I invariably found Pitt's eyes fixed upon me. He pursued me relentlessly, and drove me to the verge of madness.

"As soon as I saw him and could oppose my will to his efforts his power for that time was gone, but he had produced his pictures and added to my misery. My mother was suffering from want of the food and shelter to which she had been accustomed—aye, suffering more than I suspected.

"At last I could resist no longer, and, avowing to my mother a longing for our old home and my intention of accepting Pitt's offer, I went to seek him. My mother, enfeebled as she was, made but little objection. I found him enjoying the comforts he had stolen from us, and, choking back my hatred for the murderer and thief, I made known to him my assent. He laughed a laugh of triumph and brutality, and, putting an arm around me, kissed me. I tore away from him in a frenzy, saying I would be back on the morrow, although I little knew how I would ever be able to see him again.

"I returned home and hastened to my poor mother to obtain from her, if possible, some sympathy, some strength, and it was then that the heaviest blow of all fell, for I found her dead; she had starved to death.

"It was a long while before I recovered from the shock of this last misfortune; indeed, it was only the thought of revenge and of punishing the murderer of my father and mother that gave me any object in life, and this thought I made my sole object

"I planned for weeks and weeks, and at last I was ready to strike the blow of revenge. I started to find Pitt. I had lost track of him for a few days only, but in that time he had disappeared completely. I searched many days before I found him.

"Then where?

"In the Deans county jail, under the name of Wilder.

"The man you have been striving so hard to convict is John Pitt."

For the first time the speaker paused. A faint bead of perspiration stood out upon her forehead, but beyond this nothing indicated the suffering that one would undergo from such a recital. The cold determination with which she told of Wilder's persecutions and her mother's death was pitiful. Mark stood almost expressionless, spellbound, and I am ashamed to say that I bent eagerly forward to catch the continuation of the strange narrative.

After a moment she took up the story rather more moderately, and as if choosing her words with greater care.

"When I found Pitt in prison I was naturally disappointed, for he was beyond my reach, but upon second thought I saw that his incarceration would only put off the fatal day of my revenge, for I had watched his movements like a cat just at the time the crime he is charged with took place. I knew he was guiltless. When he was liberated I would be revenged. But would he be liberated? The circumstantial evidence against him was very strong. Then came the thought, why not have him hung for a murder he never committed?

"The thought grew upon me and I set about putting it into execution. How delicious it would be to see him put to death unjustly!

"But how was I to proceed? By means of my bequeathed mesmeric influence, of course, but in what direction? First I thought of applying it to him, but I saw it would be almost impossible to catch him unawares after he had once seen me in the court room. It would be difficult to affect the jury, and still more difficult to influence the judge—their minds were armed for neutrality and would repulse my influence.

"Then I thought of the prosecuting-attorney—of you. Your desire to convict would render your will and mine one; the rest would depend upon my mesmeric skill.

"I set to work. I found you an easy subject, and an added pleasure was given to my work when I found that the prisoner had recognized me in the court room and had guessed my object—at least sufficiently to know that I meant him no good. Day after day I saw him tremble at my glance.

"As the time went on, and the evidence developed more and more against him, his terror became delirious. His eyes would spurt from their sockets. He would rush from one corner of the prisoner's pen to another like a caged animal. He felt he was beyond human aid.

"Then came a time when he endeavored to fight me with my own weapons, to save himself by exerting the mind power he had once possessed; but too much was at stake. He is an arrant coward, and fear trammelled his efforts.

"At last he gave up in despair. Ten days ago he became the half stupified wretch he is now. Meanwhile on I went prompting you to lines of investigation which tightened every moment the false coil of circumstantial evidence about him.

"It was the beginning of a glorious revenge.

"But three days ago I began to feel myself fail. I perceived that I was incapable of concentrating my hatred sufficiently to conjure up the pictures I wished to throw upon your mind. I struggled, but in vain. My power was gone.

"Then I suddenly awakened to the fact that I had neglected my father's warning, that because—but never mind why—an entire revolution had taken place in my feelings. The idea of Pitt's being punished unjustly became most repulsive to me. Despite what he had done pity for him stole into my heart. To complete the revulsion of feeling my mother's voice came to me in a dream, whispering 'pity, pity, pity.' And I was at once decided. I renounced and abandoned the idea of persecution.

"But then came the thought that it might be too late, that I had gone too far. My pity became damning remorse. I was guilty of murder, or surely would be. And for the first time the full significance of taking another's life fell upon me. What right had one human being to send another dashing into eternity? Could any baseness of human action on the part of the murdered justify the murderer? I realized now, that in seeking revenge (ill-satisfying solace, fit for petty souls,) I had committed the greatest of known crimes, the memory of which would live to make the future years of my life an hundred fold more unhappy than the past had been."

The narrator's voice sank to a tone of helplessness. She closed her hands beseechingly in front of her.

"Unless," she added, advancing a step towards Mack, who stared at her like a mad man, "you will save me by preventing this poor wretch's conviction. You will; I know you will," and moving still nearer to Mack, she placed her hand upon his arm and burst into tears.

And now I was guilty of a most cowardly act. I retreated from the scene. I had felt decidedly *de trop* from the start, and the tears put me to flight. Without apology—it would have been unheeded—I slipped from the office and from the building, leaving word with the clerk that I would return.

I did not dare define the impression left upon my mind by the story I had just heard. I must confess, however, that it had been told in a frightfully convincing way and that I was more than half inclined to consider Mack's first letter not such a silly thing after all. I endeavored to dodge the question, but the more I dodged it the stronger became a lurking conviction that I had listened to an account of a piece of wonderful mind mastery.

When I returned to Mack's office an hour later, I was informed that he was "still at the court house busy on the Wilder case." Extremely annoyed at having spent my whole forenoon uselessly as far as our trip, the object of my visit, was concerned, I went to the depot and took the train home.

[TELEGRAM FROM MR. ARNOLD M'KILVERT TO MR. JOHN BRAKE.]

OLOMA, May 7, '86.

Is Miss S. at home? Have you heard of her since she left here yesterday? I have wired her without response. Wilder was acquitted. Answer.

A. MCK.

[Answer to above.]

ILKEN CENTRE, May 7, '86.

Miss S. has not been here. See letter next mail.

J. B.

[LETTER REFERRED TO ABOVE.]

ILKEN CENTRE, May 7, '86.

DEAR MACK—This morning just before your despatch reached me Miss Sibyl passed through Ilken Centre. She was with a man, pale, tall fellow, long moustache; looked as though he might be in last stages of consumption. They changed cars here, and attracted considerable attention, because a railroad section man, who has been on jury duty during the last week, declared the fellow was Wilder. If so, you're duped, old man.

Anyway, drop it now, and fix our plans up for the trip. Blake writes me we will find plenty of flour and several barrels of potatoes at the cabin, and Joe, the keeper, will be at our command, so we will have to provide only one other guide. I think we can go much lighter than we went last year. Shall expect to hear from you immediately.

JACK.

[LETTER FROM MR. ARNOLD M'KILVERT TO MR. JOHN BRAKE.]

OLOMA, May 9, 1886.

MY DEAR J.—I have been disgracefully deceived, thanks, I suppose, to your kindly reading a letter of mine to that woman. Our trip is now out of all question. I shall not rest till I have run these people down. I hope to get their full histories and to find enough to send them both to prison for long terms. You must plan to go North without me. Respectfully, yours,

MACK.

[LETTER FROM MR. JOHN BRAKE TO MR. ARNOLD M'KILVERT.]

PORTLAND, ME., Aug. 10, 1886.

MY DEAR MACK—Your letters awaited me here. We have had a great trip. Perhaps the best way to tell you of it will be to make a diary for you. I'll begin with the day of our arrival, Thursday, July 2.

. . . .

And now, having given you a much more full account of our doings than you deserve, I will add an incident I had determined to suppress. Yesterday I went to see Young Olney; you remember him. He is now house surgeon at St. Michael's Hospital here. As he was making rounds, and my time was limited, I went through his wards with him. I do not like that sort of thing very much, you know; and was trying to see as little as possible, when Olney called my attention to a man on one of the cots, saying:

"Poor fellow; he has only a few days to last. An interesting case, too; not from a medical point of view, but rather as a romance. There she is now; take a look at the lady who has just come in from the street and at the man. I'll tell you about them." I did as bid, and as we went into the next ward he continued:

"Rather clean cut features, hey? Well, sir, he's been a gambler and blackleg of the worst type. He came here right fresh from a shooting affair after just escaping the gallows. He told all about himself, and I never saw remorse twist a man as it does him. He says he's led her—the woman, you know—a great dance—treated her terribly. He don't know who she is, but she has stuck to him loyally. She stops in twice a day regularly, and would be here all the time if we'd let her. A perfect lady she seems, too. Now, how do you account for it that such a woman falls in love with such a man, in the first place, and why does she stick to him afterwards through thick and thin?"

Well, old man, I could not answer him. I did not try. And who do you suppose the couple were? Why, Wilder and "Miss Sibyl!" Yes, sir, as true as you live.

As it is a question (or was a question, he may be gone now even) of only a few hours with Wilder, I don't think it would pay you to come on. As for his companion, she looks as if she would soon follow her husband, lover, or whoever he is, and I'm sure if you saw her bleached out face and wistful, mournful eye you'd not have the heart to trouble her.

. . . .

As ever yours. JACK.

[FROM MR. ARNOLD M'KILVERT TO MR. JOHN BRAKE.]

PORTLAND, Me., Sept. 11, '86.

MY DEAR J. B.—Yes, I have made a much longer stay here in Portland than I expected to. Moreover, it will be several months at least before I return to Oloma. I think I will get you to tend to one or two little business matters for me.

First, let me explain why I expect to be away by a statement which will quite surprise you. I am to be married in a few days to Sibyl Wilder. It is needless to say I have forgiven her for fooling me as she did, and she in return has forgiven me for being such a simpleton. The fact is, my boy, I was terribly worked during the last week of that trial and I guess I must have been a little off my head. Wilder, as you know, died before I reached here. We shall sail from Boston for Queenstown soon after we are married. Sibyl, you know, is a countrywoman of mine, and we shall probably spend the fall in Ireland. Now to the business. . . . Ever yours,

MACK.

[FROM MR. JOHN BRAKE TO A FRIEND.]

ILKEN CENTRE, Oct. 9, 1886.

MY DEAR OSBORNE—Yes, Mack is married. I know very little about the affair. It was most sudden. As to the lady, to tell the truth, the least said the better. To inquirers you can say she is a Dublin woman of good family, and extremely clever. Mack, you know, is an Irishman. He ran away from a large estate out of spite when a mere lad, and has never been back until now. He will return to this country in the spring probably. As to whether he wishes to continue his active position on the governing committee or not I cannot say. He has left a number of matters in my hands, but has not mentioned them. His last address was the Royal Marine, Kingstown.

Yrs. JACK.

[ARNOLD M'KILVERT TO JOHN BRAKE.]

HIGH HILL CASTLE, COUNTY NORTH, IRELAND, Dec. 21, 1886.

MY DEAR JACK—It now seems as though we were settled for good on this side of the water. I am hard at work straightening up the estate, and our new residence is well under way. Mrs. McK. says you must spend the spring with us, and has ordered a hunter put in shape for you. You will probably enjoy the shooting more than the pack. I can promise you fairly good sport, but of course not the big game we used to get together.

Many thanks for attending to the matters you have. By the way, I am going to trouble you once more. I enclose pawn ticket. It is for the watch which belonged to Mrs. McK.'s father. Mrs. McK. pawned it in those unfortunate days when she was nursing that miserable, good-for-nothing brother of hers. I dislike to speak of him in this way, for he was her brother; but he almost killed her, and I can't forget it. I would not trouble you were it not that the watch has a great value as an heirloom.

. . . .

The earlier you get here the better you will suit us. MACK.

[MR. JOHN BRAKE TO MR. ARNOLD KILVERT.]

ILKEN CENTRE, Feb. 1, 1887.

MY DEAR MACK—When you wrote me that the story Mrs. McK. told us in order to procure her brother's acquittal was in the main a repetition of a novel she had picked up at Mrs. Turvey's, it struck me I might find the book, and, after a long search in Mrs. Turvey's garret, I have succeeded. You expressed a regret that Mrs. McK. had forgotten the title and the publisher, and I take it you would like a copy. I send you the "original." . . . I have decided to sail on the 18th. My kindest regards to Mrs. McK. Very sincerely, JACK.

[MR. JOHN BRAKE TO A FRIEND.]

[A fragment of a lettler written from High Hill Castle, County North, Ireland.]

. . . Mack runs a much more extensive establishment than I supposed, and it would be impossible to find a more charming person to preside over any establishment than Mrs. McK. My previous remarks to you about her when you wrote me a letter of inquiry soon after Mack's marriage, were based upon ignorance entirely. She had a brother who was a very bad lot and made life a burden for her while he lived. My knowledge of this brother probably colored my opinion of the lady at the time I answered your letter, but now that I know her I consider Mack one of the luckiest dogs in the world. . . .

THE KNAPSACK.

Suggestions as to What to Take and How to Pack.

Now, as to what to put in a knapsack. The less the better, of course. The art is not to put in as much as you can, but to leave out as much as you can; for, after you have been walking for six hours every ounce tells its tale. Say you can get at your portmanteau once a week, your knapsack ought not to contain more than a nightshirt, a flannel shirt, three or four collars, six pockethandkerchiefs, two pairs of worsted socks, a pair of slippers, a couple of pairs of boot laces, sponge, toothbrush, comb and hairbrush, soap, a small book, your tobacco and a pair of light trousers.

Those gentlemen who shave must decide for themselves whether they will carry their own razor, etc., or be shaved by the village barber; I should recommend the latter. But, recollecting that you start dressed, the articles above mentioned ought to serve all your needs for six or eight days.

The knapsack, when packed, ought not to weigh 12 pounds if it is to be carried by one person for any length of time. I was once advised on no account to go without quinine, as a most valuable medicine, and which would also act as pick-me-up in case of fatigue. Arnica, too, was suggested. Somebody else advised sticking plaster (not a bad thing, either, to have with one, but scissors are then necessary, and there are at once two more things to look after).

I suppose you never travel without a brandy flask, was another question. Always was my answer. I took one with me once a long time ago, and one of my friends broke it 24 hours after we had left London. I believe now that he broke it on purpose, but had not the courage to say so, and that was his way of teaching me to do without it. I never want brandy in the mountains, and why should I burden myself with the extra weight of a flask? If the pedestrian wants to carry a medicine chest on his back he should have strong shoulders.

I have omitted any mention of a mackintosh; they are unpleasant to walk in, and I should think the straps of the knapsack would tear them. I have always preferred to trust to Providence for fine weather, and, with a few exceptions, I have been well treated. I do take with me an extra pair of trousers—which I feel to be an infliction—and have some three or four times asked the landlord to lend me a coat. I prefer this to carrying a mackintosh on my knapsack.

Some gentlemen like to take a stout umbrella in place of a walking stick. This will keep off wet partially and the sun off your head and back. Everybody will please himself in what he takes or leaves behind, but if his load is a heavy one he may pay too dearly for it.

Cured.

[New York Weekly.]

Blinks (after a long absence)—And how is Jinks getting along? Is he as madly in love with Miss De Pretty as ever?

Old friend—Oh, he's all over that.

"You don't say so."

"Yes, indeed. Been married to her a year."

THE GLOBE COOKING SCHOOL

Miss Parloa had a large class at her lecture on cooking in Apollo Hall Wednesday, the seventh in her course. The lesson had the following interesting dishes, which were explained, cooked, and then tested by the delighted ladies present:

Hamburg Steaks.

Have the butcher chop two pounds of the round of beef very fine. Season it with half a teaspoonful of pepper, two teaspoonfuls of salt and one of onion juice, and, after shaping into thin cakes, place in a broiler that has been buttered slightly and broil over a clear fire for eight minutes. Serve on a hot dish.

Or put four slices of fat salt pork into a frying pan. Remove when they have become crisp and brown. Put the steaks into the fat. Fry for eight (8) minutes, and when they are cooked put them on a warm platter. Into the fat remaining put a tablespoonful of flour, and simmer till brown. Then gradually add a cupful of water, season with salt and pepper, boil for three minutes. Pour the gravy over and serve at once.

Tough meat may be used in this way. It must be chopped very fine, using a patent chopper or grinder.

Frying makes the steak more savory, but more indigestible. A little onion or chives may be chopped and added to the meat with the seasoning, if liked.

For an invalid, prepare according to the first rule, and broil or cook very slightly between two hot plates. The slice of steak may be scraped, so as to take off the soft cellular tissue only, and not the fibres, and then seasoned and cooked as above.

Paupiettes of Fillet of Beef with Olives.

There will be required for this dish one pound and a half of the tenderloin of beef, cut from the thickest part, the materials named in the rule for dark chicken force meat, two dozen stuffed olives, a pint and a half of consomme, four tablespoonfuls of batter, one tablespoonful of arrowroot, a tablespoonful of salt, and half a teaspoonful of pepper.

Cut the tenderloin in very thin slices, across the grain. There should be seven slices. Cut each slice in two, lengthwise, unless small. Spread these strips on a board, and season them with salt and pepper. Spread a thin layer of the forcemeat on each strip of meat; then roll this up and tie it. Put the batter into a flat stewpan, and place it on the fire. When it is hot put in the paupiettes and cook them until brown on all sides. They must be watched carefully and turned often. When they are all browned pour over them one pint of consomme. Cover closely and set back where they will simmer for one hour. At the end of this time mix the arrowroot with one gill of cold consomme, and stir it into the gravy in which the paupiettes are cooking. Simmer for one-half an hour.

Put the olives into a small saucepan with the remaining gill of consomme, and simmer for half an hour. Now take up the paupiettes, cut the strings, and remove them. Arrange the paupiettes in the centre of a dish, and garnish with the olives. Strain the sauce over the meat and serve.

The above will be sufficient for 12 persons.

Whenever meat must be pounded to make it flatter or smoother, wet a vegetable masher in water and pound lightly. This prevents mashing or breaking the fibres and retains a great deal of the juice.

In preparing the paupiettes, let the forcemeat get cold before spreading on the beef, unless the latter is to be cooked very soon. The warm forcemeat on the raw meat would spoil it if it were to stand over night. This same principle holds good in mixing fresh warm milk with a little older cold milk, or warm soup stock with cold.

In binding and tying the paupiettes use a soft thread like mending cotton, and tie loosely so that the meat may have a chance to expand. If the string is hard and is tied tightly it will cut into the meat and spoil the shape of it.

Chicken Force Meat (White).

Use the uncooked roasts of the large fowls, or one if very large, chopped, pounded and rubbed through a puree sieve. There should be a generous half-pint of meat. There will be needed also three tablespoonfuls of butter, half a tablespoonful of salt, half a blade of mace, one-eighth of a teaspoonful of pepper, half a pint of cream, one gill of stale bread, free of crust, and whites of three eggs.

Mix the seasoning with the strained meat. Boil the bread, mace and cream together until they are cooked to a smooth paste, about 10 minutes; then take from the fire, add the butter, then the meat and seasoning. (Remove the water.) Beat whites of eggs well and add them to the mixture. Stir till all the ingredients are well blended.

Use light or dark meat, as a light or dark force meat is required. The meat should always be raw, else it will be crumbly when cut. Never use cooked meat for any force meat. The meat must be chopped very fine and then rubbed thorough a puree sieve. This may be made either hard work or very hard work, as preferred. If the finely chopped or ground meat is put into the sieve and rubbed through with a wooden pestle with a circular motion it will be easier than to pound it through, and it will not wear out the sieve so much.

The force meat should be so soft and fine grained as to melt in the mouth like cream candy.

For dark force meat use dark meat instead of white, and yolks of eggs instead of whites.

The above mixture is the same as for chicken quenelles. Set away to get cold and then shape. Use for the purpose two spoons, dipped in cold water, and slip off the spoon into the hot consomme in which they are poached.

Stuffed Olives.

Make a force meat, the same as for chicken quenelles. Stone two dozen green olives. Cover them with cold water and let them heat slowly to the boiling point. Pour off the water and cover olives with cold water. Drain after they have stood for two minutes. Fill them with the force meat. Place in a small saucepan and cover with boiling soup stock, consomme, if you have it. Simmer for 20 minutes. Serve cold as a relish, or hot or cold as a garnish.

The olives may be stoned with the little machine which comes for the purpose, or a little tube like an apple corer may be used.

To stuff the olives a pastry tube may be used, or they may be filled not quite so easily with a teaspoon.

Macaroni.

Macaroni should be broken into pieces three or four inches long, and washed quickly in cold water. Immediately put it into boiling water and cook rapidly, with cover off the saucepan, for half an hour. When it has been boiling 15 minutes add one tablespoonful of salt. This quantity of salt, and three quarts of water should be used for a half pound of macaroni. Drain off the water, and turn the macaroni into a vegetable dish. Pour three gills of sauce over it. Serve with it tomato, white, brown, poulette, Bechamel or cream. Or it may be put into an escalop or gratin dish, and a white or cream sauce poured over it. Then sprinkle two tablespoonfuls of grated Parmesan cheese and a cup of grated bread crumbs over it. Dot with a tablespoonful of butter and brown in the oven.

If cheese be disliked, omit it. The two tablespoonfuls of Parmesan give but a slight flavor of cheese. If a strong flavor be desired, use a cupful of freshly grated domestic cheese and three tablespoonfuls of Parmesan. In this case add a fifth of a teaspoonful of cayenne.

No exact rule can be given for cooking macaroni, any more than for rice, dry beans, etc. It depends on the condition of the macaroni whether it takes 15 minutes or double that time. Macaroni should have plenty of water, and it should be cooked rapidly, kept in motion all the time, so that the pieces will not stick together, nor get gluey. Leave it also uncovered, and in a flaring saucepan, so that the steam may escape. If kept in the steam will make it sticky.

Rice should be cooked in the same way, when the water is to be poured off, and the rice used as a vegetable. Have the rice washed, and cook it rapidly in hot water, four cups of water to one of rice. After cooking for 15 minutes, add a tablespoonful of salt, and boil for five to 15 minutes longer. Then pour off into a colander, and pour cold water over it, letting it drain off quickly, if preferred. This removes all the starch on the outside, and prevents the rice sticking together.

After macaroni or rice is put into the dish stir it up once from the bottom to prevent its sticking. Then do not stir again.

Tomato Sauce.

One quart canned tomatoes, two tablespoonfuls butter, two of flour, eight cloves and a small slice of onion.

Cook the tomato, onion and cloves 10 minutes. Heat the butter in a small frying-pan, add the flour, stir till brown and smooth, then add to the tomatoes. Cook 2 minutes. Season to taste with salt and pepper. A teaspoonful of salt and a third of pepper and rub through a strainer fine enough to keep back the seeds. A good sauce for fish, meat and macaroni.

If a good bright color is desired in tomato cook quickly. Long cooking makes the color dull.

If the tomatoes are thick, use a scant tablespoonful of flour; if thin, heap the tablespoonful.

A little white stock used in a cream sauce, half stock and half milk or cream, makes a delicious white sauce for tomato.

The above sauce with a half-cupful of cooked and strained tomato instead of a part of the milk will make a very nice bisque sauce.

Two tablespoonfuls of butter, one of flour, one and a half cups of stock, half a can of mushroom or the same quantity of chicken cut fine, or a little Parmesan cheese grated fine—these make very nice sauces.

Canadian Apple Pudding.

A pint of flour, a cup of milk, one egg, three tablespoonfuls of butter, one tablespoonful of baking powder, a cupful of sugar, half a cupful of water, two quarts of pared and quartered apples, half a teaspoonful of salt and about one-fifth of a nutmeg.

Put the apples, sugar (reserving two tablespoonfuls), nutmeg and water into a deep pudding dish. Place in a moderate oven for 20 minutes. Mix well in a sieve and then rub through it the flour, baking powder, salt, and the two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Add the milk and the eggs, well beaten, and stir with a spoon till a smooth dough is formed; then add the butter, melted. Remove the dish from the oven and spread the batter on top of the apples. Return the pudding to the oven, and, after increasing the heat, bake for 20 minutes. At serving time turn the pudding out on a flat dish, having the crust underneath; or serve in the dish. Serve with nutmeg or lemon sauce.

Late in the winter or early in the spring add a little lemon juice to them to improve the flavor.

Nutmeg Sauce.

Mix together in a saucepan, one heaping tablespoonful of corn starch, and one cupful of cold water. Pour over this mixture one cupful of boiling water, and place over the fire. Stir occasionally, till it boils up; then add a cupful of sugar, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt and one-third of a grated nutmeg. Simmer for half an hour; and after adding two tablespoonfuls of butter, strain and serve hot.

The juice and grated rind of a lemon may be added to this sauce, if liked.

Add the same volume of water to the flour and then gradually the remainder of the liquid.

In using corn starch to thicken sauces, soup, etc., be careful not to cook too long. After a certain point the corn starch grows thin and cannot be made to thicken again.

Side Dishes.

The English salt is much finer than our American salt, and in using it one should remember to take a little less in bulk than of the latter.

The good housekeeper always follows rules carefully, Miss Parloa says. She tells a very amusing story of a pupil who experimented in adding seasoning to a tomato sauce till it tasted like ketchup.

Always scrape out your dishes and spoons carefully. This should be done, not only because economical, but because necessary to the success of the dish. If a rule calls for one egg and one leaves a large portion of it sticking to the sides of the bowl the dish will lack by just so much.

Be sure butter to be put into any dish is melted slowly, not reduced to oil by frying over the fire.

Arrowroot, or a certain preparation of tapioca, are the only things known which will thicken a soup, sauce, etc., and allow it to remain clear.

BOSTON COOKING SCHOOL.

Grouse Salad and Beefsteak Pie—The Secrets of Mayonese and French Dressing.

Miss Maynard began the spring course of demonstration lectures at the Boston Cooking School Wednesday. The menu was comprised of delicious dishes practicable for the average housekeeper, including chestnut soup, grouse salad, fillets of halibut, beefsteak pie, mayonnaise and French dressings, wine jelly, jubilee pudding and cream sauce.

Paste.

One pint flour, one cup butter, one-half teaspoonful salt; chop well and mix into a stiff dough with ice water.

This is the easiest pastry to make. All butter can be used, or half lard and half butter, or part drippings can be used. All pastry is better made the day before, and kept in the refrigerator over night. Chop the butter and flour to a fine yellow meal, but not enough to melt the butter, and so form a pasty mass. Add a little of the ice water at a time, mixing with a chopping knife. Use just as little flour as possible on the board. Roll and pat out the paste with the rolling pin with quick, short motions. Roll up and set away to chill.

Beefsteak Pie.

One quart cold boiled meat cut into dice, 2 slices bacon cut into small pieces, 4 potatoes cut into dice and parboiled 10 minutes. Fill a baking dish with potatoes, meat and bacon and cover with a brown sauce, made by melting 1 tablespoonful butter, add 1 tablespoonful onion and 1 tablespoonful carrot cut fine. Fry until yellow, then add 2 tablespoonfuls flour and brown; pure on slowly 1 pint brown stock; season. Cover with paste and bake ¾ of an hour.

For meat use the lower part of the round, a tough piece such as is used for braising. For the stock use the liquor that the meat was boiled in. Do not burn the sauce, but brown nicely. Scraps of beefsteak can be used to make a stock for brown gravies that are used for so many things. A little catsup or Worcestershire sauce can be added to the sauce. Beefsteak or cold roast beef can be used to make this pie, but beefsteak is apt to be tough. Cool the pie before the paste is put on, otherwise the steam from the meat prevents the paste rising as it should. When ready to put the paste over the pie pat it and roll lightly about one-half inch thick. Cut out a rim and crimp it for the edge. Bake about three-quarters of an hour.

Grouse Salad.

Cut the breast of a cooked grouse into small pieces; add one-half as much celery, washed, scraped and cut into pieces; season with salt; marinate with a French dressing; then add the mayonnaise, garnish and serve.

After the grouse and celery have been mixed with the French dressing, using a fork to do this, set away on ice for half an hour or longer, in order that the meat may be thoroughly seasoned with the dressing. Mix a little of the mayonnaise with the meat already seasoned, and then cover with a layer of mayonnise. Garnish with small celery leaves. A small, crisp cabbage can be used for garnishing. Use capers for additional decorations, or chopped olives can be used. Simple decorations are more inviting than elaborate ones.

French Dressing.

One saltspoonful salt, ½ saltspoonful of pepper, 3 tablespoonfuls of oil, 1 tablespoonful of vinegar.

Mix well.

Mayonnaise Dressing.

Mix 1 teaspoonful mustard, ½ teaspoonful salt, ¼ saltspoonful cayenne together, and yolks of 2 raw eggs and oil drop by drop; then, with lemon or vinegar, add more oil until you have used 1 pint.

Make in a bowl and stir with a wooden spoon. In a warm room it is safer to set the bowl in a pan of ice. Pour the oil in very slowly, otherwise it will curdle. If you find the sauce is curdling through having put a little too much oil in at a time, put in a little lemon juice or vinegar, and stir quickly; if it should curdle very much, the only thing to do is to take a fresh yolk and drop the curdled mixture on it drop by drop, stirring very thoroughly. After the dressing has been thinned out once the oil can be put in more rapidly. The dressing, when done, should be thick enough to stand when dropped from a spoon. If stiff enough to stay in shape when dropped it looks very nice served on plain lobster, and makes a nice dressing for it.

Fillets of Halibut.

Remove the skin and bones from a thin slice of halibut, cut into small pieces, sprinkle with lemon juice, salt and pepper, lay a thin slice of onion on each piece, cover and let it stand ½ hour. Remove the onion, dip in butter, roll up and skewer. Dredge with flour and bake 20 minutes in a hot oven.

With a sharp knife the skin can be ripped from the fish easily. If in a hurry a few drops of onion juice can be used instead of the slice of onion. The lemon juice hardens the fish and gives it a good flavor.

Take pieces about two inches wide and six inches long, roll up, skewer with a wooden toothpick.

This is a much nicer way of cooking fish than frying is.

Cream Sauce.

Melt two tablespoonfuls butter, add ½ tablespoonful onion and fry two or three minutes, add two tablespoonfuls flour and pour on slowly one pint hot milk. Peel and break into small pieces ¼ pound mushrooms, add to the sauce. Add one teaspoonful salt and one saltspoonful pepper. Simmer 10 minutes.

If a plain sauce is desired omit the mushrooms. Simmer—not boil—to cook this sauce for just 10 minutes. Oysters can be used in place of mushrooms if preferred.

Wine Jelly.

One-half box gelatine soaked in ½ cup cold, add 1 pint hot water, 1 cup wine, 1 cup sugar, juice of 1 lemon; strain.

Claret is sometimes used for this jelly, but is not a nice color when cooked; Madeira is better. Stir until sugar is dissolved. Strain through a fine cloth laid in small colander. Cool in a mould that has been rinsed in ice water; set away to harden in a pan of ice and water.

Jubilee Pudding.

Fill a border mould with wine jelly. When hard turn out and fill the centre with a cream made by beating one pint of cream until thick; add two tablespoonfuls gelatine soaked in two tablespoonfuls cold water and dissolved with the same quantity of boiling water; add candied fruit and one-half cup powdered sugar and one tablespoonful wine.

Use Madeira wine; it has more strength and flavor than sherry. Beat cream with a Dover egg-beater, since thick cream, not whipped cream, is wanted. Strain gelatine when dissolved into the cream and beat it a little more. Beat in a dish set in a pan of ice and water. When ready to turn the jelly out upon the platter to serve, wrap a towel wrung out of warm water around the mould; if set in warm water there is danger of melting it so much that the points will not stand up when turned out.

Cut the candied fruit up fine and stir in with the cream after it begins to thicken.

Chestnut Soup.

Blanch and boil 25 chestnuts half hour. Drain and mash. Add 1 quart stock, 1 teaspoonful salt, and 1 saltspoonful pepper and simmer one hour. Then add 1 pint cream and rub through a sieve. Melt 1 tablespoonful butter, add 1 tablespoonful flour, and add to the soup. Season to taste and serve.

Shell chestnuts and let stand in hot water for 10 minutes. This will loosen the skins so they will come off easily. Use French chestnuts. This is a good deal like pea soup, and is a favorite dish in France, where chestnuts are raised in perfection. It is very nutritious.

Chestnuts are coming more and more into favor in cooking in this country, and they are nice in many ways, in soups, purees, dressings and sauces.

The lesson for next week will include crecy soup, ragout of game, oyster croquettes, potato curls, orange omelet, orange baskets, ambrosia.

FAVORITE RECIPES.

Contributions by Housekeepers Who Read The Globe.

Here are some more choice recipes contributed by the good housekeepers who read THE GLOBE. Of each it may be said: This is "the best rule I know":

Nut Cake.

One-half cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 2 cups f flour, 2 eggs, 1 cup of chopped nuts; 1 easpoon cream tartar, ½ teaspoon soda.

ANITA.

Temperance Cake.

One cup sugar, 1 cup milk, 1 spoonful of butter, 1 teaspoon cream tartar, ½ teaspoon soda, 2½ cups flour; an egg will improve, but is not necessary. ANITA.

Apple Cake.

Beat 2 eggs, add 1 cup sugar, beat well; add ⅓ cup milk alternately with 2 cups flour and 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder. Then add 1 tablespoonful butter, melted. Pour into 2 buttered Washington pie plates. Cover thickly with sliced apple, sprinkled with sugar. Bake ½ hour, or till the apple is done.

If you are making this cake and do not wish two loaves it can be baked in one deep loaf, or one may be left plain and baked and frosted.

Measure the flour and add to it the baking powder. Beat the eggs, add the sugar, and beat again; add milk and flour alternately; the butter is put in last, because it is fancied that doing so makes the cake more crisp.

Let the cake be rather thin in the tins, and put the apple on top as thickly as you can. If the slices will stand up so much the better. (The apples are pared, cut in eighths, and these eighths again divided into two or three sections.) Add about two tablespoonfuls of sugar and bake. Serve hot with an

Egg Pudding Sauce.

Beat whites of three eggs to a stiff froth; then beat in slowly 1 cup powdered sugar and 1 teaspoonful vanila, or 4 tablespoonfuls wine. Then stir in beaten yolks of 3 eggs.

Beat the whites very fast and hard with the egg beaten till they are a stiff froth. Beat the powdered sugar in slowly and with a spoon.

This is a delicious dish.

Jellied Oranges.

Soak half box gelatine in half cup cold water. Dissolve with one pint boiling water; add one cup sugar, juice of one lemon and one cup wine; add four oranges cut into slices. Set away to cool; when cold remove from the mould and serve with cream.

After the gelatine has soaked for a while dissolve by adding the pint of hot water. If it does not all melt up quickly set it over a kettle of boiling water or on the back of the stove to melt. Add sugar, lemon juice and wine. If you do not wish to use the wine, add a cup of water in its place.

If the wine is not used, more fruit must be taken, for the lemon juice and the amount of oranges given above will not be sufficient to disguise the flavor of the gelatine. In this case use a mixture of fruits—sliced banana with the oranges, or pineapple and oranges and banana; or strawberries in their season in combination with any other sort of fruit desired. These last combinations make very nice dessert dishes. In preparing them be careful to use as little jelly as possible, say about a quarter of a box of gelatine, the jelly being used only to hold the fruit together. Serve with cream, as are the oranges.

Slices of pineapple and slices of orange make a good dish.

Farina Croquettes.

Mix two-third cup farina with one cup cold milk; pour into one pint boiling water, and add half-teaspoonful salt; cook one hour, stirring often; just before taking from the fire add yolks of two eggs and a half cup thick cream; cook for a few minutes, then add the whites of two eggs beaten stiff; cool; roll in crumbs, egg and crumbs, and fry in hot fat.

Serve with maple sugar sauce for dessert.

When the farina is first put on to cook it should be stirred constantly until it begins to get thick, so that it will not lump. Five or 10 minutes will be enough to thicken it, so that it may be left to cook.

Add eggs and cream as directed.

If served as an entree the cream may be omitted.

Sugar may be added if desired (about two tablespoonfuls would be used), but with the sauce it is not needed.

Cool the farina in timbal moulds which have been wet in cold water. These are easy to roll, and are shaped already of course when they come from the moulds. Another way is to let the farina get very nearly cold, and then shape and roll it as for any croquettes. Another way still is to let the farina cool in a tin or on a platter, spreading it about half or three-quarters of an inch thick, then when cold cut into any shapes desired, and crumb, egg and crumb as for croquettes.

Corn starch cooked in this way is very nice; also corn meal croquettes served with a sauce.

These are delicious.

Maple Sugar Sauce.

Mix juice of one lemon, quarter pound maple sugar and half cup water together. Boil until it threads, then add whites of two eggs beaten stiff and half cup thick cream.

If one prefers, three-fourths of a cup of maple syrup may be used instead of the sugar dissolved in water.

Add sugar, etc., to the eggs, beating hard all the time; add the cream last, and beat again.

A simpler way of preparing the maple sugar sauce is by mixing lemon juice, sugar and water together and cooking them a few minutes; then add the sugar and let it coo for 10 or 15 minutes, adding a tablespoon ful of butter at the least.

Maple sugar may be used instead of sugar by warming and adding the lemon juice and butter.

Apple Pudding.

Line a 2-quart pudding dish with fried bread; fill with sliced apple; add 1 cup sugar and 1 teaspoon cinnamon and ½ cup water; cover and bake three hours.

Fry slices of stale baker's bread till light brown, and then line the pudding dish with them. Put in as much apple as possible, heaping the dish up high. Season and sweeten. Cover over with a plate or hot platter and bake.

Let the oven be moderate and watch that the water does not get out.

Serve with

Brown Pudding Sauce.

Melt one heaping tablespoon butter, add two tablespoons flour and 1½ cups hot water; then add 1½ cups brown sugar, two teaspoons lemon juice and a little nutmeg.

Wine may be used instead of lemon juice if preferred.

Omelet.

The yolks of two eggs well beaten, a very little salt (some tastes using more than others, will govern it in a measure), a tablespoonful of cream. Butter the skillet and pour in the mixture, having the whites beaten, pour the same on the top; lift the edges lightly; never attempt to turn; after three minutes' cooking take out.

This form of preparing eggs has been accepted by invalids when all others have been rejected. WHEATONIA.

Broiled Tripe.

Boil 25 minutes, drain and dry, spread with butter, salt and pepper, dredge with flour. Broil until brown. Spread with butter garnish with parsley and lemon.

Use honeycomb tripe for this dish. The boiling in addition to the cooking it has had before coming from the butcher destroys its proverbial toughness and makes tripe one of the most easily digested substances.

Meat, tripe and anything to be broiled is usually done better at large hotels or restaurants than one can do them at home. The reason for this is that at large establishments the broiling is done over a charcoal fire kept for the purpose. One can get the same effect at home by spreading some charcoal over the coal fire. This sort of a fire is even, and does not burn the articles so readily as the coal fire.

Lyonnaise Tripe.

Fry 1 tablespoon chopped onion in 1 heaping tablespoon butter until yellow; add the tripe, cut into small pieces, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 saltspoon pepper; simmer five minutes, then serve.

Don't fry the onion too much, as it becomes bitter if too brown.

BIG SCHOONERS.

Pilot Murdock Suggests a New Rig to Strengthen Their Masts.

Mammoth schooners have been the prevailing topic of conversation among maritime people the last few days, and almost everyone has some suggestion to offer whereby they may be made more stable and seaworthy, but the greater number agree that the proper thing to be done is to put "yards" on their foremasts, thus converting them into barkentines. With this rig a vessel can be "hove to" in a gale of wind without any trouble, but it is impossible to do the same with a four-masted schooner.

PILOT MURDOCK'S IDEA.

If the attempt is made under a forestaysail the schooner will fall off into the trough of the sea; and should a portion of the mainsail be shown, she will come up and "go in stays;" consequently a captain is obliged to keep going, no matter how hard it blows.

Some of the suggestions given for "staying" the lofty masts are worthy of consideration, and it is surprising that a few of them have not heretofore been adopted, as every one who has an opinion to express claims that he has had in mind for many months.

Perhaps one of the most practical, and easy of adoption is that advanced by James Murdoch, a Boston pilot.

His plan is to have a heavy iron band "countersunk" into each mast, a little better than half way from the deck to the crosstrees; these bands to be fitted with two "eye-bolts" on either side, to which could be shackled "shrouds" leading down to the rail. The other shrouds could run straight from the "dead-eyes" to the footlock band on the crosstrees.

It will be readily seen that these shrouds (the first set which shackle into the iron band) would "draw" at such an angle as to greatly relieve the strain to which the masts have previously been subjected—prevent them "buckling," and consequently lessen the risks of losing the "sticks" altogether.

Upon the after part of the masts should be firmly bolted an iron "traveller," extending from the "saddle" to the foot-tack band, and upon this "traveller" the sails should be hoisted by means of iron "grips," so made as to work smoothly upon the said "traveller."

This "rig" would undoubtedly cost a few dollars more than the present style, but there is no question as to the additional strength and safety it would afford to the lofty masts.

AFTER THE CURFEW.

[Dr. Holmes in the Atlantic.]

The play is over. While the light
Yet lingers in the darkening hall,
I come to say a last good night
Before the final exeunt all.

We gathered once, a joyous throng;
The jovial toasts went gayly round;
With jest, and laugh, and shout, and song,
We made the floors and walls resound.

We come with feeble steps and slow,
A little band of four or five,
Left from the wrecks of long ago,
Still pleased to find ourselves alive.

Alive! How living, too, are they
Whose memories it is ours to share!
Spread the long table's full array—
There sits a ghost in every chair!

One breathing form no more, alas!
Amid our slender group we see;
With him we still remained "the class"—
Without his presence what are we?

The hand we ever loved to clasp—
That tireless hand which knew no rest—
Loosed from affection's clinging grasp,
Lies nerveless on the peaceful breast.

The beaming eye, the cheering voice,
That lent to life a generous glow,
Whose every meaning said "rejoice,"
We see, we hear, no more below.

The air seems darkened by his loss,
Earth's shadowed features look less fair,
And heavier weighs the daily cross
His willing shoulders helped us bear.

Why mourn that we, the favored few
Whom grasping time so long has spared
Life's sweet illusions to pursue,
The common lot of age have shared?

In every pulse of Friendship's heart
There breeds unfelt a throb of pain—
One hour must rend its links apart,
Though years on years have forged the chain.

So ends "The boys"—a lifelong play.
We, too, must hear the prompter's call
To fairer scenes and brighter day;
Farewell! I let the curtain fall.

Ten Facts About Flags.

[Jean Kincaid in Journal of Education.]

1. To "strike the flag" is to lower the national colors in token of submission.

2. Flags are used as the symbol of rank and command, the officers using them being called flag officers. Such flags are square, to distinguish them from other banners.

3. A "flag of truce" is a white flag, displayed to an enemy to indicate a desire for a parley or consultation.

4. The white flag is a sign of peace. After a battle parties from both sides often go out to the field to rescue the wounded or bury the dead, under the protection of a white flag.

5. The red flag is a sign of defiance and is often used by revolutionists. In our service it is a mark of danger and shows a vessel to be receiving or discharging her powder.

6. The black flag is a sign of piracy.

7. The yellow flag shows a vessel to be at quarantine, or is the sign of a contagious disease.

8. A flag at half-mast means mourning. Fishing and other vessels return with a flag at half-mast to announce the loss or death of some of the men.

9. Dipping the flag is lowering it slightly and then hoisting it again to salute a vessel or fort.

10. If the President of the United States goes afloat the American flag is carried in the bows of his barge or hoisted at the main of the vessel on board of which he is.

All He Needed.

[Chicago Tribune.]

"New Reporter (anxiously)—Say, lend me a few sheets out of your note-book. I've forgot mine, and I've got to interview the city officials to see what they know about gambling in Chicago."

Old Reporter—"Haven't you a visiting card?"

"Yes."

"Well, use the back of it."

Hurried Preparations.

[New York Weekly.]

Good Minister (awaiting the appearance of the lady of the house)—"What is that, my little dear?"

Little Girl—"My apron. I's goin' to put it in the wash. Mamma got it all dirty."

"She did?"

"Yes, sir; she grabbed it up, just now, to dust off the Bible."

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"Highest of all they who live in the faith of eternal thought, and are ready to pour out their very life as a sacrifice, if so they may inspire others with the same holy, everlasting faith."—[Kingsley.

STAND BY NEW ENGLAND.

The twenty-sixth annual meeting of the New England Agricultural Society in this city, held last Tuesday, shed some instructive light on the prospects of farming in New England.

Speaking of the relative yield of New England and Western tillage Col. NEEDHAM, after showing the immense crops of corn and wheat in the West, added: "But my corn will command at the station only 10 cents in money per bushel, and my wheat can be sold for only 36 cents per bushel. It is not the bushels of wheat or corn, but it is the product in money that the bushels of wheat and corn will yield that makes the farmer comfortable, and gives him the means for educating, clothing and comfortably taking care of his family."

No less true was the statement that thousands of farms in the West are worse than deserted, so far as the prospects of the tillers are concerned, for so small is the money price of the crops that mortgages are slowly eating up the farms and all the labor of the farmer besides. There is no doubt that many a Western farmer, if he had the money with which he started out from New England, would gladly return.

We are accustomed to speaking of how much corn or wheat a certain amount of money will buy. Suppose we invert the terms of the equation and ask: How much money will a certain amount of corn or wheat buy? Money is no less a commodity than corn.

Putting the question in this form, it was shown at this meeting of New England farmers that corn will buy far more money in New England than in the West, relatively to the yield and the cost of living, and that many who deserted their New England farms were allured by the immense Western yield of corn and wheat, entirely forgetting that the small yield of money in the West more than offsets the large yield of farm products.

Such showings are very valuable, and ought to be continued till New England tillers are brought back to their deserted farms. We venture to say that thousands of voices will yet cry out from our now neglected plains and valleys: "New England is good enough for us!"

THE DELUSION OF RACE ANTIPATHY

A great deal is said just at present in regard to race antipathy, and direful results are predicted by many lurid prophets as likely to arise therefrom in our Southern States.

We believe that race antipathies have been tremendously exaggerated. There is a far stronger antipathy between a highly educated and moral person and an ignorant and vicious person of the same race than between two educated people of entirely distinct races. The antipathy that exists between a Harvard professor and a Boston hoodlum is stronger than the antipathy between the average white man and the average negro.

Foreigners who seek our shores frequently come from the most degraded classes of their respective countries, and mistake our disgust at their personal dress and habits for race antipathy. As soon as they wash themselves, learn our language and literature and dress according to our mode, the prejudice disappears. Perhaps the strongest race feeling in this country is against the Chinese; yet cultivated and educated Chinamen have been repeatedly received into the best American society. So have learned Hindoos, Indians and Japanese. A truly cultivated negro is, indeed, treated with much more consideration than a white man of equal accomplishment. The color of a man's skin, so it be his natural color, really has very little to do with our feeling toward him. FRED DOUGLASS or ex-Senator BRUCE are agreeable guests at any governor or president's reception.

It is not because the negro race is black, nor because most of its members are Republicans and their white neighbors Democrats, that the steadily-diminishing race prejudice in the South lingers on. It is because the negro race, through no fault of its own, has not as a class risen to the level of intelligence around it. From a condition of servitude and from a state of ignorance inherited from long generations of slaves they have rapidly risen to a state of enlightenment which, as compared with their former condition, is as light compared with darkness. That they have not yet reached a standard of intelligence that places them on a footing of absolute social equality with the average American citizen is not a matter that should cause any solicitude.

The negro is improving his privileges nobly, and is passing through a social, moral and intellectual evolution that is sure to make him an important and helpful factor in our civilization. When this evolution shall have been completed, we shall hear no more of race antipathy.

HOW TO LESSEN THE NUMBER OF DIVORCES.

It is a matter to meet with intelligent approval that the question of divorce is now being discussed in a larger way than it was a few years ago. The legal side of the question is, at last, and very properly, recognized as the smallest side of it. The root of the trouble is to be found in the large number of unhappy alliances that, under the name of marriage, are being made by men and women, not in the facility with which these unfit alliances are being annulled. How to prevent these unfortunate contracts being made, not unmade, is the real problem for all who have the happiness of men and women and the preservation of home life in its dignity and peacefulness at heart. To compel a man and woman to live together in nominal wedlock when, by so doing, the blessed object and purpose of marriage are thwarted and outraged is superlatively unjust and harmful. The sole justification of married life between a man and woman is mutual comfort and helpfulness, and if these may not reasonably be expected of the union then it should never be made, and if unfortunately made the sooner it is dissolved the better it is, not only for the two who made it but for society at large. If it is a union of honor, it should remain inviolate; if of dishonor, it should not continue: least of all, be compelled to endure by the action of unjust law or the force of inconsiderate public opinion. This is a true maxim, whether judged by the word of God or the intelligent and humane censure of mankind.

The poetic idea that marriages are made in heaven is an exploded one. Marriages are made on earth, and in most cases are blunderingly made at that. The emotional basis of marriage is much applauded by a class of emotionalists, but their fervent applause is unfortunately drowned in the clash and clangor of resultant facts. A marriage based on wise sentiment in contradistinction to sexual emotion is the one to applaud, because it is more likely to last, and to last, moreover, with happy and happier results as life is lived to its close. Mutual admiration, esteem, helpfulness and clearly apprehended fitness to help each the other constitute the only sure and lasting basis of marital union between the parties who have entered into the married state. Sexual emotion is for the most part a mirage and a deceit, while the qualities we have mentioned give to the contracting parties a clear vision of each other, of mutual duty and of life.

Scripturally considered the propagation of the species has nothing to do, primarily, with marriage. In the instituting ordinance of God it received no mention. In the divine mind it was not considered as a reason or cause of the union between male and female. God looked upon man that He had created and saw that it was not good for man to be *alone*. It was to deliver man from *loneliness*, from the mental and social vacuum and horror of *solitude* that woman was created and given to him as a wife. Companionship, mental, social and spiritual companionship was the promoting reason in the Creator's mind for instituting the marriage estate. In this sense, and not in any lower one, the wife was to be a helpmeet to her husband. Companionability in the highest, sweetest and holiest sense is the divine basis of marriage. If a man and woman cannot companion well and happily together, then God's design and purpose in their lives are not met. No matter what human law or custom may declare or say, if the two are not fit for and fitted to each other in the interest of pure, helpful, holy companionship, then are they not husband and wife as judged in the light of God's instituting ordinance.

A great deal of gush is being written in praise of love as the sole justification of marriage. If by this is meant that a high degree of sexual emotion must be felt by the contracting parties as a prerequisite of marriage such writing not only reveals the entire absence of all knowledge of God's design in marriage on the part of the writers, but of the actual facts of human life as well. Marriage is commended of God and to be honored of men when the contracting parties are moved to the act by the desire for cheerful companionship and the hope to be mutually helpful. Hence the aged often marry, and properly. By such a union each is delivered from the loneliness of unconsorted life, and the kindly benevolence of their natures finds joy in continued and reciprocal action. The middle-aged marry, not from sexual impulse, but from social and domestic necessities and the maintenance of the family institution beyond reproach or neglect. Such unions sustain the family principle, uphold the home as an institution, and wisely distribute the benevolent energies of society.

Some marry from considerations of family and the proper care of orphaned children, and any writer is brutal who condemns such praiseworthy unions. Many refined and sensitive men and women have married to my own knowledge to escape from an oppressive loneliness, which the loss of friends and loved ones had brought upon them, and he who would cast a slur on such unions deserves the contempt of reasonable and discerning men. Nor, according to my observation, are the men and women who marry from these just and honorable motives, which find their origin in human nature and the variable conditions of life, the ones who rush to our courts seeking release from the marriage bond. If all marriages could be made by people who were old enough to know what they were actually doing in getting married, and knew why they were doing it our social reformers would have, we fancy, little cause to keep up their agitation concerning the matter of divorce.

I would, in the interest of true reform, respectfully suggest that a commission be appointed or a court created by each State to decide whether parties contemplating marriage were fit to be married, and that unless they were physically fit to propagate the species in health, beauty and vigor, and mentally and spiritually qualified to companion happily in marriage, their union should be forbidden. I fancy that such a court would settle this vexed question of divorce in short order.

W. H. H. MURRAY.

HOW TO WIN THE PRIZES.

The chance to win $100, $60 and $40 for solution of the mystery of "The Dent in the Panel," that is given to subscribers to THE WEEKLY GLOBE, does not come every day, and will not last long, and therefore ought to be taken advantage of by every reader. Some points should be kept in mind.

1. Every reader, whether an old or a new subscriber, ought to send in some solution, long or short, before March 1, when the true solution will be published. If he is a new subscriber, and has not received the published chapters of "The Dent in the Panel," he should send for them at once.

2. The one who sends the best solution will not be awarded any prize if he has not renewed and is in arrears. Quite a number of solutions have been received from subscribers who have not renewed. Unless such senders renew before March 1, their solutions will be rejected.

3. The prizes are offered for the best solutions; i. e., for answers that, besides naming the one who committed the robbery, give the best reasons or theory why the one named is the robber. Otherwise the naming would be only guess-work.

4. We wish to have every reader send in some solution at once, as the limit for the reception of solutions is fixed at March 1.

5. An investment of only $1 by any one who reads this notice will make him a yearly subscriber to THE WEEKLY GLOBE, and enable him, perhaps, to win one of the rich prizes. All the published chapters of "The Dent in the Panel" will be sent him as soon as his order is received.

THE METHODS OF PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

In a recent interview with a newspaper reporter Mr. DEPEW has set forth his ideas of the method of preparing speeches, with some incidental observations upon orators and classes of orators who have achieved distinction.

Mr. DEPEW is an orator, and his speeches are not destitute of attractive qualities, but it must be said that, with a single exception, he has not addressed himself to questions or subjects of permanent importance. As the result of his mental constitution and of his habits of life he has formed for himself, what Mr. WEBSTER called "a way of preparing speeches," but it may be doubted reasonably, whether that way can be followed with safety by any considerable number of young men who may aspire to distinction in the art of public speaking. The observations made by Mr. DEPEW leave upon the mind the impression that the reflection of a few moments or the thoughts of a few hours may meet all the requirements which an audience or a public for the moment, omitting all reference to posterity, may demand justly of a public speaker.

There are many ways of preparing speeches, but they each and all rest on one basis. It is to be said first that the speaker's knowledge of the subject must be in excess of the knowledge possessed by his audience, or by any person in it. Otherwise all interest on the part of the hearers flags and dies. Next, every successful speech or oration must relate to topics or classes of topics to which the speaker has devoted study and thought for years, or better yet, for a life time. This of preparation, and at the end there must be left upon the mind of the audience the feeling, the conviction indeed, that the speaker has knowledge and powers yet in reserve. Nothing is more fatal to the reputation of a speaker than the impression left upon the mind of the audience that he has exhausted his own resources while he has failed to exhaust his subject. What passes for extempore speaking is of many sorts, and the least valuable speech is that for which no special careful preparation has been made by the speaker. It may be said further that the ordinary after-dinner occasion furnishes no opportunity for a really valuable speech. Indeed the guests expect only amusement, anecdotes, stories, old and new, scintillations of wit and sharp repartee. The exceptions to this general character of after-dinner speakers are the graver occasions, when the dinner is made the agent for bringing men together upon a plane of perfect equality and for consultation upon matters of large concernment. These, however, are not occasions designed to test men's quality in the art of public peaking.

It may be asserted, with a good degree of confidence, that there is not one historical speech which can be classed properly as an extempore speech. It does not follow from this statement that all historical speeches were written in advance of the delivery. Some men have been able to compose speeches of great length without the aid of writing and to reproduce what they had so composed without the aid of notes or guides of any sort. Speeches so composed bear the least possible resemblance to extempore speeches. They are prepared orations upon the most elevated intellectual scale.

There are many ways of preparing speeches, but there is no one way that is adequate to every occasion. The way that I have indicated requires an order of intellect that a few men only possess, and a mental training which is the result of long-continued and assiduous self-discipline. Most historical speeches and orations have been written previous to delivery, and the opposite is true, probably, of legal and parliamentary speeches. These remarks relate to notice when the occasion for their delivery has passed. One peril attends the delivery of written speeches, when the sole reliance is upon the memory. There is the possibility that the speaker may trip in the delivery, and a feeling of uneasiness takes possession of the audience whenever the discovery is made that the speaker's sole reliance is upon a defective memory. In my experience I have observed this defect in all memorized speeches of any considerable length, except those delivered by Mr. EVERETT. He was accustomed, at times, if not on all occasions, to lay upon the table a roll of manuscript as a notice to the audience that the address was not an extempore performance.

Of all the speakers that I have heard, one only, Mr. CHOATE, was able to read a manuscript without very serious impairment of influence upon the audience present. His exemption from the common fate was due to the circumstance that he gave but little attention to his notes, which he held in a free hand, and, without much observation on the part of his hearers, he was able to catch the opening words of sentences and paragraphs, which he finished from memory.

As a general rule it is wise to prepare commemorative speeches and orations in writing. Such a preparation is an admission, on the part of the speaker, that he is engaged on an important work, and the admission is due to the occasion and to the public interested in the ceremonies. The choice of a way of delivery must rest with the speaker.

In every form of preparation it is important for the speaker to make himself master of the subject in its minute details as well as in its larger relations. For the courtroom and the legislative hall hardly more can be done than to prepare head notes and catch words, by the use of which the speaker can proceed systematically from one topic to another without being compelled to consider a second item while the first is under discussion.

This plan admits of the formal preparation of sentences and paragraphs that can be used in their appropriate connections. The order may be as systematic in a written discourse. Beyond this there are possible advantages. With the full verbatim notes of the reporter in hand corrections, alterations and additions may be made, and thus the speech may show the care of a written discourse with something of the spirit and freedom of open debate. Precedents for this style of treatment are not wanting. There are grounds for the statement that some of CICERO's speeches were written or rewritten after delivery. Otherwise there would be no force in the remark of MILO that if the speech he read had been made at his trial he should not have been doomed to a life of exile.

It is said that the authorized version of Mr. WEBSTER's reply to HAYNE was not printed till some months after its delivery.

Thus it may be seen there are many ways of preparing speeches, but they all require continuous, thorough, exacting labors. In this remark I do not include extempore speeches, which are made without any preparation. Speeches are made, however, in legal and legislative proceedings which are extempore in form, while they are not so in fact. In most cases they are made upon subjects or topics with which the speakers are conversant through the experience of years or a lifetime.

Mr. DEPEW's interview left upon my mind the impression that the art of public speaking in its more elevated form was an art that might be acquired without persistent and exacting labor. In this I may have erred, but I shall not err in the statement that the great orators of ages have been men of unwearied industry. I imagine the orators of the future will be compelled to subject themselves to the same ordeal of labor. Industry is the price of success.

GEORGE S. BOUTWELL.

STANLEY AFRICANUS.

The explorer STANLEY seems to have groped around on the dark continent so long as to become considerably mixed as to who he is and who he would like to be.

In the first place his name is not STANLEY, as he was always known in early life by the name of ROWLANDS.

Nor does he seem to have any nationality. At any rate he refuses to confess to any, and answering all questions by saying: "I am a cosmopolitan: the world is my country."

The Egyptian government was so interested to find out whether he was an Englishman or an American, that an official messenger was delegated to ask him, but this messenger received only the short answer, "Neither."

Nobody seems to have been able to find out even where he was born.

This decidedly mysterious genius now comes out of the Congo woods with an intense desire to get married. With an air that is childlike and bland, he says: "I have explored Africa with success, but have never yet learned the secret of exploring the female heart. I am young and good-looking, but there's my friend BENNY, who has nothing about him for a woman to admire, and yet he has already succeeded in getting married three times. I cannot understand his success and my failure."

There is something astonishingly innocent in this man without a name and without a country. Much allowance is to be made for his long absence from the centres of civilization, for, for aught we know, too much familiarity with his neighbor's ivory and the elevating influence of British gold may have something to do with it.

LOVER'S LANE.

[Eugene Field in Chicago News.]

Saint Jo, Buchanan County,
Is leagues and leagues away,
And I sit in the gloom of this rented room
And pine to be there today;
Yes, with London fog around me
And the bustling to and fro,
I am fretting to be across the sea
In Lover's Lane, Saint Jo.

I would have a brow-eyed maiden
Go driving once again;
And I'd sing the song, as we snailed along,
That I sung to that maiden then;
I purposely say "as we snailed along,"
For a proper horse goes slow
In the leafy aisles (where Cupid smiles)
In Lover's Lane, Saint Jo.

From her boudoir in the alders
Would peep a lynx-eyed thrush,
And we'd hear her say in a furtive way
To the noisy cricket: "Hush!"
To think that the curious creature
Should crane her neck to know
The various things one says and sings
In Lover's Lane, Saint Jo!

But the maples they should shield us
From the gossips of the place,
Nor should the sun (except by pun)
Profane the maiden's face;
And the girl should do the driving,
For a fellow can't, you know,
Unless he's neglectful of what's quite respectful
In Lover's Lane, Saint Jo!

Ah! sweet the hours of springtime,
When the heart inclines to woo,
And it's deemed all right for the callow wight
To do as the maidens do!
But cruel the age of winter
When the way of the world says no
To the hoary men who would woo again
In Lover's Lane, Saint Jo!

In the Union Bank of London
Are 40 pounds or more,
Which I'd like to spend (ere the month shall end)
In an antiquarian store;
But I'd give it all, and gladly,
If, for an hour or so,
I could feel the grace of a distant place—
Of Lover's Lane, Saint Jo!

Let us sit awhile, beloved,
And dream of the good old days—
Of the kindly shade which the maples made
Round the stanch but squeaky chaise;
With your head upon my shoulder,
And my arm about you, so
Though exiles we shall seem to be
In Lover's Lane, Saint Jo!
London, Jan. 11, 1890.

The Figure Nine.

[Detroit Free Press.]

I wonder if any one besides myself has ever noticed the peculiarities of the number 9? That when an error has arisen from any transposition of figures the difference between such transposed numbers of figures is universally a multiple of the numeral 9? For instance, suppose an error occurs in bringing out a trial balance or cash settlement of the amount in question, or that the sum short or over can be divided by 9 without any remainder, there is a strong probability that the mistake has been made by transposing figures; at any rate, if such mistake takes place by reason of transposition, the sum in question will divide by 9 without remainder. To illustrate this: If 97 has been put down 79, the error will be 18, or twice 9 exactly; if 322 be set down 223, the error will be 99, or 11x9, and so on between any transposed numbers. These errors are persistent, and 9 is a first-class detective to ferret them out.

QUEER LONDON NAMES.

Some Curious Cognomens Found in English Registers.

[Chicago Times.]

Queer names certainly are found in the London general registry of births at Somerset House. For example, young sisons of the families of Bath, Lamb, Jordan, Dew, Dear and Smith, are christened respectively Foot, Pascal, River, Morning, Offspring and Smith Fellows. Mr. Cox called his son Arthur Wellesley Wellington Waterloo. Mr. Jewett, a noted huntsman, named his Edward Byng Tally Ho Forward. A mortal that was evidently unwelcome is recorded as "One Too Many." Another of the same sort is "Not Wanted James." Children with six to ten names are frequent, but probably the longest name in the world, longer than that of any potentate, is attached to the child of Arthur Pepper, laundryman. The name of his daughter, born 188-, is Anna Bertha Cecilia Diana Emily Fanny Gertrude Hypatia Inez Jane Kate Louise Maud Nora Ophelia Quince Rebecca Starkey Tereza Ulysis (sic) Venus Winifred Xenophon Yetty Zeus Pepper—one title precisely for every letter of the alphabet.

BUTTONS THAT WILL STICK.

Two Hints in Sewing Them on That Baffle the Laundries.

[Chicago Times.]

"When I get a bright idea I always want to pass it along," a lady said, as she sat watching a young girl sewing; "do your buttons ever come off, Lena?" "Ever? They're always doing it. They are ironed off, washed off, and pulled off, until I despair. I seem to shed buttons at every step." "Make use of these two hints when you are sewing them on, then, and see if they make any difference. When you begin, before you lay the button on the cloth put the thread through so that the knot will be on the right side. That leaves it under the button, and prevents it from being ironed or worn away, and thus beginning the loosening process.

"Then, before you begin sewing, lay a large yarn across the button so that all your threads will go over the pin. After you have finished filling the holes with thread draw out the pin and wind your thread round and round beneath the button. That makes a compact stem to sustain the possible pulling and wear of the buttonhole. It is no exaggeration to say that my buttons never come off, and I'm sure yours won't if you use my method of sewing."

TALKING OF TRUNKS.

Sole Leather Trunks Can be Made to Cost $100.

[Cincinnati Times-Star.]

"Are many trunks and valises manufactured nowadays?" was asked of a trunk manufacturer.

"Yes, sir," answered he. "The trunk manufacturing business has grown till it is a very important branch of industry. There are very large trunk manufacturing establishments in all the great cities of the Union. Cincinnati can boast of several, one in particular being an exceedingly large manufactory."

"Growing in popularity, eh?"

"Oh, my, yes. During the last few years the number of trunks, valises, hand-bags and drummers' travelling trunks and sample cases has gone up wonderfully. There is big money, too, in some of the goods manufactured, especially those made to order."

"Make trunks to order?"

"Oh, yes."

"Tell me about the different kinds of trunks."

"Well, practically, there are three kinds of trunks; the leather, the zinc and the canvas trunk, of which the zinc kind is the cheapest. The popular size is 36 by 24 inch trunk, but of course the sizes greatly vary. The drummers' travelling trunk is the largest. They are made of canvas, and well bound with iron hoops. Then we have French and German trunks so-called. But best of all is the sole leather trunk, which is made of the best of leather, and has straps which buckle up."

"How about prices?"

"They run from $1.50 to $100. A good sole leather trunk, made to order, will cost from $50 to $100. They stand travelling the best."

"How as to grips?"

"They are of various kinds. The sealskin bag is a great favorite. Then there are various varieties of commercial travellers' sample cases of all shapes, with prices varying accordingly. Sample cases are generally made of canvas, but valises are made of a variety of materials. Yes, there are thousands of cheap ones made, but as a general thing the average price runs from $3 to $6, $8 or $10. Some fine valises made to order bring as high as $40."

"Are there any trunks imported?"

"No, sir; it is altogether a home industry."

New Boston Music.

Oliver Ditson & Co. have just published for piano players a new Waldteufel set of waltzes: "In Thine Eyes," 60 cents; a select work for good pianists, "Danse Lousiane," J. F. Gilder, 75 cents; "All for Lawn Schottische," George H. Rowell, 35 cents. They have ready a unique series of easy, melodious and instructive pieces for beginners, entitled "The Family Party," by H. Lichner. The following numbers are ready: "Quadrille," 40 cents; "Waltz," 35 cents; "Mazurka," 30 cents; "Polonaise," 35 cents; "Polka" 25 cents; "Galop," 35 cents. Two new and beautiful songs for cornet and piano, by T. H. Rollinson, are "Only To-night, Waltz Song," Malloy, 40 cents; and "Love's Golden Dream," and "Love's Old Sweet Song," 50 cents. Two beautiful songs by Gertrude Hale, are "Come, Have a Smile With Me," song and chorus, 40 cents; "A Cross the Far Blue Hills, Mario," and "The Whistling Coon," 50 cents. Two little pieces for beginners, by F. Behr, appear together. They are "French Child's Song," and "Little Hungarian Melody," 25 cents.

Oliver Ditson & Co.'s new songs are "The Song My Mother Used to Sing," P. McCristall, introducing "Old Folks at Home," 40 cents; "The Little Black Pig of McGinty," J. Rodman, comic, 40 cents; "Come, Have a Smile With Me," song and chorus, by P. McCristall, 40 cents, and "Little Annie Rooney," Maysedder, arranged as song and chorus, or as a waltz, 40 cents.

White, Smith & Co.'s piano music is very choice, and is issued in artistic style. F. E. White's "Col. Goetting's Grand March" ought to have great popularity. It is as good and stirring in style as any of the brilliant successes; 50 cents. A superior and taking work by the same composer is "Joys of the Dance Waltzes;" 75 cents. "A Summer Night in Munich," waltz, by A. Cellier, is original and powerful, and should have a leading place; 60 cents. G. Ludovic's "The Ball Waltz" appears in a new and revised edition; 30 cents. The brilliant and captivating "Russian Army Grand March Entree" of D. L. White is ready for piano, 60 cents; four hands, 75 cents; violin and piano, 75 cents; violin, cornet and piano, 80 cents; full orchestra, $1; and small orchestra, 50 cents.

Some superior arrangements for four hands, that are needed for select assemblies, have been prepared by B. M. Davison and F. E. White. They have richly illuminated titles. They are: "Easter Lilies' Waltzes," C. A. White, $1; "High Fly Schottische," F. E. White, 60 cents; "Russian Army Grand March," D. L. White, 50 cents; "Rip Rap Galop de Concert," F. E. White, $1. All are favorites.

Some musical and helpful pieces for the young, by F. Behr, are "Polka," and "Mazurka," each 35 cents. White, Smith & Co.'s new songs are: "A Farmer's Life Give Me" from C. A. White's opera, "Alvin Gray," for tenor or male voice; 60 cents, "The Flag of Our Union," patriotic song and chorus by William G. Brooks, 40 cents, and "Say Love What Will You Do," from White's "Alvin Gray," duet for soprano and barytone, 40 cents. A new two-part song by La Villa is "The Milkmaid," 15 cents, a quartet part song by H. Leslie is "The Sea King's Bride," 5 cents. The "Bridal Chorus" for quartet, from Cowen's opera, "The Rose Maiden," appears at 10 cents.

Dusting as a Lazy Art.

[Journal Amusant.]

Our servant. Mistress—What! Here you are, sitting on a chair and reading? Why, you were sent to dust the room!

Servant—Ah, madame, I have mislaid the duster, and so I am sitting on each of the chairs in turn.

Paradoxical.

[Terre Haute Express.]

Wickwire—You say you are acquainted with Brown?

Yabsley—He is a very particular friend of mine.

Wickwire—If he is a friend of yours, he surely can't be so very particular.

Can You Solve This?

To the Editor of The Globe:
I am composed of 19 letters.
My first is in righteous not in good.
My second is in broth not in food.
My third is in enclose not in surround.
My fourth is in establish not in found.
My fifth is in footstep not in track.
My sixth is in split not in crack.
My seventh is in mountain not in hill.
My eighth is in dispose not in will.
My ninth is in ground not in earth.
My tenth is in descent not in birth.
My eleventh is in brave not in bold.
My twelfth is in soil not in mould.
My thirteenth is in wilful not in perverse.
My fourteenth is in money not in purse.
My fifteenth is in prolong not in extend.
My sixteenth is in displease not in offend.
My seventeenth is in profound not in deep.
My eighteenth is in slumber not in sleep.
My nineteenth is in associate not in band.
My whole is well known and prized throughout the land.
D.

Egg-sacktly So.

To the Editor of The Globe:
I think that Henrietta Fowler and others would be glad to know that the sex of the egg is known by the following experiment: Place the eggs in water; the eggs that rest on the bottom with the large end up will be a rooster; the small end up will be a pullet; the egg that rests on its side will not hatch.
FENIAN.

Tax Dogs Out of Existence.

To the Editor of The Globe:
In a recent day's issue, referring to the movement of Maine capitalists to invest in sheep ranches in Montana, you very pointedly say: "There are thousands of acres of idle land in the Pine Tree State which might be utilized for this purpose, and New England would not then suffer from these depopulating movements." You might truly add thousands of acres in Massachusetts. Why has sheep raising among our farmers become an industry of the past? The dairy is unprofitable, every dairyman knows the profits of his labor goes into the coffers of the contractor and the railroad company. He knows by sad experience that an average of about two cents a quart which he now receives for milk does not leave him living wages. He knows his lands are well adapted to raising sheep, that the profits are greater, with less labor than the dairy, and yet he cannot keep sheep on his farm. A man need not be very aged to remember the time when every farmer in the State had his flock of sheep; these times are past. The dogs have driven out the sheep. Every town and hamlet through this State contains about as many dogs as inhabitants. They have their hunting and fighting dogs, their mongrel, curs and pets, more destructive than the wolves that infest the frontier settlements of the backwoodsman, and instead of our former exhibitions of merinos and southdowns we have now bulldogs and poodles. Is there no remedy for this state of affairs? Can the farmer be protected from these pests of the neighboring village that roam over his grounds, night and day, and prevent him from keeping sheep. Talk of the gypsy moth! the dogs are more detrimental to the interests of the Massachusetts farmer than all the moths on earth. There is a remedy. Tax the dogs, tax them out of existence, or at least out of this State. Put the tax so high that a dog will be a luxury, kept only by the few, and each farmer can have his flock of sheep without the risk of having them torn to pieces by a pack of starving curs from the neighboring town or village.
FARMER.

Surgeons of the Navy.

To the Editor of The Globe:
What is the pay of surgeons in the United States Navy?
Who has the appointing power?
To whom shall I apply for full particulars?
Lisbon, N. H., Jan. 31.
M. D.

SURGEONS
(After date of commission.)

	At sea.	Shore duty.	On leave or waiting orders.
First five years	$2,800	$2,400	$2,000
Second five years	3,200	2,800	2,400
Third five years	3,500	3,200	2,600
Fourth five years	3,700	3,600	2,800
After twenty years	4,200	4,000	3,000
PAST ASSISTANT SURGEONS (After date of appointment.)			
First five years	2,000	1,800	1,500
After five years	2,200	2,000	1,700
ASSISTANT SURGEONS.			
First five years	1,700	1,400	1,000
After five years	1,900	1,600	1,200

Apply to chief of bureau of medicine and surgery, Navy Department, Washington, D. C.—[ED.

Leslie Earle.

To the Editor of The Globe:
Let me say for the benefit of the friend of "A. L. F." that the poem, "The Baby's Journey," may be found in a little book issued in 1872 by Crocker, Cornish & Co. of 515 Washington street, Boston. The book is filled with other as beautiful comforting things as that. The author given there is "Leslie Earle."
LACONIA.

A Small Cheese.

To the Editor of The Globe:
Will some reader give a receipt for a small cheese, from one can of milk (eight quarts)?
FARMER.

Etiquette and Gravestones.

To the Editor of The Globe:
1. When addressing a widow lady, is it proper to write Mrs. John Smith, or should her own name be used, as Mrs. Mary Smith?
2. A few neighbors wish to give a present to a mutual friend, they start a subscription list, is it in quite good taste to put down the amount given by each?
3. A owns a lot in a cemetery, the ground is sloping; should the granite posts and bound step be set on a slope, or should they be set on a level? I have been told that the new lots in Forest Hills have the stone-work set to conform to the lay of the land.
F. D. W.

1. The latter. 2. Not for presentation to the friend. 3. Would be more artistic to have it conform with lay of the land.

Shoes and Gloves.

To the Editor of The Globe:
Please answer the following questions:
1. What is the average size shoe for a man 5 feet 9 inches tall?
2. What is the average size glove for the same man?
3. When a lady is walking with two gentlemen should she be between them?
4. When a gentleman is escorting two ladies, is it proper for him to be between them? or should he be on the outside, as if with one?
FEST.

1. No. 8; 2. 7¾; 3, yes, but not necessarily; 4. matter of choice.—[ED.

IN A SLEEPING CAR.

Secret of a Startling Uproar Explained by the Porter.

[Louisville Courier-Journal.]

From my end of the car down the narrow aisle I see the conductor and the porter struggling with a woman and trying to calm her while men are starting out of their berths to lend a hand to the rescue. It is quite apparent that there are enough people around the woman to prevent the murder and in that opinion the calm and indifferent man in the lower berth opposite unites with me, so we await developments. A few minutes later, when the uproar has subsided and the porter comes, making his way down to that mysterious boudoir, where he shines boots at 50 cents a pair and meditates schemes of robbery and pillage upon innocent passengers, my cool neighbor across the way puts his head out between the curtains, and seizing the ebony official by the arm as he passes, asks him in a tired sort of a voice:

"Porter, who was killing that woman?"

"Nobody, sah. The lady has et pie for supper and has been having dreams!"

News-Gathering in America.

[E. L. Godkin in North American Review for February.]

The role of the American press in the growth of journalism has been distinctly the development of news-gathering as a business, leaving to the work of comment only a subordinate place, and, in fact, one might say a comparatively insignificant one. In American newspapers, too, the field in which news may be found has been greatly enlarged; a much larger class of facts is drawn on for letters and despatches. News in the journalistic sense has never been clearly defined. Taken literally, news is everything that a man has not already heard; but no journal undertakes to supply him with news of this sort. The line has to be drawn somewhere between news which may be usefully and legitimately served up to him on his breakfast table, and news to which the public has no fair claim. When enterprise and business competition are allowed to cross the line without the control of either law or morality, it is sure to have as many zigzags in it as there are journals, and it is equally sure that the commercial result will largely determine the question of legitimacy in the public eye. In a commercial country, it is inevitable that the acquisition of money should be the generally recognized, as it is the most easily recognized, sign of success. As a consequence of this, the modes of acquiring it which only offend against taste or discretion, and are not legally criminal, are treated with considerable indulgence, or even, in some cases, call forth admiration. Nothing is more unreasonable in truth, than the impatience of the American public with the excesses of the news-gathering department of American journalism, considering the enormous rewards in money, and even in social consideration, which it pays and has paid to those who work this field with least regard to the conventions.

WHY DON'T THEY DO IT?

Because They will Not, and That Settles It.

[Chicago Herald.]

Why is it that a woman can't go into a store and buy what she wants off-hand without examining the entire stock in several places?

Frank Bowers, of the Brower House, New York city, asks this question. He says the same state of affairs exists here as in the East, and he fails to understand why a woman cannot do like a man—go into the first place she comes to, ask for what she wants, pay for it and get out. The other afternoon, he says, he was in a leading hatter's place, having his silk hat half-soled and heeled while he waited, when in came a woman who asked to be shown a silk hat. One was produced. "Let me see something else, please," said the lady. Now this firm has only about one shape for each season, but the obliging clerk brought down a couple of dozen hats.

No one but an expert could see any difference in them, but the lady examined each one critically. While she was thus engaged a man walked in and said to another clerk: "A silk hat, please—small 7." The required size was produced, the man put it on, glanced in the mirror and reached for his money. "I think a hat with a brim about a quarter of an inch wider would suit your face better, sir," said the clerk, and he handed one out. "That's better," said the man, as he tried it on and looked in the glass. Then he threw down a bill, gave his address, took his change, and walked out. He had been in the place but five minutes. Meantime the lady kept up her inspection. Before she gave her decision six men had come in and bought hats. Her decision was that she would call again. No wonder Bowers cannot understand it.

IN THE WRONG BERTH.

An Unpleasant Experience in a Western Pullman Car.

[Rocky Mountain News.]

The train had just left Grand Island, Neb., and the curtain of darkness was being drawn over the land as the Denver limited sped towards this city. Seated in the Pullman was a maiden of antique existence and millinery so characteristic of the Nebraska belle of the sage bush society of years ago. If ugliness was a crime she would go to jail for life. Evidently she was a man-hater. Cruel fate in the form of the train newsboy thrust a copy of "Looking Backward" into her seat. She perused the novel with horror, as it recalled too many birthdays. This is the heroine of the narrative. The hero is a travelling man, who got on at Clinton, Iowa. He represented a wholesale liquor house in Chicago, but only remained in Clinton long enough to find out that it was a prohibition town, with the possible exception of "The Owl" and the drug store.

When the porter made up "upper five" the Nebraska belle retired. She retired early. Norphens, with his usual familiarity, put his arms about her and she slept. A bevy of travelling men remained in a rear seat. Finally the liquor man retired. He occupied upper seven, next to upper five. Suddenly he emerged and proceeded to the smoking apartment, as he was nervous and could not rest. Before doing so he pinned a piece of white paper on the curtain of his berth to guide him when he returned. His comrades played a cruel prank upon him. One of their number removed the paper slip and pinned it on upper five's curtain, behind which slept the budding hyacinth of Grand Island.

The liquor man returned in about 10 minutes. He saw the paper and climbed into the berth. Was there a scene? Was there a cyclone in that sleeper when the Nebraska flower awoke to find a man at the curtains? The reader should have been down at the Kansas line, where her screams were plainly heard. The scene baffles pen or pencil. You should have been there to see the travelling man fall to the aisle, while the occupant of "high five" foamed with rage.

POINTS ABOUT RATTLESNAKES.

Killing Them with Bare Hands—Making the Reptiles Commit Suicide.

[New York Tribune.]

"The old-time Westerner," said the storyteller, "always believed that if he wore the dried skin of a rattlesnake in his hat he would never have a headache. He also tied a dried skin to the pommel of his saddle as a preventive against rheumatism; so he came to look upon a rattler not exactly as a blessing, but not as an evil.

"A rattlesnake is not half so wicked as some people suppose, and he is really a great coward. When a heavy rainstorm has drowned him out of his hole he always looks for a warm place. It is no unusual thing in very wet weather for a man in a camp to be awakened at night by a cold, damp body under his blankets. He knows instantly what it is, for there is no mistaking the chilling touch, but he is never afraid, for the cold snake is thoroughly cowed and lies still. So the man gets up, pulls out his visitor by the tail and kills him and gets between the blankets again, hoping he will be left alone for the rest of the night.

"When a man is riding along and sees a rattler he considers it his duty to jump from his saddle and kill the 'varmint.' This is such a common practice that men are often exceedingly reckless. They jump down and actually pull off their heavy gloves to perform the execution with the bare hand. As the snake is gliding along you may catch him by the tip of the tail and draw him out at full length. He can't rattle then, and at once loses all his courage. You hold him by the tail with one hand and break his back with your whip. Another way is to seize the tip of the tail, and, with a quick movement, swing him over your head, bringing him to the ground with such force that he is stunned, when you may kill him at your leisure. Such feats of snake handling may seem fancy dictates. I have heard stories of men taking them by the tails and cracking their heads off as one would snap a whip. I don't believe this can be done though, as a snake's body is too springy. It would be like trying to snap a whip of india-rubber.

"Of course men take off their gloves in a spirit of bravado to show that they have no fear; but a man can't help being terribly frightened when he feels that the snake has the advantage of him. I remember seeing a man stoop down to catch a rattlesnake once just as the animal's head disappeared in a hole. It is almost impossible to draw a snake out of a hole, because as soon as he gets into a hole it turns its head until it has drawn all of the body in, for, unlike an ostrich, it always wants to know where all part of its body is protected and the other is exposed to danger. The man knew this, of course, and instead of pulling the tail he struck his spur into the body to pull it from the hole. The watchful head of the snake darted forth like a flash and buried its fangs in the man's thick boots. There wasn't the slightest danger, for above his boots he wore long leather leggings. But the spur was caught fast in the snake's hide, and the man couldn't shake off his captive. For a few seconds he gave one of the liveliest exhibitions of energetic, earnest, whole-souled, vigorous kicking I suppose that was ever witnessed. I never saw another man quite so glad to be out of a snake's way.

"A favorite amusement in dull times on a warm day is 'pulling teeth.' A man whips a silk handkerchief before the snake's head, till the fangs strike at the moving silk, the fangs going through the folds as the head is drawn sharply back, and jerk pull out the poisonous tooth.

"I'll show you what a coward rattlesnakes are I may say that I have seen them so frightened that they have actually committed suicide. When a rattler's back is broken he instantly tries to coil himself. He can't, while his back is broken, and then this terrifies him so that after a few attempts he tries to run away. This being equally impossible, he turns and buries his fangs in his own flesh poisoning himself to death. So that the much-hated rattlesnake is sometimes to be pitied, for its grief and despair at finding his power gone are almost pathetic."

Never Touch a Grounded Wire.

[Electric Power.]

It is always best to avoid danger, if possible; therefore, there is one rule which ought to be taught in every school in the United States, and that is, never lift a wire off the ground. As long as it is on the ground it is harmless, no matter what pressure it is carrying; but the moment it leaves the ground it may be dangerous. If it is in the way of traffic you can safely pull it across the street with your foot, but only move it on the ground, and be sure that it cannot hurt you, but do not lift it. Never touch a wire that on a pole. It may not be dangerous, it may be, but it is like the loaded gun—it may kill you.

Five Feet Two Inches.

[Judge.]

Love measures all things by the height of one object.

To Die is a Quicker Way.

[Puck.]

The only way to be happy on five hundred a year, is to live on four hundred and ninety-nine.

She Doesn't Need to be Told That.

[Chicago Times.]

When a husband has an iron will the quickest way for his wife to break it is to rust it first with eye water.

Cleanliness That Does Not Excite Godliness.

[Atchison Globe.]

In five minutes a woman can clean up a man's room in such a way that it will take him five weeks to find out where she put things.

What a Foot John L. Must Have!

[Atchison Globe.]

If you want to know the length of your foot, pass a string around your fist. The length of the string will be the length of your foot.

Young Women Can Hang Over Gates.

[Atchison Globe.]

There is one thing in favor of women in politics. You always know what side of the question she is on. No woman could ever sit on a fence.

The Rapid Age of Electricity.

[Puck.]

Stranger (in New York)—Will you please tell me what street this is?

Old New Yorker—Look at the lamp-post—oh! I forgot; let's step in this store and ask.

They Aimed at the Man on the Platform.

[Norristown Herald.]

A lecturer, in an address to boys, said: "Boys, aim high, and keep your eyes fixed ahead with the resolve to accomplish that aim."

Pins.

[New York Sun.]

"It seemed so mean of my husband to refuse to take that bundle to the express office."

"You should remember, my dear, that you tied up the bundle yourself."

It is Always Pleasant Somewhere.

[San Francisco Alta.]

There is a snow blockade in the mountains, but in the San Francisco markets there are ripe strawberries, green peas, string beans and fine fresh cucumbers, pie plant and all other sorts of fresh vegetables and salads.

Not at All an Interesting Person.

[Washington Star.]

Chollie—I say, Fweddie, I see by the papahs, that there is a woman out West who cannot say anything except yes or no.

Fweddie—That's nothing at all, Chollie, old boy. I met one lawst night who couldn't say anything except no.

The Comic Papers Read That Way.

[Epoch.]

"Do they pay the superintendent of this inebriate asylum a large salary?"

"No, but they give him the copyright to all the funny things the inmates say and he makes a good deal writing for the comic papers."

A Good Paper to Contribute To.

[Lowell Mail.]

Dawdle—By Jove! that's good. The New York Ledger has just paid Whittier $1000 for a poem.

Joblot—Well! What of it?

Dawdle—Why, I just mailed them a poem myself today.

Builded Better Than He Wanted To.

[Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.]

Young Skitter—Do you consider that the inclosure of a stamped and addressed envelope with a manuscript insures its return by the editor to whom you submit it?

Old Skitter (sadly)—It always has with me.

Counteracting Missionary Influence.

[Washington Post.]

"Ma," said Willie, who had been to the missionary sewing society with his mother, "I feel very sorry for the poor little heathen."

"That's right, Willie. I'm glad to see you show such a spirit."

"Yes'm. I'd feel sorry for anybody that had to wear the clothes that you people were making today."

Of Course This Doesn't Include You.

[Poughkeepsie News-Press.]

One-third of the fools of the country think they can beat the lawyer in expounding law, one-half think they can beat the doctor healing the sick, two-thirds of them think they can beat the minister preaching the gospel, and all of them know they can beat the editor in running the newspaper.

You Know How You Feel Yourself.

[Harper's Bazar.]

It is related of Bishop P. that he was once taken to task by a few of his denominational brethren on the charge of exhibiting a conceit of himself at variance with the spirit of humility.

"It is not conceit," said the bishop, with that ponderous bearing that silenced opposition, "it is not conceit, brethren; it is the consciousness of superiority."

Go Thou, and Do Likewise.

[Harper's Bazar.]

Tompkins—Pshaw! Brown's no wit. There must be an element of surprise in what a man says to make it wit. Don't you agree with me?

Wilson—Perfectly. That was a clever witticism you got off the other day.

Tompkins—I forget. What did I say?

Wilson—You said: "Here's that five I borrowed from you!"

Very Odd Ideas.

[Scientific American.]

The speaking tube is a contrivance mentioned in ancient writers, and comes down to us or survives just as candles and oil lamps have not been altogether superseded by gas and electricity. In 1667, Robert Hooke of London described how he transmitted sound by means of a wire to considerable distances. Wheatstone described his "telephone" in 1821, and in 1854 Ch. Bourseul said: "Suppose a man speaks near a moveable disk, sufficiently flexible to lose none of the vibrations of the voice, that this disk alternately makes and breaks the currents from an electric battery, you may have at a distance another disk which will simultaneously execute the same vibrations. It is certain that in a more or less distant future speech will be transmitted by electricity."

Over the Falls in a Rubber Ball.

[Buffalo Courier.]

The Ransomville young man who is preparing to take the hazardous trip over Niagara Falls says that he will attempt the feat about May 1, 1890. He will enclose himself in a rubber ball, the diameter of which is to be fully 10 feet. The rubber will be 10 inches in thickness. The rubber being elastic, a steel plate will either be placed in the centre of the thickness of rubber or on the inside of the ball, so as to prevent the ball from crushing him in case of any accident. Inside a harness will be placed so as to allow a resting place for his body. Cotton will be placed about his body and between the body and the inside of the ball. Air will be furnished by means of air chambers. Beginning about half way down the sides of the ball, a solid piece of rubber will be added, extending about five feet below the ball, and will come to a point. Inside of this rubber will be placed about 300 pounds of lead. This, it is thought, will help to keep the ball right side up.

The Lord's Prayer on His Arm.

[Detroit Free Press.]

"We find strange mementoes on some of our bodies," said an undertaker of this city. "The other day we were preparing the body of an unknown man for burial. He had met a violent death, but there was the most serene expression on his face that I ever saw on any one. When we dressed him for the grave we found the Lord's prayer beautifully written in India ink on his forearm. It was as fine a piece of tattooing as I ever saw, and it set me to thinking that perhaps that was what the dead man relied for comfort and that gave the peaceful look to his face."

LOVE AFFAIRS

Of Senators and Other Statesmen.

Romance of the Woman With the Madonna Face.

How Halford Popped the Question in the Choir.

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WASHINGTON, Feb. 7.—Every man in Congress has had his romance, and those wise heads that now bob up and down on the waves of legislation have smirked and smiled as they whispered sweet nothings in their fair mistress' ears. Most of them worked harder for their wives than they work on their speeches, and not a few found the troubles of their courtship greater than the annoyances of office seekers.

Scores of them owe their prominence to their wives, who have pushed them to the front and kept them straight. Ex-Speaker Carlisle is greatly indebted for his success to the blonde beauty who presides over his household, and Sam Randall would never have made his great reputation had it not been for the restraining influences of the little woman who is now watching over his bedside. Thomas B. Reed was hardly in the speaker's chair before delicious stories began to float down from Maine that the man who weighs 300 pounds would politically have weighed nothing if it had not been for his plucky, pretty wife. She was Susan Merrill, daughter of a New Hampshire minister, and married "Tom" when he had hardly confidence enough in himself to propose to her. He was a big, awkward school teacher then, and it was her courage that induced him to study law, and finally to enter politics. His Maine neighbors say he owes his whole career to the little woman who is so proud of him today.

The Love Affair of the Chief Justice.

Then there is the chief justice of the United States, who denies that he owes his high office to his wife. When he met Susan Coolbaugh, the daughter of a wealthy Chicagoan over 20 years ago, he was an ambitious young politician, caring more to make a political speech than to plead a case at law. He was flying around to all the county conventions nominating this one and seconding the nomination of that one when Miss Coolbaugh came across his path.

Would she marry him?

Yes, if he would give up politics and stick to the law.

He was enough in love to recognize her superior wisdom, and he forthwith gave up politics, and devoted himself to the profession of which he is now the head.

"I told him I should never marry a politician," is the way Mrs. Fuller describes the veering in her husband's career.

An Idyl from Japan.

Japan can offer an equally conclusive tale of a man's career depending upon his wife. The little brown woman from Japan, whom every one learned to love last winter, and whose departure was so much regretted, was the "making" of M. Mutsu.

He was a widower with two sons when he married her, and shortly after the wedding he was imprisoned by his government for his liberal sentiments. All the years he was in prison his fragile wife cared for his sons and sent what encouragement she could to him. When the government became more liberal and gave him his liberty, he found a courageous woman waiting who urged him to take an active part in the new government. He became prominent, was sent to this country as minister, but never forgot the brown-eyed girl who let her youth pass in waiting.

President Harrison's Courtship.

"There was none at all in our marriage," was the laughing rejoinder of Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, when I asked her for her romance. "We just stood before my father, and he married us. There was no climbing down a ladder, no secreting notes in trees, nothing that goes to make up a romantic marriage. I had known Mr. Harrison three years, for he was a student at the college in Oxford, O., and I was in the seminary of which my father was president.

"Our age? Well, that was a bit romantic," she acknowledged with a laugh. "We were both 20, and had not much to start with. Although I had no romance I had an awakening," she continued. "My mother always wanted me to learn everything about housekeeping, and I always said, 'Oh, I'll never need to do that.' Much to my distaste I learned to prepare a dinner, bake bread and mend. I had been married a year and was living in a little house in Indianapolis when my mother visited me. She said very little until she was about to leave, and then quite drily remarked, 'I see, my dear, you have been able to make use of some of the things you learned.'"

Mrs. Harrison laughed as heartily as a school girl at the recollection, and said proudly: "Even at this day I can go into a kitchen and prepare a dinner from the lessons I learned then. A wife was a housewife then, for men rose more slowly than they do now."

Cabinet Love Stories.

The ladies of the cabinet were romantic "when they were girls." They all married young save Mrs. Miller, and her reason for waiting I will tell later. Two of them—Mrs. Blaine and Mrs. Windom, were teaching school when they met their husbands.

All know how Harriet Stanwood, the plucky Maine girl, went to Kentucky to do what then was an extraordinary feat—to "earn her living." How the same need sent the young Pennsylvanian, James G. Blaine, to the same village, and how the two exiles soon fell in love and married. There are several Kentuckians in Washington who went to school to them, and they all say Miss Stanwood was a handsome, high-spirited girl. Two of their pupils were W. C. P. Breckinridge and wife.

Strange to say, the Blaine children have all married almost as romantically as their father and mother. They say that Emmons Blaine was in love with Miss Anita McCormick three years before he gained courage to ask her to marry him, and that so lover-like a lover is rarely seen; and every one knows that the marriage of Margaret Blaine and the musician Damrosch will have a fine background of romance.

Mrs. Windom was a graduate of Mount Holyoke, and like many another Massachusetts girl of that day, went to the "Far West" to teach. She settled at the little village of Mount Vernon, and, a year before her arrival, there came to the same village a young lawyer, William Windom. He rose rapidly for those days, and within two years was prosecuting attorney for Knox county. Such success assured his future that Miss Hatch, the Massachusetts school teacher, soon changed from the schoolroom to the little cottage which still stands in Mount Vernon.

Secretary Noble had gone way out to Iowa before he courneyed back to Connecticut to marry the attractive girl he had wooed before he started out to make his fortune. She was Miss Halstead, the daughter of a successful physician.

Mrs. Miller was 25 years old when she married, but she had been engaged to the young lawyer many years. First he had to struggle to gain his law education, and then, when they were about to marry, he entered the army, and there was another long wait. They married just before the close of the war, at the little village of Maumee, which at that time was expected to take Toledo's place, and be the largest city in northwestern Ohio.

How W. C. P. Breckenridge Made Love.

Mrs W. C. P. Breckenridge, "the woman with the Madonna face," has a bit of history that is as sad as it is lovely. Her romance and trouble came after she married the handsome Kentuckian. They had been married but a few months when the civil war broke out.

Now old "Joe" Breckenridge was known throughout Kentucky as a staunch Union man, and when his son "Willie" entered the Confederate ranks he vowed that he would never forgive him. There was a pitiful parting between the young couple, and it was doubly full of woe, as the bride, being alone in the world, must needs live with her father-in-law until the cruel war was over. She was a Southern girl, and her sympathies were with her lover-husband.

As time went on old Joe Breckenridge became more embittered toward his son, and daily he made his young daughter-in-law feel her dependent position. When the war closed she was as beautiful a woman, but her face had gained lines of sadness which it has never lost. The husband has never forgotten his wife's loyalty and devotion and one of the prettiest sights at the capital is to see the patrician-looking Breckenridge, the "silver-tongued," walking with his sweet-faced wife, for they act like lovers.

Mrs. Logan and the General.

What an old-time flavor Mrs. John A. Logan's romance has. She was the eldest of 13 children, and says quite naively that she married early because she did not love the position of eldest sister in a large family.

"It meant almost as much as a mother in those days," said she, "and so I married, although I was only 17. But I was older than girls of today are at that age, for I had always been my father's companion."

The wooing o' it in this case was idyllic, for Mary Cunningham, the Illinois maiden, was beautiful, and the young lawyer, John A. Logan, handsome and dashing.

Julius Cæsar Serves Three Years.

Mrs. Burrows of Michigan tells a pretty tale of where she met and loved her husband. He was teaching school in Kalamazoo, and among his pupils was dark-eyed Lizzie Peck, daughter of a wealthy farmer who still lives 12 miles out of Kalamazoo. He fell in love with her and wanted to marry at once, but her father heard of the affair and sent her off to a private school. He was a wise old fellow, this Farmer Peck, and did not forbid the marriage, but quite indulgently agreed to let it take place when his daughter had finished her education.

She was away three years, and instead of marrying the schoolgirl of 17, J. C. Burrows married the woman of '70. He had in the meantime come from school teaching to the law and Farmer Peck had much more respect for the law than the beggarly school teaching.

How Senator Spooner Spooned.

Annie Main of Madison, Wis., had no intention of marrying when she met John C. Spooner, the rising young lawyer of her native place. She had an exceptionally fine voice, and had spent two years in Chicago studying music, and hoping that she might one day be able to go on the stage and sing in grand opera. She was about to realize her dreams when she made a visit to her home, found that the lad she used to know was a thriving, prosperous lawyer, and, instead of "treading the boards" within the year, she presided over her own home.

She has never sung at anything but private entertainments, as she gave up her promised career when she married.

How Elijah Halford Popped the Question.

There is a neat little romance hidden away back in the lives of Private Secretary Elijah N. Halford and wife. Before she was married Mrs. Halford was a great singer. She had an exceptional soprano voice, and when she found it necessary to care for herself she begged her father to let her go to Indianapolis and accept an offer which had been made to her to sing in a church choir. With some fear he consented, and off the young girl, scarcely 18, started to make fame and fortune.

Standing next her in the choir was a young printer whom everybody liked and called "Lige." He sang bass and she sang soprano, and oftentimes there were not books enough to go around and they were forced to look on the same page.

After a time "Lige" called incidentally on his way to choir-practice, and often walked home with her in the early evening. In a short time they grew to be very good friends, and never thought any more of singing from different hymn books.

One night they were hopefully chanting the hopeless dirge, "The oil ran down Aaron's beard," and when the soprano blythesomely sung "the oil, the oil, the oil ran down," "Lige" peeked over the hymn book and whispered "Will you marry me?"

The little soprano struggled pluckily on until the bassos took up the heavy refrain "Down Aaron's beard, down, down Aaron's beard, Aaron's beard," and then she whispered, "Bah! it is willin'," and the voices dropped out of the final windings up of the old anthem.

Three Days on Bread and Water.

The acknowledged beauty of the diplomatic corps is Madame Guzman, wife of the Nicaraguan minister. Her tale of love is a romance. She was the only daughter of Mr. Ewing, a stern Quaker of Philadelphia, and when she was but 16 she met Horacio Guzman, a young Spaniard who was attending college in the City of Brotherly Love. They will both say that love at first sight is not a myth, for 24 hours after they met the Spaniard was sighing in true Castilian fashion beneath her window.

The father soon learned the state of affairs, and when the maiden refused to give up her lover he forthwith locked her in her room, himself handing in the bread and water which was her diet for three long days. The gallant Nicaraguan, by means of a flying bit of paper, discovered the plight of his lady love, and many were the consolatory messages sent through the trim maid.

The daughter did not relent, and the bread and water diet continued for a week. At the end of that time Mr. Ewing accepted the situation, after the fashion of an outwitted Quaker, and "made no war" on his enemies. He consented to their marriage, and, it is said, grew in time to admire his son-in-law.

Another Courtship.

Another courtship that is turning the marriages convenances topsy-turvy is that of Miss Eleanor Foster, the daughter of ex-Minister John W. Foster, to Mr. Lansing, a lawyer from the same favored village of Watertown. Miss Foster has been one of the most beautiful and courted of Washington's society belles, and not a few epauletted dandies were chagrined that she accepted a poor young lawyer in preference to one of them. She has had wonderful social advantages, as her father was minister to three courts.

MISS GRUNDY, JR.

AN EXORBITANT FEE.

An English Physician who Got Little Satisfaction from a Patient.

[Birmingham Medical Review.]

A woman brought her daughter to a friend of mine practising in the "Pottery" district. The girl had dislocated her jaw, which dislocation was soon reduced by the usual method, and a bandage applied to keep it in position. On being asked the fee, my friend, not having had a similar case in private practice, went into another room and consulted a tariff of medical charges published by the Shropshire Ethical Society and found "for reducing dislocation of jaw, one to three guineas." Seeing that the woman was not in good circumstances, he felt that the minimum fee was not likely to be forthcoming, so he tentatively asked whether the girl had ever had the jaw out before. "Oh, yes, sir," she replied, "about 12 months ago and was treated by a doctor at —." "How much did he charge you?" "A shilling, sir." "Didn't that strike you as being a somewhat peculiar fee?" "Well, sir," was the reply, "we did think it a good deal."

Superstitions About Babies.

[Irish Times.]

In Ireland a belt made with a woman's hair is placed about a child to keep harm away.

In Spain the infant's face is swept with a pine tree bough to bring good luck.

Garlic, salt, bread and steak are put into the cradle of a new-born babe in Holland.

In America the child is handed over to nurse with instructions to "raise it on the bottle."

In Scotland it is said that to rock the empty cradle will insure the incoming of other occupants for it.

The Grecian mother before putting her child in its cradle turns three times around before the fire while singing her favorite song to ward off evil spirits.

The Turkish mother loads her child with amulets as soon as it is born. A small bit of mud well steeped in hot water prepared by precious charms is stuck on its forehead.

Welsh mothers put a pair of tongs or a knife in the cradle to insure the safety of their children; the knife is also used for the same purpose in some parts of England.

The London mother places a book under the head of the new-born infant that it may be quick at reading, and puts money into the first bath to guarantee its wealth in the future.

Roumania mothers tie red ribbons around the ankles of their children to preserve them from harm, while Ethiopian mothers attach bits of assafœtida to the neck of their offspring.

At the birth of a child in Lower Brittany the neighboring women take it in charge, wash it, crack its joints and rub its head with oil to solder the cranium bones. It is then wrapped in a tight bundle, and its lips are anointed with brandy to made it a full Breton.

Among Vosges peasants children born at a new moon are supposed to have their tongues better hung than others, while those born at the last quarter are supposed to have less tongue, but better reasoning powers. A daughter born during the waxing moon is always precocious.

More Ways Than One.

[Society.]

First Editor—You pay for your poetry, don't you?

Second Editor—No, we get paid for publishing it.

First Editor—But young Scrawler told me you paid him two dollars for those verses of his you published.

Second Editor—Did young Scrawler happen to mention how many copies of the paper he bought?

A Good Man Anywhere.

[New York Tribune.]

"Great heavens, what a man for a centre rush!" was the exclamation of a Rugby foot ball player on seeing the Rev. Phillips Brooks of Boston walk up the aisle in Westminster Abbey.

REDFERN'S IDEAS

In Anticipation of Spring Styles.

Several Attractive Designs in Coats and Hats

Prepared Expressly for The Globe by the Noted Designer.

Today THE GLOBE lays before its readers the first of a series of illustrations and descriptions of the latest novelties prepared by Redfern, the noted ladies' tailor and habitmaker of New York. Every design is the result of Mr. Redfern's ideas, and all drawings and descriptions are personally supervised by him. Everything in this department will be entirely new and of original conception.

The Model Gown.

The above sketch illustrates a smart-looking tailor-made gown, cleverly cut and fitted, and always appropriate, no matter what the season of the year may be.

This gown is made of venetian cloth in the new shade, "egg-plum;" the bodice has a yoke of tan velvet, and is draped across the front diagonally with the cloth, fastening at the back.

The deep pointed waist-band has an elegant design of hand-embroidery in gold bullion cords; full sleeves of cloth gathered into a deep cuff of tan velvet.

The gracefully draped skirt has a panel on the right side, braided to correspond with the bodice, which gives a distingue finish to the costume.

A Tailor-Made Coat.

In anticipation of spring we are preparing some charming short coats; these smart looking, clever, and fitted tailor-made garments are always in fashion, and always appropriate, being tasteful in design, and perfect workmanship.

The above sketch represents a coat of "Cadet" blue militia cloth, with a small drab white vest of similar material, the contrast in color producing an effect which is at once striking.

The skirt of the coat is cut in large pointed tabs, the front centre one being deeper than the rest; the collar is in the "Medici" style, and the sleeves are puffed at the shoulder.

An elaborate hand-braided design in a new blue and metallic cord adds greatly to the smart effect of the coat as a whole.

The wide-brimmed hat has a low crown, and is trimmed with ribbon bows and flowers.

A Redfern Spring Coat.

My latest idea of a spring coat is made in a leaf green cloth, just imported for the coming season. The principal feature of the coat is a vest and high rolling, semi-medici collar, brought right over the shoulders to form a point at the waist, in a darker shade of green velvet, with an elaborate design of heavy gold cords and edging of the same around the collar.

The full cloth sleeves have a deep velvet cuff, braided in the same design. A very novel idea is the hip seam coming to a point at the bottom of the coat in front.

It is lined throughout with a green gold shot silk to correspond.

A pretty hat, with green cloth, embroidered crown, full dark velvet brim and pale green ostrich feathers sets off the above coat to advantage.

Another Spring Coat.

The above sketch has been designed by me for the ensuing season. It is composed of the new "Celadon" blue cloth, with a pearl white "regency" silk of a rich quality vest, and deep cuffs, handsomely embroidered in blue and gold mixed bullion cords in a very unique design.

The "Vandyke" revers of cloth, edged with gold cords and full sleeves, gives a most artistic finish.

This elegant coat is lined throughout with pearl-white silk.

A dainty hat, composed of a blue cloth crown and a velvet brim to match, trimmed with white ribbons and ostrich plumes, completes this graceful attire.

REDFERN.

COMMERCIAL MATTERS.

BOSTON MARKETS.

Produce.

BOSTON, Monday, Feb. 10.

BUTTER.—The butter market has assumed a firmer tone and prices are somewhat advanced. Imitation and ladle goods are in better demand. Fresh creameries find ready sale.

We quote: Creamery, Northern, extra, 27@28c ℔ lb; do, Western, extra, ..@27c; do, extra 1st, 25@26c; do, fancy, 15@18c; Franklin Co., Mass., extra creamery, box, 27@..; do, Dairy, extra, 22@23; Vermont Dairy, extra, 21@22; do, N. Y., extra, ..@21; N. Y. & Vt. extra 1st, 17@19c; do do 1st, 15@16c; Western dairy, extra 1st, 13@14; do, 1st, 11@12; Western imitation creamery, extra, 18@19; do, ladle-packed, extra 1st, 14@15; do, 1st, 10@12. Trunk butter, ¼ ℔ or ½ ℔ prints, extra, 23@25; extra 1st, 20@22c ℔ ℔.

Oleomargarine—No. Four: 10, 13c ℔ ℔; 20, 12½c; 30, 12½c; 50, 12c. Fort Washington: 10, 14c ℔ ℔; 20, 13½c; 30, 13½c; 50, 13½. Prints steady at 14c.

EGGS.—Fresh eggs continue plenty on the market and supplies are so heavy that the market is less steady than a week ago. All grades are quiet and held stock and limed eggs are stagnant.

We quote: Near-by and Cape, 20@..c ℔ dozen; Eastern extra, ..@17c; do, firsts, 15@17c; Vermont and New Hampshire extra, ..@19; New York 1sts, 16@17c; Michigan, extra, ..@17c; Western, firsts, 16@17c; Canadian firsts, 16@17c ℔ doz: Held stock, 8@12c ℔ doz; Limed, 10@12c ℔ doz.

CHEESE.—The conditions remain the same as regards demands and prices. Prime grades are in fair request.

We quote: New Cheese—New York extra, 10½@10¾ ℔ lb; do 1st, 9@10c; do, 2ds, 6@8c; Vermont extra, 10½@10¾c; do, 1st, 9@10c; do, 2ds, 6@8c; part skims, 4@7c; Skims, 2@4c; Ohio extra, 10@10½c; Ohio 1sts, 9@10c.

Liverpool quotations, 57s.

VEGETABLES.—Potatoes arrived freely during the week. The market is steady with a fair demand for all articles.

We quote: Potatoes—Native, $2.00@2.25; Western, bulk, ..@..; do Eastern, 60@75.

Sweet potatoes—Jersey Double heads, $3.50@3.75.

Lettuce ℔ doz., 40@60c. Cabbage, ℔ barrel, $1.00@1.25. Radish, ℔ doz, 50@75c. Onions—Native, ℔ bbl, $4.50@5.00; do, Western, $3.50@4.00. Squash, Marrow, $1.25@1.50 ℔ bbl; Hubbard, $1.25@1.50. Turnips—Russia, ℔ bbl, 90c@$1.00.

BEANS.—The market on beans is very quiet with plenty of stock on the market. Prices are firm with no immediate change expected.

Quotations: Pea, choice Northern hand-picked, $2.00@2.10 ℔ bush; do, New York, hand-picked, small, $1.90@2.00 ℔ bush; do marrow, $1.80@1.85 ℔ bush; do, screened, $1.60@1.75; do 2ds, $1.45@1.50; medium choice, hand-picked, $1.80@..; do, screened, $1.60@1.75; Yellow Eyes, extra, $2.95@3.00; do, 2ds, $2.50@2.75; Red Kidneys, $3.75.

DOMESTIC FRUITS.—The market on apples is strong and receipts are not very large. Cranberries are in limited supply. Grapes are quiet. Pears are dull.

We quote: Apples, cooking, $2.50@3.00 ℔ bbl; Eating apples, $3.00@3.50; Evaporated apple, fair to good, 8@10c; do, fancy, ..c; sundried, sliced and quartered, 5@6.

Grapes—Concord, ℔ basket, 40@45c; Catawba, 10-lb basket, 40@50c; Isabella, 10-lb basket, 35@40c.

Pears, fancy, ℔ bush, $2.50@4.00; do, ordinary, $1.50@1.25.

Cranberries, Cape Cod, ℔ barrel, $10.00@11.00; Country, $8.00@10.00; do, ℔ crate, $3.25@3.50.

HAY AND STRAW—The receipts have been very large the past week, but the stock is poor. Rye straw is dull.

We quote: Fancy, $16.00@17.00; Choice, $..@..; do, fair to good 13.00@15.00 Fine, $11.00@14.00; Swale, $9.00@10.00; Poor to ordinary, $8.00@12.00. Rye straw, $13.00@16.00; do do Machine, $9.00@11.00. Oat straw, $7.50@8.00 ton.

Groceries.

COFFEE.—The coffee market is steady, with not much change to note.

We quote: Java Pad'gs, pale, .. @ ..c; do do, medium brown, ...@23c; do do fancy brown, @23¾c; do Timor, 22¼c; do Palembang, ..c; do Malang, 22c; do Ankola, ...@25c; do Hollands, 32 @33c; Mandhelings and Ayer Bangies, ..@26c; Mocha, 25½@26½c; Rios, prime, ...@20c; do fair, 19c; do ordinary, 18@..c; Maracaibo, 18½@21¾c; Laguayra, 18½@19c; Costa Rica, 19½@21c; Jamaica, 18½@20½c; Guatemala, 21@22c; Mexican, 19½@21c; Havti, 18¾c.

FRUITS AND NUTS—The demand for oranges and lemons is quieter than last week. Prices are steady.

Quotations: Raisins, London layers, new, $2.50@2.85; Muscatel, new, $1.80; Sultana, 12@16. Elemé, 6½; Valencia, new, 7½@8; do, Ondura, 8@8½. Currants, $6.50@8.00. Citron, Leghorn, 18@20. Dates—Persian, new, 5 @6½; do, fard, new, 7@9. Figs, layers, 11@25; do, keg, 5@7. Prunes, French, case, 6@12; do, Turk, new, 4@4½; do, bag, 3¼@3½. Lemons, Sicily, $2.50@4.50; do Sorrento, $2.50@4.00. Oranges—Florida, $2.50@3.50; Messina, $2.25@3.00. Bananas—Banacas, yellow, $1.00@1.15; do red, $75@$1; Port Limon, $1.50@1.75; Jamaica, No. 1, $1.50; 8 hands, $1.10; No. 2, 75c. Walnuts, 10@13c; Castinas, 11@12c; Pecans, 10@15c; Filberts, 9@11; Almonds, 17@18; Peanuts, hand-picked, 7½@8½; do, Fms, 5½@6c.

SUGAR.—The market is steady with indications of a slight advance.

We quote: Cut-loaf, 7⅜c; crushed, 7⅜c; pulverized, 7c; cubes, 6⅞c; powdered, 6¾c; granulated, 6⅝@6½c; Confectioners' A, 6¼c; Standard A, 6⅛c; Extra C, 5⅝c; C, 5@5⅛c; yellow, 4⅞c.

Flour and Grain.

FLOUR.—Following are the current prices for carload lots of flour:

Fine Flour, $2.50@2.75; Superfine, $2.75@3.25; Common extras, $3.20@3.90; Choice extras, $4.25@4.75; Minnesota bakers, $3.85@4.25; patents, $..@..; Michigan roller, $3.25@4.40; New York roller, $4.25@4.50; Ohio and Indiana, $4.25@4.45; do, do, strait, $4.45@4.50; do, do, patent, $4.90@5.05; St Louis and Ill, clear, $42.5@4.35; do, do, straight, $4.40@4.50; do, do, patent, $4.75@5.15; Spring wheat patents, $5.00@5.35 ℔ bbl.

CORN—We quote: Yellow, ..c ℔ bush; high mixed, 42½c ℔ bush; Steamer yellow, 41c ℔ bush; Steamer mixed, 40½c ℔ bush; ordinary, 36@40c ℔ bush.

OATS—No. 1 and Fancy, clipped, 35½c ℔ bush; standard, do, ..@34c; No 2, do, ..@32½c; No 3, do, 31½c ℔ bush; rejected white, 30c ℔ bush; No. 2 mixed, 31c.

Fish.

FISH—Following are the current prices for the week past:

Mackerel—Extra Bloaters, mess, $27.00@28.00; No 1, do do, $25.00@26.00; No 1, shore, $22.00@23.00; No. 1 Bay, $21.00@22.00; No. 3, plain, large, $17.50@18.00; No. 3, medium, $18.00@18.50; No. 2, large, $20.00@21.00; No. 2, medium, $19.50@20.50.

Codfish—Dry Bank, large, $3.25@3.50; do, do, medium, $4.25@5.00; do, N. S. Shore, $..@..; Pickled Bank, $4.50@4.75; Georges, $6.25@6.50; Shore, $5.25@5.50; Hake, $2.50@2.75; Haddock, $3.25@3.50; Pollock, pickled, $2.50@2.75; do, slack salted, $3.25@3.50. Boneless Hake, 4@4½c ℔ lb; Boneless Haddock, 4½@4¾c; boneless Cod, 6@7.

Herring—Nova Scotia splits, large, $6.50@6.75; do medium, $4.50@5.00; Labrador, $5.75@6.00; Round Shore, large, $3.50@3.75.

Miscellaneous.

HIDES AND SKINS—Following are the current prices: Brighton steers, native packer, 8@9½c; New England steers, green, 4@4½c; do, do, cow, 3c; do, do, bulls, 3@..; Salted steers, 7@7½c; do, cows, ..@4½c; bulls, ..@4½c. Calfskins—deacons, 25@35c; 5@7 lbs, 60@65; 7@9 lbs, 65@70c; 9@12 lbs, 75@80c; Texas, dry-salted, 7@8c; Tex flint rough, 9@..; Texas kips, 9@..; Buenos Ayres, 14@14c; Rio Grande, ..@11; Montevideo, ..@14; Cordova, 14½; Rio Grande Mule kips, 9½@11; Sierra Leone, 11; Bissao & Gambia, 10@11; Zanzibar hides, 9@10; Tamative, 8@8½; Dry Chinas, 10½@12.

SEEDS.—The seed market is very quiet, with no change to note.

We quote: Clover, West, 7@7¼c ℔ lb; do, North, 7¼@7¾; do, white, 12@14; do, Alsike, 10½@12½; do, Lucerne, 16@18; Red Top, West, ℔ sack, $1.90@2.15; do, Jersey, $2.20@2.35; R. I. bent, $1.65@1.85; Hungarian, 70@85c; Gold Millet, 80@$1.15; common Millet, 65@80c; Orchard, ℔ bush $1.25@1.40; Blue Grass, $1.25@1.50 ℔ bush; Timothy, West, $1.60@1.75 ℔ bush; do, North, $1.70@1.85 ℔ bush; American flaxseed, $2.0@2.25.

SALT—Quotations are as follows: Liverpool, in bond, hhd, $1.00@1.15; do, duty paid, $1.40@1.55; B. & W'ith'ns, $1.35@1.50; Liverpool, c. f., 65c@$1.00; Cadiz, in bond, $1.87½@..; Trapani, bond, $2.00; Turk's Island, hhd., $2.25@2.40.

STARCH—The quotations for starch are: Potato starch, 4@4¼c; Corn, 2¼@2½c; Wheat, 4⅞@5¼c.

TOBACCO.—The market has been fairly active for all fine goods.

We quote: Havana wrappers, $3.50@5.00; do, fine fillers, 80@$1.25; do, good fillers, 35c@$1.00; Yara 1 and 11 cuts, 85@1.00; Kentucky bigs, 2½@4c; do, leaf, 7½@12½c; Havana s'd wr's, 35@60; do, 2ds, 20@30; do, binders, 8@12; do, seed fill, 5@8; Conn and Mass fill, 5@8; do, binders, 10@15; do, 2ds, 15@19; do, fair wrappers, 20@25; do, fine wrappers, 22@34; Penn wrappers, 20@40; do, fillers, 10@20.

TALLOW—Following are the quotations: Tallow, prime, 4⅜@4⅝c; Country, 3¾@4; Bone, 3¾@4; house grease, 3½; grease, tanners, 1⅝@3; do, chip, 2⅞@2⅝; do, naphtha, 1⅛@2⅛; do, hard, 4½@6⅛.

NEW RATES TO AGENTS.

No matter what your occupation is, you can make money in spare moments by getting subscribers to The Weekly Globe. It gives the largest commission ever paid on a dollar weekly. Send for new rates.

His Rare Gifts as a Liar.

[Buffalo Courier.]

A young gentleman of the highest character, whose home is in this city, writes from London that sometimes the density of the fog is greater than at other times, adding: "We had a fine London fog on Sunday, as dark at noon as midnight. I went to send a telegram to the city, and the operator was obliged to send it through a pneumatic tube because the fog was so dense that the electricity couldn't pass along the wire. In the afternoon they tunneled under the fog to let the omnibuses through, and Radcliffe (his talented room-mate) amused himself by leaning out of the window and driving tacks in it. The people who live below us had to grease their dog so that he could walk through the fog on the sidewalk."

A MERRY MISTAKE;

OR,

THE TRAGIC COMEDY.

I went to keep house with Uncle Bolivar when I was 16, and being off in a lonely place with a good looking young farmer for a neighbor, it was very natural that I should fall in love with him.

So Tom Burton and I were engaged and I began to make my dresses and get everything ready for the most important event in my life.

I was coming home through the woods one rather dark night when I lost my way. Suddenly I stumbled over something, and, putting out my hands, touched what seemed to be a dead body. I gave a shriek without thinking of the danger. What if some of the assassins should still be lingering near?

I put my hands to my mouth and crept away softly, but I had not got far when I saw the light of a lantern approaching and heard men's voices. My horror was very great, and my first thought was to get out of the way as soon as possible.

To run seemed impossible, but I had climbed trees before, and the one nearest me was not a tall one, and the branches were close to my hand. Up I went, and happily tucked my skirts about my feet before the light of the lantern fell upon the grass beneath it, and I saw two men bending over the horrible white thing that had so terrified me.

"Now I wonder," said one of them, "whether it will be safe to leave him here all night?"

I almost tumbled out of the tree as I heard the voice, for if it was not Tom Burton's my ears deceived me; and the next moment somebody answered:

"Oh, no, Mr. Burton. There'd be sure to be some one along. If you want him safe you'd better not leave him here."

It was the hired man, John, who spoke.

"Can we manage him alone?" said Tom.

"Yes; though he's pretty heavy," answered John. "You take his legs and I'll take his head, and we'll take him to the barn and cut him up. That's safer."

I thought I should die as I listened; I wondered if I were awake. My Tom a murderer, and talking of it so coolly to his hired man! Oh, it was an awful nightmare! But, alas! I did not wake up; and I felt that I was watching a real scene of horror.

Was it not tragic—I who loved that man so to be a witness to the fact that he was a bloodthirsty monster! If he were tried for murder I should be called upon to be a witness against him. I—Oh, well, I hated him now, but it was horrible! horrible! I uttered a loud shriek of agony, and this time would really have fallen out of the tree but that my dress was tangled in the branches and upheld me. Yes, I shrieked, and those men heard me, and laid down their burden and came back.

"Some one is up this tree," said John.

"Yes, it's a women," said Tom Burton. "Who are you?"

I did not answer.

"I say who are you?" said Burton, hauling me down.

I had no power to resist. I only shrieked. They put me very gently on the grass, and John held the lantern to my face.

"Why, it's Kitty!" shouted Tom Burton. "Why, you poor little soul! how did you come here?"

I screamed again.

"If any man has frightened you I'll be the death of him," said Tom. "Speak out. What is the matter?"

I shrieked again.

"She's out of her mind. Miss Kitty is, Mr. Burton," said John.

"If you don't speak I shall have a fit of some sort I think," said Tom. "I say, Kitty, Kitty! Oh, good Lord, what has happened to her?"

He tried to kiss me.

Then I found voice.

"Don't touch me," I screamed. "Oh, to think that I should have been brought here by Providence to witness such a scene."

"What scene?" asked Tom.

"I guess she means the killing," said John. "I reckon she never seen one before."

"Seen one before!" I gasped.

"No, that's it, you see," said John. "It looks cruel before you're used to it. But when you've done it as often as I have you takes it easy, you see. Don't we, Mr. Burton?"

"Yes," said Tom.

"Then you killed others?" I gasped.

"Certainly," said Tom. "It's a part of a farmer's duty. I suppose you know that chickens and pigs and beef cattle have to be killed. You needn't treat me as if I were a monster. It's a queer thing to do."

"It's the inexperience, sir," said John. "I've knowed ladies the same when they first saw a hog killed."

"A hog!" said I. "Oh, Tom! dear Tom! was it only a hog?"

"Why, what did you think it was, Kitty?" asked Tom.

I did not tell him then, and I was so ill next day that they thought I would die, and I suppose he always believed that the fever and delirium had begun when he found me up the tree in the orchard. And some things you had certainly better keep to yourself. This was one. We have been married 20 good years now, but I have never told Tom all I thought and felt in that old orchard of ours, though I shall never forget it.

THE BOSTON STOCK MARKET.

Latest Quotations.....3 P. M.

LAND STOCKS.

	Feb. 10 Bid.	Feb. 10 Asked.	Feb. 8 Bid.	Feb. 8 Asked.
Anniston City...	60	61	60	61
Aspinwall.....	7¾	8	7¾	—
Boothbay.....	.30	—	.40	—
Boston.....	6⅛	—	6⅛	7
Boston W Power	5⅝	—	5½	6
Boylston.....	3¼	—	3¼	—
Brookline.....	4½	5	4½	5
Campobello.....	—	2	—	2
Cutler.....	—	2	—	2
East Boston.....	3½	—	3½	4
Frenchm'n's Bay	6	6½	6⅛	6½
Lenox.....	4	—	4	—
Lamoine.....	.80	.87½	.80	.87½
Maverick.....	—	25½	—	25½
Newport.....	2	2½	2	2½
Payson.....	1	1¼	1	—
Penobscot Bay...	1½	1¾	1½	1¾
San Diego.....	18¼	19	17½	19
Sullivan Harbor.	1	1½	1¼	1½
Swampscott*....	2¼	2½	2¼	2¾
Topeka.....	1⅞	2	2½	3
West End.....	25	25¼	24¾	25
Winter Harbor..	.65	.75	.60	.75
Winthrop.....	1	1⅝	—	1⅝
Wollaston.....	.60	—	.60	—

RAILROAD STOCKS.

Atch, Top & S F.	32⅞	33⅛	32⅞	33
Atlantic & Pac...	4⅞	5	4⅞	5
Boston & Alb....	217¼	—	217½	218
Boston & Lowell	169¼	170	169	170
Boston & Maine.	208¾	210	207½	—
Boston & Prov..	—	161	259	—
Cal Southern....	10½	12½	12½	13
Central Mass....	15½	15¾	15⅛	15¾
Central Mass pf.	29½	30½	30	31
Chi, Bur & Nor.	83¼	35	33	35
Chi, Bur & Q...	107¾	108	107¾	108⅛
Chi & W Mich...	28	—	—	—
Cin, San & Clev	—	24	—	24¼
Clev & Canton.	9⅛	9⅜	8⅞	—
Clev & Can pref	25	—	—	25¾
Col, Spr & Ind..	—	15	—	—
Conn & Pass....	115	115½	115	—
Conn River.....	—	227	—	—
Eastern.....	139	139⅝	139	140
Eastern pref....	—	140	—	140
Fitchburg pref..	87½	88	87½	87¾
Flint & P Marq.	—	25	22	—
Flints P M pref	—	91	—	92
K C F S & Mem*	—	—	69	—
K C, M & Bir...	40½	—	—	—
Louisv & Evans	20	25	20	25
Louisv & Evnpf	50	50½	50	55
Maine Central..	130	—	—	—
Mexican Cen...	17¾	17⅞	17⅞	18
N Y & N Eng..	46½	46⅞	47	48¼
NY & N E pref.	—	118	117	—
Ogd & L Cham...	—	—	6¼	—
Old Colony.....	176½	—	176	—
Oregon S

TOLD BY A REBEL.

Graphic Description of the Battle of Chickamauga.

Terrible Struggle of the Contending Forces One Peaceful Sabbath Day.

Marching for an Entire Day Over Dead and Dying Men.

[R. in Williamson County (Tenn.) Appeal.]

The battle of Perryville had been fought, and our army had marched all around the mountains and come into middle Tennessee, and moved back to Shelbyville, and for a long time encamped there.

We soon began to fortify Chattanooga. Picks, axes and spades were the principal weapons of warfare. Day after day regiments would march out and work under the direction of sergeants and corporals as if on drill. The Federals were advancing, but had not approached near enough to cause any uneasiness. Why we were fortifying Chattanooga was a mystery to us. Many a hard lick was struck with an axe and pick to no good.

One day while hard at work we heard a report from the opposite side of the river. A sudden clap of thunder in a clear noonday sky could not be more surprising. It was a cannon shot from the Yanks. They had actually arrived at Chattanooga. This shot was a salute to us—sort of a "top of the morning to ye, Mr. Johnnie Reb.; we are here, you see, all the same." The Federals were actually crossing the Tennessee river, and some of our foraging parties had been captured in Wills valley. All sorts of rumors were afloat. Our whole army was soon on the march again, and in almost double-quick time we went down Chickamauga.

Saturday, Sept. 18, we crossed Chickamauga creek about 1 o'clock. While crossing Gen. Forrest opened the attack upon the enemy immediately in front of Cheatham's old brigade, Col. George Maney commanding, Gen. Cheatham commanding a division. This command was ordered to double-quick and support Gen. Forrest, but after a few minutes' run we found ourselves face to face with a strong line of Federals. Almost simultaneously both sides began to fire, and volley after volley, for an hour or more, each side poured into the other, Gen. Forrest's men and Maney's brigade fighting together. The word fall back was heard, and, as quick as said, we began to retreat rapidly, and for the first time we saw Yanks all around us. The woods seemed to blaze from every direction.

Just at this moment Gen. Preston Smith's command, being on our left, turned loose a volley into them that shook the earth around and beneath. Such a thundering volley was never fired at one time, which almost completely demolished the line of Federals that was fighting us. Had it not been for this terrible volley from Gen. Smith's men just at the time it was there would not have been a man of the 1st Tennessee Regiment left to tell the tale. It relieved us of the dilemma we were in and gave the enemy such a shock they never rallied again that day. We again turned and discovered that they were falling back. This ended the fighting of that day and was the beginning of the battle of Chickamauga. The army slept in line of battle that night, and the next day was the great day of the battle of Chickamauga. Two powerful armies were facing each other, and we all knew that the next day would prove a glorious victory or a defeat. We felt that we had secured a decided advantage in the evening before. We could hear the enemy all night long moving and taking position. Everything on our side was life and animation. A bold and careless look as they passed their jokes around the campfire bespoke the free and daring character of our men. They awoke the next morning with the same merry joke as of the night before, and it was plainly pictured on every face that the coming day would be a day of victory to them.

Sunday morning, Sept. 19, dawned on us as bright and beautiful as nature could make it. Everything bade fair for a great victory. The country was unbroken and looked like it had been just created and had never been disturbed by the hand of man. Our boys awoke from their slumbers as fresh as the lovely morning, shook the dew from their cartridge-boxes, wiped their guns and everybody announced ready. Scarcely had the sun ascended above the horizon before the battle began. The firing commenced on the left and we all knew that was a signal to prime and prepare to meet the enemy. Gen. Polk's corps had done the principal part of the fighting the evening before, and were now held in reserve.

Soon the whole line was one blaze of fire as far as the eye could see, and for miles and miles the firing roared and the battle raged. So long was the line of battle that the firing on the extreme left sounded like distant thunder roaring. For hours the two lines stood face to face, with scarcely a moment's intermission of heavy firing. It was a hard, rough and tumble fight. At last Gen. Polk came galloping up to Gen. Cheatham, and in a pleasant tone commanded: "General, move your command and attack at once." Almost as quick as the word was spoken the whole of Cheatham's division began to march in solid line. The enemy was firing from behind logs and trees and out of bushes, and was doing some deadly work. We were on the extreme right of the whole command. A portion of Gen. Forrest's cavalry supported our right.

Slowly and deliberately we marched on toward the enemy without a break in the lines, save when one of our men would fall wounded or killed, and then the gap would be immediately filled. Longstreet's corps began to drive them back immediately on our left. Gen. Cheatham, who all this time was in front, now shouted, "Charge them and give them hell!" Gen. Polk responded, "Do as Gen. Cheatham says." One long shout rose from the whole division, and the entire line started in a run. Gen. Longstreet's division caught up the shout, and the whole line followed. It was a fearful shout to the Federals, but it was a victorious one to us. The whole world seemed to vibrate and ring in a terrible sound. It took but a few steps to put us on top of their temporary breastworks, and there before us, and in short shooting range, we saw a solid mass of blue—a line of Federals which looked like it was four deep. Such a solid line we never had met before. For some 20 minutes we gave them what Gen. Cheatham had commanded, and received about as much as we gave. It looked as if both sides intended to hold their ground, neither wavering, when suddenly we heard another victorious rebel shout right behind us. Gen. Breckinridge's division was coming in full tilt upon a charge. They had been sent to support us, and over we went on the enemy like a tornado, and they turned and fled like scattered sheep.

By this time Gen. Longstreet had them in full flight before him. Their whole line then gave way, and it was a foot race for a mile or more, they fleeing and we hotly pursuing. The day was ours, and the whole Federal line for the balance of the day was a fleeing, scattering stampede. For four miles we kept a continual fast march, driving them and pursuing so closely they never got into line again.

We marched over dead and dying men all the rest of the day, over the hills and down the valleys, pouring volley after volley into them whenever they would attempt to rally. They were fleeing toward Chattanooga. The valley between Lookout mountain and Missionary Ridge was a mass of dead men, wounded men, dead horses, wounded horses, dismounted cannon and broken wagons, all piled together. Gen. Forrest's men had gotten around on the Lookout mountain side and were sending death into them, while the artillery and infantry hurled hot shot, bombshells and bullets into them from the Missionary Ridge side. They were in full flight, their wagons and artillery running over and trampling the infantry. The stampede equalled a frightened herd of cattle. The Tennessee river in front of them, Lookout mountain, with its lofty summit and foot resting on the river and running back on one side, and Missionary ridge, with one end resting on the river and running back, almost connecting with Lookout mountain on the other side, the three forming a triangular valley. In coming down this valley they were in a net, and our army, in full glee, was following hard after them. Night closed the day's work.

If Joshua could have then checked the setting sun one hour longer their whole army would have been in the hands of the Confederates. Prisoners, small arms, artillery, wagons, and commissary stores of every kind had fallen into our hands. The dying and the dead were scattered everywhere—some in heaps—shot in every conceivable manner. The night was spent caring for the wounded—the dead took care of themselves. They were never buried.

For years afterwards the battleground of old Chickamauga shone like bright moonlight, even on the darkest nights. The bones resembled piles of phosphorus, or foxfire, that lighted the dark woods. The battle was over. The next day we took our position on Missionary Ridge, and for two months looked over into Chattanooga at the enemy recruiting and rebuilding their broken army.

Nearest the Farmer's Heart.

[Christian Advocate.]

A friend of ours, travelling in the West, put up with a farmer who had a number of children, and asked: "How many children have you?" "Well," replied the farmer, "there's Mary, and Tom, and Bill, and Elizabeth, and Jane, and Peter, and Jacob, and Priscilla, and Josephine, and Hezekiah—10," he said, numbering them off on his fingers. "I have 10." One of his daughters cried out: "Why, father, you forgot the baby!" "So I did," said he. "We have 11." About two hours afterward the guest, looking out of the window, saw the hired man driving hogs, and, turning to the farmer, said: "How many hogs have you?" "Eighty-three," was the answer, and he hit it right the first time.

HOTEL COMFORTS.

A Humorist Describes Them with the Pathos True Humor Always Has, and Tells of a Novel Writing Table.

[R. J. Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.]

Did you ever notice—of course you have—the attention paid to the art of making hotel rooms systematically unhomelike and uncomfortable? I have been observing it for 13 years. I suppose the object is to keep the guest out of his room as much as possible so that he won't use the furniture, the soap and towels, the gas or the lamp. In the average country hotel—by that I mean a hotel in a town of 5000 or less—a guest has to keep up a constant struggle in order to occupy his room at all. While he is at breakfast a girl comes in, takes away all the linen and tosses the bed up into a volcanic bit of chaos, throws the pillows on the lounge or sofa, if there be one, hangs the bolster on the lone chair or table, and takes away all the towels. There is but one; I use the word "all" out of courtesy. The idea that anybody washes his hands or face at any time during the day, save immediately after rising, seems never to occur to some landlords. Unless you raise a row about it, after the towels (those towel) are (is) taken away during breakfast hour, no more are (is) brought in until after supper. Of course you never use the soap in a cheap hotel, so the fact of its presence or absence does not worry you, unless you should want something to sharpen your penknife on, and then a cake of cheap hotel soap rises to the situation. It beats an oil stone all to pieces. And in a hotel of what you may call the third, and often of the second class it is a part of the landlord's creed that no living man ever, ever, ever wants to write a letter in his own room. A table is not part of the furniture. When it is it is either a good saddler with a gentle canter or a "single footer" with a gait like a Kentucky "sand sifter," and you have to hold it with your knees when you try to write. I have quit using them. I take out a bureau drawer, turn it upside down, push it back in place about two inches, and, defying the landlord, have a table it would break his heart to see.

But come to the first-class hotels. Now and then you get a room with a drop light in it. You can then sit in your own room in the evening and read. But as a rule there is no drop light. The bureau and mirror are on one side of the room, heavy, rich massive, no sparing of expense. Now it is just as easy to have the lone gas jet close to the mirror. Then one can shave, see the parting of his hair, and dress. But no; either there is a bracket jet away over on the other side of the room, or a dim chandelier hanging so high that a man of my height has to stand on a chair to light it. And you might just as well try to read by the moon. And since the smaller towns have got to using electric lights I have had a time. The light in your room is a pear-shaped thing hanging on the end of a string, from the centre of the ceiling. I chase the beggarly thing all around the room sometimes before I can get a grip on it and turn it on. When it is turned on it is about a two-candle power, and you can neither read nor dress nor sit still and think by it. The hotel bedroom is exclusively a bedroom. It's good to sleep in and nothing else. If there was any economy in making it uncomfortable and inconvient, I wouldn't kick. But any man who has ever travelled knows that the landlord often goes to great expense of money and trouble to arrange his bedrooms to the greatest inconvience of the guest who may have an insane notion that he would like to read and write in his own room.

BLUE GRASS BELLES AS MODELS

How the Pretty Girls of Kentucky Satisfy Their Vanity.

[Louisville Commercial.]

An advertisement which looks rather odd appears in another column. It is that of a young artist who offers liberal terms to young ladies of fine figure who will pose as his model. The attention of the reporter was attracted by the offer, and the artist was asked for some information concerning Louisville models.

"It is very hard," he said, to get suitable models in this city. In New York and other large cities they form a separate and distinct class. It is a profession, and an artist has only to make his choice from many applicants. There a composite figure, perfect in every detail, may be obtained by using different models. One will sit for the head, another for the body and another for the limbs. No model that I have ever seen is without some defects, but in this way the faults may be remedied. It is very different here in Louisville," he continued. "A fellow is lucky to even get a passably good model, and he must trust largely to his imagination to supply missing muscle, flesh and complexion."

"Who are the models? From what class do they come?"

"That I cannot tell you," he answered. "Those who pose for the nude are always careful to conceal their identity. They are usually girls who are vain of their beauty, and whose desire to see their outlines on canvas is much greater than the wish to make a little money. When a good model of this sort can be found, she is far better than the average professional model, who is very apt to be stiff and wooden."

He concluded with a hearty voucher for the morality of the average model.

College Stories About Great Men.

[Clinton Letter in New York Tribune.]

Among Hamilton's alumni are men who have become eminent in almost every useful capacity in all parts of the world. Gerrit Smith, for example, of whom Mr. Allison relates that once, to escape detection in some irregularity, he hid under his bed, leaving his booted foot, however, conspicuously visible. "Gerrit," demanded the college president, "Gerrit, what are you doing there?" "Meditating, sir!" Then there is Rev. Dr. Joel Parker, who once arrived a day or two after the term had opened, and who was called to account therefor by a tutor in class. "Parker, you were not here until Friday." "No, sir." "Did you have a written excuse from your parents?" "I have no parents." "Or from your guardian?" "I have no guardian." "From your friends, then?" "I have no friends."

Self-Abnegation.

[Chicago Tribune.]

He had come to spend the evening and she had received him in the library. The parlors were occupied. The Old Settlers' Association was holding a meeting there.

"Miss Fredonia," said a domestic, opening the library door, "I'm sorry to disturb yez, but they're a-wantin' more chairs. I'll have to take all yez can spare."

The face of the fair young girl grew radiant with the glow of generous self-sacrifice.

"Alfred," she whispered resolutely, "those old people must not stand. . . . Norah, you may take everything except this rocking chair."

A Kind-Hearted Woman.

[America.]

Mr. Fainwed—Then you refuse to marry me?

Mrs. Mainchance—For the present I must. My husband is in good health and we are the best of friends.

Mr. Fainwed—And you can give me no encouragement?

Mrs. Mainchance—I will keep your address and if a vacancy should occur I will drop you a line.

(N. B.—This happened in Chicago, of course.)

Courting in the Suburbs.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Alfred—Please don't put me off any longer, Katie. Will you marry me?

Katie—Alfred, why will you be so persistent? I hardly know whether I love you well enough or not. Besides—

Alfred (looking at his watch)—Katie, the last train is due in just three minutes. Yes or—

Katie—Yes, Alfred!

A Narrow Escape.

[Chicago Tribune.]

(Looking coldly at him through her spectacles)—Mr. Cahokia, you have alluded to the decision of the Supreme Court that beans are vegetables. May I inquire if you coincide with that view of the case?

(Struck by a bright idea)—No, Miss Howjames, I do not. Beans are fruit.

The Cause of His Uneasiness.

[Chicago Tribune.]

He (somewhat suspiciously)—You say you never loved anybody but me? Ha! Is that true, Maud?

She—Harry, your looks terrify me! Have—have I been too bold in allowing you to kiss me so much this evening?

He—No, Maud, but you kiss like an old hand.

A LUMBER CAMP.

Winter Life in the Forests of Canada and Maine.

Following a Gang Upon a "Limit" Still Untouched by the Axe.

How the Hardy Choppers Live and Eat and Sleep in Forest Wilds.

[J. MacDonald Oxley in Youth's Companion.]

There is no summer in a Canadian lumber camp. That is to say, there is nobody in the camp in summer, which amounts to the same thing. The season of activity in the camps, or the "shanties," as they are generally called, extends from late September to early April, and all summer long they are left to the care of birds that chirp, and squirrels that chatter on the roof.

In the month of September the Canadian lumberman joins the gang of sturdy, active men who are bound for the "shanties."

Let us follow a gang that is going upon a "limit," still untouched by the axe, far up the Black river, a tributary of the Ottawa, 100 miles or more from the nearest village. The gang consists of about 40 men, including the foreman, clerk, carpenter, cook and chore-boy, all active, sturdy and good-natured fellows. Most of them are French Canadians, habitans, as the local term is, but English, Scotch and Irish are found among them, too, and quite often swarthy, wild-eyed men whose features tell plainly of Indian blood.

Scouts have previously selected the best site for the camp. It is usually in the midst of the "bunch" of timber to be cut, so that little time may be lost in going and coming. On arriving, the first thing done by the gang is to build the shanty, which is to be its home during the long, cold winter.

This is the way they go about it: First of all a number of trees are cut down. The trunks, cleared of all their branches, are sawed into proper lengths, and then laid one upon another until an enclosure with walls eight feet high is obtained. Upon the top of these walls strong girders are stretched, which are supported in the centre by four great pillars called "scoop-bearers."

Then comes the roof. A Canadian shanty roof is neither tiled nor shingled, but "scooped." What is a "scoop?" It is a piece of timber something like a very long railway tie, one side of which is hollowed out, trough-wise, clear to the ends. Place two of these side by side, with the concave sides upward, and then lay another on top of them, concave side down, so that the edges overlap and fall into the troughs, and you have a roof that will defy the heaviest rains or wildest snowstorms that Canada can produce.

A floor of roughly-flattened timbers having been laid, and a door cut, it only remains to construct the "camboose," or fireplace, and the bunks, and the shanty is complete. Provided, of course, every cranny in the walls has been chinked with moss and mud, and a bank of earth thrown up all around the outside to make sure that no draughts can sneak in when the mercury is far below zero.

The "camboose" is quite an important affair, and occupies the place of honor in the centre of the room between the four massive scoop-bearers. Its construction is as rude and simple as that of the rest of the shanty. A bank of sand about two feet deep and six feet square makes the hearth. Over it hang two wooden cranes that hold the capacious kettles, which are always full of the pea soup or fat salt pork that constitute the chief items in the shantyman's bill of fare.

A mighty fire roars and crackles unceasingly upon the hearth, its smoke escaping through a square hole in the roof—a hole so big that one may lie in the bunks and study the stars. This rude chimney secures the best of ventilation to the shantymen. The bunks, which are simply sloping platforms about seven feet in length, running around three sides of the room, offer the sweet allurement of the soft side of a plank to the tired toilers at the close of the day.

The shantymen are now ready to begin operations against the great trees that have been standing all about, silent, unconscious spectators of the undertaking. The 40 men are divided according to the nature of their work. The clerk, cook and chore-boy are the "home guard." The others, according to their various abilities, are chopper, road-cutters, teamsters, sawyers and chainers.

The only duty requiring explanation is that of chore boy. It is usually performed by the youngest member of the gang, although sometimes it falls to the lot of a man well up in years. The chore boy is the cook's assistant and general utility worker of the shanty. He has to chop the firewood, draw the water, wash the dishes and perform a multitude of such odd jobs, in return for which he is apt to get little thanks and much abuse.

The choppers have the most important and interesting part of the work. They always work in pairs, and go out against the trees armed with a keen axe apiece and a cross-cut saw between them. Having selected their victim—say a splendid pine, towering more than a hundred feet in the air—they take up their position at each side. Soon the strokes of the axe ring out in quick succession. For some time the yellow chips fly fast, and presently a shiver runs through the tree's mighty frame. One of the choppers cries warningly to the other, who hastens to get out of the way. A few more strokes are given with nice skill. Then comes a rending crack, whose meaning cannot be mistaken; and the stately tree, after quivering a moment as though uncertain which way to fall, crashes headlong to the ground, making a wide swath through the smaller trees standing near.

The tree felled, the next proceeding is to strip it of its branches, and saw it up into as many logs as can be got from it. Two, three, four, or even as many as five logs may be obtained from a single tree—the length of each being 13½ feet or 16½, according to the quality. The odd half foot is allowed for the "brooming" of the ends as the logs make their rough journey down the stream to the mills.

Eighty logs felled, trimmed and sawed is quite an ordinary day's work for one pair of choppers; and when the choppers have been 'striving'—that is, each pair trying its best to outdo the others—600 logs have been turned in by a single pair as the splendid result of a week's work.

The logs are at first piled up on "rollways," which are simply two tree-trunks placed a little distance apart. Later on, when the road-makers have done their part, the teamsters bear them off to the bank of the stream or out upon the ice of the lake, where they wait the coming of spring to begin their journey by water to the mills.

The shantyman leads a free, hearty, healthy life. From dawn until dark he works in the open air, exercising lungs and muscles. When the autumn rains are over, and the snow has come to stay, he breathes for four months the clear, cold, bracing air of the Canadian winter, fragrant with the scent of pine and cedar. No matter how fond of drink he may be, not one drop of liquor can he have, although he may and does drink long and deep from the "cup that cheers."

His fare possesses at least two sterling merits. It is substantial in quality and unlimited in quantity. He enjoys it most when the day's work is over, and, no less weary than hungry, he trudges home to the shanty. There he finds the warm welcome of a steaming supper awaiting him.

Drawn up about the blazing fire he sees a pot of excellent pea soup, a boiler of strong tea, a big pan full of fat pork fried and floating in gravy, another pan containing slices of cold boiled pork, huge loaves of bread baked in great iron pots buried deep in the ashes of the "camboose," and better than city baker ever made, and a pile of bright tin basins.

Picking up two of the basins, he fills one with soup and the other with tea. Helping himself to a generous slice of the hot bread, he makes use of it as a plate for a slice of the pork. Then he retires to the edge of his bunk, and, with the aid of his claspknife, discusses this solid, if not varied, repast.

There is not much change in the bill of fare all winter. Occasionally, perhaps, if the roads permit, fresh beef "on foot" will be sent up from the depot, and the lumbermen may enjoy the luxury of steaks and roasts. Quite often, too, a bit of game will fall in their way, while they are working in the woods. Great is the rejoicing when Francois or Alec succeeds in bringing down a fat deer. Bear steak, too, is not unknown. The bear is trapped in a "dead fall," or small hut, above the door of which a heavy log is hung in such a way that it drops with crushing force upon the bear, pushing in to get at the bait.

The shantyman's recess comes when the evening meal has been despatched. He has an hour or more before bedtime. It is pipes all round, and song and joke and story win generous applause from the not over-critical audience. The French Canadians are especially fond of singing. They have many songs, some of which, like "A la claire fontaine" and "En roulant ma boule," are full of spirit and beauty. If Francois or Alec has remembered to bring his fiddle with him, and he seldom forgets it, the singing is sure to be followed by dancing as the evening goes on.

Bedtime comes early in the shanty. By 9 o'clock, at the latest, all have "turned in." The process of going to bed consists simply in taking off one's coat and boots and rolling up snugly in a couple of thick blankets. Many a millionaire would gladly give one of his millions for the ability to sleep as soundly and restfully in his soft bed as does the shantyman upon his pine boards.

In the dusk of early morning the foreman's loud voice is heard calling to the men:

"Turn out now, and get your breakfast!"

The lumberman has been asleep 10 good hours. But he feels as if he had just lain down!

Sunday is the day the shantyman likes best. No work is done upon that day. He can spend the time as he pleases. Generally he is content to lounge about smoking, and enjoying the luxury of doing nothing. A religious service is so rare a treat that when there is one all attend it without reference to their creed.

Thus the long winter slips by. The logs accumulate upon the river bank, or out upon the icy lake. When the warm days of spring come the lumbermen's labors are at at end, so far as the shanty is concerned. The great spring drive begins. The logs start upon their journey southward, and the shantyman becomes a river-driver. Armed with pike pole or camp hook, he hurries his awkward squads of logs down stream as a shepherd drives his flock to market.

This is often a very exciting and dangerous occupation. The Canadian rivers abound in falls and rapids, past which the flocks of tree trunks have to be guided skilfully. Many a time the river-driver's life is in peril as he wades through the turbulent, ice-cold water, or leaps from rock to rock, or from log to log, in his efforts to prevent his charges from stranding.

When the drive is finished the shantyman's labors are over until the return of autumn recalls him to the forest.

A BOY MILLIONNAIRE.

Worth Five Million Dollars and Only 10 Years Old—His Income at Majority $550 a Day.

[New York Morning Journal.]

Worth $5,000,000 and only 10 years old. This the state of affairs with little Marshall Roberts, the son of the late millionnaire, Marshall O. Roberts. He is the youngest millionnaire in town, and one of the richest. There are hundreds of children in New York who will probably some day inherit one or more millions, but little Marshall Roberts already inherits his vast fortune, and in 11 years it will be entirely in his control.

His father was one of the great merchants of the day, and when he died some four years ago he left an estate valued at $10,000,000. The little boy did not have his entire fortune bequeathed him, because there were other claimants with equal rights to it.

When Mr. Roberts died he was an old man. His widow, one of the beautiful young society women of our metropolis and the mother of little Marshall, was his second wife. His first wife was 30 years her senior, and had a daughter who is now Mrs. Ames Van Wart. Mrs. Van Wart has a daughter, Miss Evelyn Van Wart, who is 20 years old. This makes young Mrs. Roberts, who is now but 30, stepmother to a lady of 40 and step-grandmother to a young lady of 20, and the little millionnaire of 10 uncle to a maiden twice his age.

When Mr. Roberts died he left a will dividing his money between his wife, his granddaughter and his little son.

The son has half of the fortune for his own use, but until he comes of age his mother is to have the income from the $5,000,000. Miss Evelyn Van Wart, a very handsome brunette, inherits $3,000,000, but does not receive it until the death or marriage of her young step grandmamma, who has the income from the other $5,000,000 during her lifetime, or until she marries. The $2,000,000 is to be divided between Mrs. Van Wart and her daughter and a few relatives when Mrs. Roberts marries or in case of her death.

Little Marshall Roberts will some day be one of the greatest catches in the matrimonial market and he bids fair to be a very handsome and clever young man. He is a nice, healthy-looking lad, tall for his age, well formed, and with a round face, full of intelligence. He has great, soft brown eyes, like his mother's, and a dimple in a rather decided looking chin.

He has been across the ocean almost every year of his life, has lived for months in London and Paris, speaks German and French as well as English, and is being educated for a man of the world.

His greatest ambition at present is to be an athlete. He has a bicycle on which he rides up and down 5th avenue. He plays tennis, bowls and rides. Two horses are at his command, and almost every fine morning he may be seen mounted on one of them, and attended by his own special groom, "a young Irishman who once rode in a circus," as the young millionnaire is fond of explaining to his friends.

He has a tutor who lives in the house and looks after his mental training. He is being educated after the English fashion, and learns his Latin and Greek with his English primer.

Mrs. Roberts is very proud of her bright, handsome boy, and takes every pains to make him a healthy, educated gentleman. He eats plain food, sleeps on a hard mattress, is taught to know the value of money, and in every way is trained with the same rigor as a royal prince.

His fortune is most of it invested in real estate and government bonds, and four or five well-known men are his guardians. His income when he comes into his fortune will be $200,000 a year, which is almost $550 a day, or $22 for every hour he lives.

WILLING TO PAY FOR ADVICE.

A Young Lawyer Who Knew How to Appreciate a Kindness.

[Milwaukee Wisconsin.]

When D. K. Tenney was admitted to the bar he was one of the "boys." He enjoyed a good time as well as any one, and many good stories are told about him. It is said that on one occasion he went to a country dance near Madison and became smitten with one of the country girls. He danced with her nearly all the evening, regardless of the fact that a certain six-footer in the room kept watching him threateningly. Finally a friend approached.

"Dan," he said, "do you see that big fellow on the other side of the room?"

"Yes."

"Well, he's going to lick the life out of you."

"What for?" asked Tenney.

"You've been dancing with his girl all the evening."

"I didn't know it. What shall I do?"

"Well, if I were you I'd put on my coat and make a sneak for home. I'd get away from here just as quick as I could."

The embryo lawyer said never a word, but reached down in his pocket and pulled out a $2 bill.

"What are you doing?" asked his friend.

"Take it."

"I don't want any money."

"Take it," repeated Tenney. "I've taken $5 for a blamed sight worse advice than that."

Labor Saving Devices.

[R. J. Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.]

The cunning cuteness of the faithful night porter. One night I slept in the Phœnix House, so called because daily it rises from its hashes. I had room on fourth floor. No elevator. Had call at 6.30 a. m. At that still hour of the night, the faithful porter came to my door—"rat, tat, tat!" "Well," I said, "what is it?" "Half-past six! Half-past six!" "All right." Then he went about three doors down the corridor, and I heard at another door "rat, tat, tat!" "Well?" "Seven o'clock! Seven o'clock!" "All right!" Then he went down stairs, and I ran out into the hall just in time to hear him calling at a room on the next floor, "Seven fifteen! Quarter-past seven!" He wasn't going to wear himself out running up and down stairs when he could just as well bunch his calls on one trip.

The Worm Will Turn.

[Philadelphia Inquirer.]

"Has that yellow-haired dude been around here tonight?"

"Not yet. Why, papa, what in the world is the matter? Did you miss your footing on the train? or—"

"No, I didn't miss my footing on the train. I undertook to gently remind that dude of yours that he wasn't wanted here and this is the result. When he comes tonight tell him he can have you, and he can't have you any too quick to suit me. A man who can use his hands like that fellow is protection enough for a dozen women. If he asks for me tell him I've gone to Africa or Camden and won't be back until the marriage has blown over."

Presence of Mind.

[San Francisco Examiner.]

A young ostrich came to its mother, groaning with pain and with its wings tightly crossed upon its stomach. "What have you been eating?" the mother asked with solicitude. "Nothing but a keg of nails," was the reply. "What!" exclaimed the mother; "a whole keg of nails, at your age! Why, you will kill yourself that way. Go quickly, my child, and swallow a hammer."

She Recognized Them.

[Clothier and Furnisher.]

Cleverton (at 5 o'clock tea)—Have you seen Mr. Dashaway, Miss Summit?

Miss Summit (serenely)—Yes, he just left me, rather hurriedly, I thought, after I had remarked how admirably your trousers fitted him.

Accurate Self-Knowledge.

[Chicago Tribune.]

"My friend," said the revivalist, "don't you feel concerned about your soul?"

"Hain't got any soul," was the hopeless answer. "I write verses for comic valentines."

QUEER SALUTATIONS.

Curiosities of Obeisance the Wide World Over.

Men Who Dance as a Salute, Others Who Yell and Leap.

Bows, Scrapes and Kisses to Tell a Friend You Welcome Him or Her.

[San Francisco Chronicle.]

The coat being old and somewhat shiny along the sleeves, was given to the Japanese boy, and he on receiving it brought the tips of his hands together over the pit of his stomach and bowed three times in a queer, jackknife fashion, bending only from his hips. It was an odd, jerky sort of bow, but still effective and picturesque. It set the writer thinking of the many strange forms of salutation and obeisance that were practised in the world, and it was determined, if possible, to make a brief catalogue of them. In the necessary "reading up" on the subject Spencer was taken down, and among his works was noticed a volume on the "Evolution of Ceremonial Government." Scattered throughout its pages were many notes of the varied forms of greetings to be seen in strange places, some of which are used below.

Because of the presence of Orientals and foreigners from every part of the world San Francisco is a very good place in which to study the art of obeisance. The Chinese salaam and their New Year's greeting; the cordial hand-shake of the Caucasian; the short, English, semi-military salute; the pronounced inclination and exaggerated hat-lift of the Latin race; the Continental and deferential uncovering before a funeral; the genuflection before sacred images and pictures—all these and a score of other diverse customs are to be seen here.

Describing the Batoka salutation, Livingstone said: "They throw themselves on their backs on the ground, and, rolling from side to side, slap the outside of their thighs as expressions of thankfulness and welcome."

"At Tonga," Tabu says, "the common people show their great chief the greatest respect imaginable, by prostrating themselves before him and putting his foot on their necks." The like occurs in Africa. Laird says the messengers from the King of Fundah "each bent down and put my foot on their heads, and threw dust over themselves."

Of old in the East, subjection or deference was expressed when "Ben-hadad's servants girded sackcloth on their loins, and put ropes on their heads, and came to the King of Israel." In the Peru of the Incas, when the militant type of organization was pushed to excess, Garcilosso records that a sign of humility was to have the hands tied and a rope round the neck. Along with this mode another was employed of carrying a burden when approaching the Inca, this taking up a load to enter the presence at Atahualipa being a ceremony which is performed by all the lords who have reigned in that land."

In ancient America, before a Chiba cazique, "people had to appear prostrate and with their faces touching the ground."

In Africa, when a Borghoo man addresses a king, "he stretches himself on the earth as flat as a flounder, in which attitude he lies kissing the dust till his business with his sovereign is at an end."

In Asia, "when preferring a complaint, a Khond or Pando will throw himself on his face, with hands joined, and a bunch of straw or grass in his mouth."

In Siam, "before the nobles all subordinates are in a state of reverent prostration, the nobles themselves in the presence of the sovereign exhibiting the same crawling obeisance."

Falling on the face was a mark of reverence among the Sandwich islanders, the King doing so to Cook when he first met him.

According to Bootan, he saw the common Hindus who came before the rajah "make nine prostrations, which is the obeisance paid to him by his subjects whenever they are permitted to approach."

Among the coast negroes, if a native goes to visit his superior, or meets him by chance, he immediately falls on his knees and thrice successively kisses the earth, wishes the superior a good day or night and congratulates him.

Laird, quoted above, says that in acknowledgment of his inferiority the King of the Brass people never spoke to the King of the Ibos without going down on his knees and touching the ground with his head.

At Embomma, on the Congo, one of Stanley's depots, "the mode of salutation is by gently clapping the hands, while an inferior at the same time goes on his knees and kisses the bracelets on the superior's ankle."

On the Lower Niger, "as a mark of great respect, men prostrate themselves and strike their heads against the ground."

When in past times the emperor of Russia was crowned the nobility did homage by "bending down their heads and knocking them at his feet to the very ground."

In China, at the present time, among the eight obeisances increasing in humility, the fifth is kneeling and striking the head on the ground; the sixth kneeling and thrice knocking the head, which again doubled makes the seventh, and trebled the eighth. Of old, among the Hebrews, repetition had a kindred meaning. Nathan "bowed himself before the king, with his face to the ground." Abigail did the like to David, and Ruth to Boaz, while "Jacob bowed himself to the ground seven times, until he came near his brother." "Abraham fell upon his face" before God when he covenanted with him. "Nebuchadnezzer fell upon his face and worshipped Daniel."

When making obeisance to their josses the Mongolians touch the ground with the forehead thrice, the Calmucks only once. The Japanese in their temples "fall down upon their knees, bow their heads quite to the ground slowly and with great humility."

In Dahomey the officers fall down before the king and lie on their sides. "At times they roll over upon their bellies or relieve themselves by standing on 'all fours.'"

Duran states that "cowering was with the Mexicans the posture of respect." Crouching is also a sign of respect among the New Caledonians, as it is in Tahiti.

When changing their places before a superior the Siamese "drag themselves on their hands and knees." It is so, too, in Cambodia. "If any one had to approach the royal person to give him anything or to obey a call, however far the distance, Cambodian etiquette prescribed a crawling, progressive motion, on knees and elbows." In Java an inferior must walk with his hands upon his heels until he is out of his superior's sight.

In Loango—blessed spot—wives "dare not speak to their husbands but upon their bare knees, and in meeting them must creep upon their hands."

Burton speaks of messengers who "go on all-fours before the king."

In the old Japan, "on leaving the presence of the Emperor, officers walked backward on their knees."

Among the Soosoos, when a man greets his superior he bends his body and places one hand upon each knee.

In Samoa "on passing through a room where a chief is sitting it is disrespectful to walk erect, the person must pass along with the body bent downward."

Of the Congoese, Bastian says that when they have to speak to a superior "they kneel, turn the face half aside and stretch out the hands toward the person addressed, striking them together at every word."

Of the nobility who approached the king of Loango Astley says: "They clap their hands two or three times, and then cast themselves at his majesty's feet into the sand, rolling over and over in it."

Grant narrates that the king of Karague "sat concealed, all but his head, in the doorway of his chief hut and received the salutations of his people, who one by one shrieked and sprang in front of him."

The traveller Drury says that licking the knee is a sign of respect among the Malagasy, while in cases of deep abasement the feet are licked. So in ancient Peru, where subordination was unqualified, the chiefs kissed the king's hands and feet. "Kissing his feet" was part of the reverence shown to Christ by the woman with the box of ointment. So did the Shemamite woman to Elisha, so, in a modified form, do the privileged visitors to the Pope; such is still the practice with the Shah and Sultan in Persia and Turkey.

In Tonga, "when a person salutes a superior relation, he kisses the hand of the party;" and D'Arvieux states that the women who wait on the Arabian princesses kiss their hands when they do them the favor not to suffer them to kiss their feet or the borders of their soles. Generally speaking, according to the same author, "an Oriental pays his respects to a person of superior station by kissing his hand and putting it to his forehead, but if the superior be of a condescending temper he will snatch away his hand as soon as the other has touched it; then the inferior puts his own finger to his lips and afterward to his forehead."

The Katlanda people on the Niger "in saluting a stranger stoop almost to the earth, throwing dust on their foreheads several times." Describing the "punctiliousness of manners shown by the Balonda people," Livingstone says: "The inferiors, on meeting their superiors on the street, at once drop on their knees and rub dust on their arms and chest. During an ovation to a person commanding respect, the speaker every two or three seconds picked up a little sand and rubbed it on the upper part of his arms and chest. When they wish to be excessively polite they bring a quantity of ashes or pipe clay in a piece of skin, and taking up handfuls, rub it on the chest and upper front part of each arm." At the present time in Turkey an abridgement of this obeisance may be witnessed. At a review even officers on horseback saluting their superiors go through the form of throwing dust over their heads.

"If you extend your hand to a Siamese," says La Loubere, "to place it in his, he carries both his hands to yours as if to place himself entirely in your power."

In Sumatra the salutation "consists in bending the body and the inferior's putting his joined hands between those of the superior and lifting them to his forehead."

Among the Greeks the Olympian gods were prayed to in an upright position with raised hands; the marine gods with hands held horizontally, the gods of Tartarus with the hands held down. The presentation of the hands joined palm to palm was once required throughout Europe from an inferior when professing obedience to a superior, and is still taught to children as the attitude of prayer.

During Cook's stay at Tahiti two men of rank came on board, and each singling out his friend, took off his own clothes and put them upon the friend he wished to honor. Up to a very recent time this was also done in Samoa, but now only the girdle is taken off and presented.

In Abyssinia inferiors must bare their bodies down to the girdle in the presence of superiors, but to equals the corner of the cloth alone is removed. The Tahitians uncover the body as low as the waist in the presence of the King, and Forster states that in the Society isles generally the lower ranks of the people, by way of respect, strip off their upper garment. Burton remarks that throughout the whole of the Gold Coast "to bare the shoulders is like unhatting in England."

So, too, uncloaking in Spain was long equivalent to taking off the hat, and is still so practised in certain ceremonies.

In ancient Mexico those who came into the presence of Montezuma had to take off their shoes, and the custom is still observed in Burmah and Persia. A Japanese leaves his shoes at the door, even when he enters a shop, and upon entering a Turkish house it is the invariable rule to leave the outer slipper at the foot of the stairs. Two Arabs of the desert meeting shake hands 10 times, repeating the question, "How art thou?" with each shake.

ATCHISON GLOBULES.

Wisdom of a Western Wiseacre Who Worships Women and Wants the Whole World to Worship with Him.

[Atchison (Kan.) Globe.]

There were six one-legged men in town this morning. If you are having hard luck you should have a look at them. A sight of six one-legged men in one day will also cure warts and palpitation of the heart.

It is a question which is the easier, for a woman to cry or a man to swear.

If you want to please a man who has been a hundred miles from home, ask him in a deferential tone about his travels.

With what care a man leaves a complimentary letter to himself lying carelessly around.

The feeling of a bashful man when he makes his first appearance with his bride is like the shame a boy feels when dressed up in a new suit of clothes.

The small boy who dresses himself may dress twice as quick as his sister, but he never gets the back of his neck as clean.

It is enough to take away a woman's desire for fame that there is a ladder to be climbed to reach it.

When a woman wants to be impressive she whispers; when a man would be so, he shrieks.

Before he is married he invites her first and finds out the cost afterwards; after marriage he finds out the cost first.

The man who would give a woman advice must either be a very big fool, or know that the woman is in love with him.

Man buries the hatchet for his protection, and for further protection he must remember the location of the grave.

A woman never admits that a man knows what he is talking about, unless he happens to be talking about her charms.

An unlucky woman is one who finds she has no syrup in the house after she has made her buckwheat cakes.

When you see a small boy who keeps his face clean you see a boy who is afraid to go to bed in the dark.

A woman never knows how many she can be anxious about at once until she has a large family.

The man who gives you sympathy only gives you a fresh reminder of your trouble.

The Unexpected.

[Tom Masson in Clothier and Furnisher.]

Teacher—Now, children, I will tell you a story of a little boy who used to go to school like you do now. This little boy had a habit, when he stood up to recite his lessons, of twisting a certain button on his coat, and it certainly seemed as if this habit aided him in answering the questions put to him. His teacher had noticed this, and one day he secretly contrived to cut the button off the little boy's coat. So when the little boy got up to recite his lesson to the teacher he felt for the button and as it was not there he began to cry and could not be made to answer a single question. Thus you see how strong habit is. And that little boy, who learned so early in life the great power a small button may have—that little boy, my children, now stands before you.

Voice (from the rear)—Is that the same coat?

Where the Leak Was.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Mr. Billus (looking over his expense account)—Maria, we spent exactly $50 more than our income last year. We've got to retrench.

Mrs. Billus—It wasn't my fault, John. I didn't lose $75 on the election, nor pay out $40 in club dues, nor spend $65 for cigars, nor run through with $120 in three days at the races, nor indorse a note for $200 for a mere acquaintance and lose it, nor—"

Mr. Billus (still looking through the expense account)—None of these things account for that $50. By Jove! Here it is! "Subscription to pastor's salary, $50!" Maria, we can't stand that! The preacher will have to get along without anything from me this year.

She Saw Through It.

[Merchant Traveler.]

"Mr. Sharpleigh," said that gentleman's wife.

"Yes, my dear."

"You must think me exceedingly dull of perception."

"Indeed I do not."

"It is very unkind and disagreeable of you, too."

"What do you mean?"

"I suppose you thought I wouldn't notice it."

"Notice what?"

"That you did nothing this morning but whistle 'with all her faults I love her still.' And I'll say right here that I may have faults; I know it as well as anybody; but I won't be still no matter how much you throw out hints."

He Didn't Stay Long.

[Chicago Tribune.]

"Laura, why do you turn away from me so coldly?"

"George, why have you seated yourself in that distant corner?"

"To tell you the truth, Laura, I have been smoking a cigarette. I—I hadn't expected to call this evening."

"And I have been eating onions. I—I wasn't looking for you, George."

No Coincidence.

[Somerville Journal.]

Miss Twenty-eight (coyly)—I had a strange dream the other night, Mr. DePeyster, I dreamed—only think!—that you and I were married, and on our wedding tour. You don't know how real it seemed. Did you dream the same thing, too?

He (firmly)—No, Miss Twenty-eight, I did not. In fact, I haven't had the nightmare now for a good many years.

The Pleasures of Wealth.

[Texas Siftings.]

Mrs. O'Kelly—You look tired Mrs. O'Rafferty.

Mrs. O'Rafferty—And its tired that I am.

Mrs. O'Kelly—And I hope before I doi, that I'll be wan of thim Fifth avenue ladies, so that afther I've done washing the dishes and scrubbin' the flure I can lie down in the afthernoon and slape a bit.

Honestly Susceptible.

[Judge.]

Mrs. Clover (very quietly)—I wouldn't put my hands in my pockets if I were you, Uncle Jefferson.

Uncle Jeff (from Colorado)—Hev to, if that pretty gal's goin' t' set next to me. 'Fraid I'll hug her like a grizzly 'f I dont.

They Come High.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Customer—I'd like to get about 50 cents worth of these cucumbers, if you please.

Dealer in fine groceries, tropical fruits, etc., with withering scorn)—Can't you afford to buy whole one?

WOMAN AND HER VEIL.

Charms Half Concealed Attract the Most.

The Art of Learning Something and the Imagination of Men.

Wearing the Veil an Olden Custom, as Old, Indeed, as Woman's Vanity.

[Arthur Wirt in Washington Post.]

A witching woman's face is never half so witching as when, half revealed and half concealed, it smiles out from behind a tiny mask of dotted tulle, which the wearer will assure you is worn as a means of protection against the winds of heaven, but which you well know she wears with the clear and deliberate intention of making herself beautiful.

The veil is an olden custom—as old as the vanity of woman or the curiosity of man. The misty past refuses to yield up the precious secret of its origin; but it is curious to trace the veil from the time when its use had a practical and important significance to the present day, when it is worn with a no loftier idea than to beautify, which, after all, is, perhaps, one of the loftiest of all ideas.

The master of the seraglio in Eastern countries had a very sensible idea of his intention when he veiled the women of his harem. The eye is a seductive feature, but the eye alone cannot conquer the world. The eye is also deceptive. When the women of the seraglio appear with nothing of their faces visible but one shining orb, is the thought not always present that the expression of that might mean any one of the thousand qualities which make up woman's character? If it be large and lustrous, as one usually finds among the Eastern women, it may mean anything from tenderness to stupidity. If it is brilliant and sparkling it may mean either vivacity of spirit or sharpness of temper. Therefore was the Sultan wise, for to him only were the mysteries of those eyes revealed.

There were several reasons for the rejection of the woollen veil, which was originally worn among the Eastern women. One was that the weight was insupportable. There was another reason, however, as women grew less timid, there was a longing within them to do something just a little daring or risque—to show a bit more of the features than they had shown before—to venture on the use of both eyes instead of giving all their languishing glances through the medium of one. One maiden appeared in a silk veil, as transparent as the veils of the priestesses of the temple. The effect was instantaneous, and heavy veils were cast aside, and women smiled through filmy silk folds, with a sense of joy and freedom.

Oculists have said that dotted veils, those of the transparent filmy tissue, were injurious to the eye. The cross-bars of old-fashioned veils were most irritating to the sight, and cross-eyes are reported as frequent from their use, but dotted veils, by breaking the barred lines, prevent any serious affection of the vision. On the contrary, they are a benefit, besides they cast a soft and tender shadow beneath the eyes and soften a direct gaze into one that becomes sympathetic and confiding through the fine meshes. They are infinitely valuable to the woman with no complexion. She may have a thousand tiny blemishes in her skin, which the carefully-adjusted veil will conceal, while as for her smile, the gleam of her pearly teeth under the dark shadows renders it hopelessly enchanting.

The art of adjusting the veil properly and coquettishly belongs to the Frenchwoman. To the Engliswoman the veil is almost purely an article of utility. The American woman is like her French sister over the sea. To the Spanish woman alone belongs the art and skilful arrangement of the veil in such ravishing folds that every good point of her features becomes prominent, while all the shaky ones retire to the background. The fan and veil are the two weapons of warfare with which the Spanish woman attacks the world. They are her defence as a modest maiden, under her duenna's eye, and they are her valued mise en scene when the duenna looks the other way. A playful toss of her veil, or the languid opening or shutting of her fan are her resources in flirtation. Rob a fair Castilian of her mantilla and then seek her beauty, and you will find that it has vanished.

A few years ago there was a curious fashion in veils, all women wearing bits of scarlet tulle stretched over their faces, which gave one the idea of the ravages of scarletina. Another fad was for tulle of absinthe green, which gave a ghastly effect.

A woman will grow confidential with a salesman when she buys a veil. A difference in size or dot is a subject of discussion; its thickness is another; its color is to be nervously considered, and its length is another question. Shall she cover only her eyes? Doesn't white make her skin look fairer? Isn't black, after all, the most becoming and respectable? And all the while she is filled with a consciousness that she is openly acknowledging her vanity.

Women, however, are not the only victims of the veil. In the early part of the Christian era, men affected the veil as an additional charm to dress and even in A. D. 374. Ambrose speaks of "silken garments and veils interwoven with gold, with which the body of the rich man was accompanied." To this day the dweller in the tropics is obliged to resort to the softening medium of a veil between his eyes and the glaring sky. But man, it will be seen, regards utility only. In Washington, a few years ago, was an attache of the French legation who created a tremendous impression by always appearing, when driving, with his features concealed behind a veil of palest blue tissue.

The mourning veil has done the best service, both to the sincere and insincere bereft ones. It is quite fashionable at present to denounce the crepe veils, which are one sign of mourning, but as an indication of woe it has the authority of the earliest history amongst nearly all nations of the earth. In any sorrow the women of the olden time were wont to veil their head like the daughters of Jerusalem. The Celtic custom still prevails in Ireland of veiling the face with the hair. For the sincere bereft ones, the veil serves as a concealment of the many tears which rise unhidden to eyes grown used to weeping; it serves, too, as a protection against idle conversation. In affliction people are sensitive. They do not like to be called odd, nor do they like the suggestion that they lack reverence for the dead.

The abuse and misuse of the veil has led to its being discarded to a large extent. There are a few people, straight-laced and narrow, who object to any veil as pernicious and trivial, just as they object to a little powder on the face. But the veil will live. It enhances the beauty of the beautiful; it conceals the blemishes of feature which afflict the plain; it gives expression to an inexpressive face, and protects the ultra mobility of the sensitive one. It is frivolous, yet sympathetic; coquettish, yet grave; at once a revelation and a disguse.

Josh Billings' Philosophy.

[New York Weekly.]

The man who wears out iz like a nimble coin—he is alwus worth the face, and keeps bright to the last.

Yu may make a mistake in a man's kapacity, but yu kant in hiz vanity.

Natur never haff-finishes a job, nor underlets a kontrakt.

Take all the dangers out ov this world and it would be a coward's paradise.

Thare ain't ennything that will kompletely kure lazyness, but i hav known a seckond wife tew hurry it sum.

A good naturd man haz got one ov that kind ov souls that will gro enything that iz planted in it, good, bad, or indifferent.

Human happiness iz sutch an easy, simple thing that thoze who hav the most ov it kno it the least.

There are men in this world whom flattery makes stronger, bekauze it makes them more kareful; but sutch men are skarse.

The only safe way for most people tew git along in this world iz tew watch others, and do jist az they do.

Human happiness iz like Joseph's coat—a thing of menny colors.

I kant tell which iz the wuss off, the man who iz all hed and no heart or the one who iz all heart and no hed.

Hope iz no flatterer—she cheats everybody alike, but, after all, iz the best friend we have got.

Everybody seems tew dispize a hippokrit—God, man and the devil.

An idle man iz always a bizzy one—he spends all hiz time in hunting for nothing to do.

Thare are but phew people in this world who make more trouble than a bizzy phool.

Knowledge iz power, no doubt, but it iz not always virtew. Thare are sum people who only edukate their vices.

The Fascination About a Jail.

[Interview with a St. Louis Detective.]

I think there must be a fascination about life in jail, for men who have been in there for a little while seem to leave it with regret and do not lose their interest in what goes on there for some time after they are released. Time and again I have noticed men who have been confined for a few months come back every day after their release and stand at the door looking in. They have no friends in there, unless they made friends among the other prisoners, and they do not speak or wish to speak with any one. They lean against the grated door and look in, as if they wished they were back. I really think some of them become attached to the life, and one reason is that unless they are men of gentle feelings they do not feel the shame of their position as long as they are inside; but when they come out and meet other men, they know they have the jail stain on them, and they imagine everyone sees it. I have often watched them standing there by the door, and wondered just what feeling it was that drew them back.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

A Tort et a Travers.

[Puck.]

He stole a kiss from an artless miss:
"You're a heartless thief," quoth she.
"I'm a 'heartless thief,' but you're the thief
That stole my heart," saith he.

No Hurry About It.

[Somerville Journal.]

I want to be an angel,
For that I hope and pray,
I want to be an angel—
But, of course, not right away.

Smiles and Tears.

[A. W. R. in February Century.]

You meant to wound me? Then forgive,
O friend, that when the blow fell, I
Turned my face from you to the wall
To smile, instead of die.

You meant to gladden me? Dear friend,
Whose praise like jewels I have kept,
Forgive me, that for very joy
I bent my happy head and wept.

Opals.

[C. A. Pratt in Kate Field's Washington.]

Jewels of flame and frost, the look they wear
Is strangely chill despite their hearts of fire,
Throbbing with ever unfulfilled desire
For freedom from the shield of ice they bear.

Fit symbols of that friend I made—and lost—
From whose white soul no glow that ever came
Gave warmth or cheer or comfort. Fiercest flame
Fought ever vainly with a fiercer frost.

Greedy.

[Sydney Dayre in February St. Nicholas.]

A greedy fellow? I should say!
They passed the apples round this way
And then he snatched—he couldn't wait—
The biggest one upon the plate.

Such greediness I do despise!
I had been keeping both my eyes
Upon that apple, for, you see,
The plate was coming, next, to me.

'Twas big and mellow, just the kind
A greedy chap would like to find.
He laughed as if he thought it fun—
I meant to take that very one.

A Valentine.

[Clinton Scollard in the Century.]

If only I might sing
Like birds in spring—
Robin, or thrush, or wren,
In grove or glen.

If only I might suit
To harp or lute,
To chime in tender time
Some touching rhyme,—

Then I'd not hope in vain
Thine ear to gain;
But now I halt—I—quail—
Ah! must I fail?

So small my skill to plead
My earnest need,
Love—love is all the plea
I bring to thee.

The Heaven That Was.

(A sleepless night in Venice.)

[Arthur Hugh Clough.]

When hope lies dead—Ah, when 'tis death to live,
And wrongs remembered make the heart still bleed,
Better are Sleep's kind lies for Life's blind need
Than truth, if lies a little peace can give;
A little peace! 't is thy prerogative,
O Sleep! to lend it; thine to quell or feed
This love that starves—this starving soul's long greed,
And bid Regret, the queen of hell, forgive.

Yon moon that mocks me through the uncurtained glass
Recalls that other night, that other moon—
Two English lovers on a gray lagoon—
The voices from the lantern'd gondolas,
The kiss, the breath, the flashing eyes, and soon,
The throbbing stillness; all the heaven that was.

Within Her Muff.

[Edith Sessions Tupper in Judge.]

I watch her as she tucks away
Her very swagger porte-monnaie,
Her lace kerchief, her powder-puff,
And, as if that were not enough,
She to this formidable array
Adds tickets for the matinee
Within her muff.

I marvel much with man's dismay
That such small space holds this display.
Then suddenly through lace and fluff,
Unmindful of her "Don't be rough,"
I seek to find if room there may
Be for aught else that comes her way
Within her muff.

And though she frowns and cries me nay
I persevere in love's affray;
I touch a glove, small, dainty, buff,
And then—from out its silky ruff
A small hand slips in mine—I say
The sweetest thing I found that day
Within her muff.

A Passing Face.

[J. T. Newcomb in New York Ledger.]

'Twas but a moment. Long enough to feel
The grateful presence of her quiet grace,
And at her beauty's shrine a moment kneel,
To mark the sweetness of her gentle face.

To catch a glance from out her downcast eyes,
A fleeting light of violet, more rare
Than all the colors of the summer skies,
That but a moment lingered fluttering there.

A moment. Then she vanished; yet to stay
Within my memory, as some distant strain
Of music, rising, slowly dies away,
But lingers yet, when all is still again.

Or, as a dream that flits across the mind
When care is bound by all-forgetting sleep
Too soon will vanish, but yet leave behind
A gentle sweetness that the senses keep.

If Fate had but been kinder. Who can tell
Our paths had been the same, and, hand in hand,
Together we had wandered o'er the fell
And crossed the border of the unknown land.

We met to meet no more. Upon the sea
Of life we pass like ships. A moment seen,
A signal shown, a shout thrown cheerily,
Then darkness, waves, and distance stretch between.

In Holland.

[Eugene Field in Chicago Daily News.]

Our course lay up a smooth canal
Through tracts of velvet green,
And through the shade that windmills made,
And pasture lands between;
The kine had canvas on their backs
To temper autumn's spite,
And everywhere there was an air
Of comfort and delight.

My wife, dear philosophic soul,
Saw here whereof to prate:
"Vain fools are we across the sea
To boast our noble state!
Go north or south or east or west
Or wheresoe'er you please,
You shall not find what's here combined,
Equality and ease!

"How tidy are these honest homes
In every part and nook!
The mentolk wear a prosperous air,
The women happy look,
Seeing the peace that smiles around,
I would our land were such;
Think as you may, I'm free to say
I would we were the Dutch!"

Just then we overtook a boat
The Golden Tulip hight;
Big with the weight of motley freight,
It was a goodly sight!
Mynheer Van Blarcom sat on deck,
With pipe in lordly pose,
And with his son of twenty-one
He played at dominoes.

Then quoth my wife: "How fair to see
This sturdy, honest man
Beguile all pain and lust of gain
With whatso joys he can;
Methinks his spouse is down below
Beading a kerchief gay;
A babe, mayhap, lolls in her lap
In the good old Milky Way.

"Where in the land from whence we came
Is there content like this?
Where such disdain of sordid gain,
Such sweet domestic bliss?
A homespun woman I, this land
Delights me overmuch,
Think as you will and argue still
I would we were the Dutch!"

And then my wife made end of speech,
Her voice stuck in her throat,
For, swinging around the turn, we found
What motor moved the boat;
Hitched up in towpath harness there
Was neither horse nor cow,
But the buxom frame of a Holland dame,
Mynheer Van Blarcom's Frau.

GREEN GOODS.

Continued from the First Page.

faith in the suspected Annadale. But she was spurred by a more powerful motive than she had mentioned in coming to the village; it seemed almost like a premonition when thought of in after time.

Her call was short, even to excessive brevity. One would say, knowing the circumstances, that she had called only to carry out an appearance.

Just after dark, she might have been found again, driving slowly towards the inn. But she did not stop; she kept on up the road for quite a distance, all of half a mile. Then she returned, driving by again a little way.

This occurred several times. The village street seemed to be deserted, save that single team occasionally passing the inn. Was she waiting for her father to come out, her modesty being such as to restrain her from entering where there seemed to be so many men? Perhaps so, though hardly; for her earnest attention seemed to be more upon the road than the inn.

Meanwhile, Matt Forrest, who was eminently a favorite among his acquaintances, and whose opinion and movements in the present crisis were of especial interest, had sauntered into Miss Betsey's front parlor, which was half filled with people from round and about, some farmers or laborers and one or two strangers. The sheriff greeted all with a hearty "Hello, boys!" and being immediately accorded a seat, proceeded to fill his pipe.

The rapidly approaching darkness, for twilight is brief in those deep valleys, made it incumbent upon Miss Betsey to trip in and light the lamps.

"Sakes alive! is that you, Matthew, just come in?" she exclaimed, with a glibness betraying the tirelessness of her tongue, however else she may have been prostrated by her rush of business. "Glad enough to see you. I s'pose you're busy as a hen with chicks—so am I. Heaven preserve us! I never see nothing like it. My little book's filling up like a sucking pig, and my poor head swims like a top from morning till night. Have you caught your man yet? When you do you can tell him his two dollars has been paid—he'll have that off his mind, anyway."

"Not yet, Miss Betsey," answered Forrest, smiling gravely, as the little woman, scarcely waiting his reply, laughed a shrill, little laugh, and tripped out again toward the kitchen. He did not seem inclined to say much of his day's discoveries, ignoring one or two hints to the purpose, but finally a farmer, seated near by, bolder than the rest, or relying on an older acquaintanceship, leaned over and asked bluntly:

"Did you get ary trace o' the murderer?"

"Yes," replied the sheriff, with some hesitation. "The day after he left here he was at the hotel in L—, where his trunk had been for a week, together with a letter containing a draft, which he remarked on seeing that he was glad enough to get."

"Did he cash it?" modestly asked a young fellow, a stranger to all present, and who was leaning carelessly against a window casing near the door leading to the entry.

"Yes," replied Forrest, with a cursory glance at the speaker; "but it was a certified check on a Southern bank, and affords only a possible clue. Whoever he is, he must be a queer duck, if not crazy; for he shipped his trunk off the same day, double checking it somewhere, the clerk couldn't remember where, and after stopping at L— to dinner, disappeared as suddenly as he had come."

"Are you making any effort to trace, or intercept him?" inquired the same young fellow, who, while apparently not much concerned, was watching the sheriff closely.

"Certainly I am," was the blunt reply; "though in a quiet way. There is a chance that he feels secure, and being unalarmed, may make no effort to escape by flight or cunning. So his actions, at least as far as I have observed them, lead me to believe. But after my work of today, if he is still in the State, and ignorant of our discovery of the crime, he will be behind the bars before this time tomorrow."

"Bars and catamounts!" suddenly exclaimed a gruff voice. "In this yere section of the kentry jestice seems to hobble round on crutches! In the State whar I kum from they'd a had him swinging from a dead limb long afore this!"

The speaker was long and lank Zenas Gobob, sprawled over a chair in the corner, his grim visage rendered needlessly dark by the shadow of his slouch hat, worn in doors, regardless of etiquette; while two of his farm hands, lounging near by, and who seemed to be ill-conditioned Westerners, also applauded his declaration.

"And where might that be?" suddenly put in the fellow by the window.

"Wal, my festive tenderfoot!" replied Gobob, bending his dark eyes on the abrupt questioner; "it mount be Col'rado—but 'taint!"

A faint laugh, not so particularly faint from his two immediate companions, followed the loud and uncivil reply, but never a feature altered in the young stranger's thoughtful face.

"You've got to catch a man, Zenas, before you can hang him," remarked Forrest, gravely.

"Ketch him!" exclaimed Gobob, gruffly, though not ill-naturedly. "Wal, you don't calkerlate to do it setting thar smoking your pipe, do you?"

"Uh, hah!" heaved the sheriff, whose even disposition was imperturbable.

"Wal, I'll gamble you don't," blurted the westerner, decisively.

"What would you do?" questioned the young man again, which caused Gobob to turn upon him with rather an evil gleam in his black eyes.

"Do!" he cried, in loud-voiced contempt; "I'd have a posse o' men out, every cussed one I could raise, mounted on hosses; and I'd scour the mountains but what I'd run the varmint down!"

"Bah!" ejaculated the sheriff; "he may be a thousand miles from here ere this."

"Not by a long chalk!" vociferated Gobob. "'Tain't human natur! It's dollars to doughnuts he ain't. Them kind o' sarpents allus hangs round till they larn jest what's known agin 'em. I'd gamble he's right here 'mongst the hills. Why, cuss it! I'd gamble—"

"Say!" cut in the sheriff, laughing; "you're making a good deal of noise with that voice of yours, which isn't over melodious!"

"All right, Matt, ole man," said Gobob, more gently, yet soon waxing wroth again in his eloquence. "But, durn it! ez long ez he's loose, he's like to slip a knife atween any man's ribs, or woman's either, for that matter. Why, curse it, Matt, yer own darter, nor mine, ain't safe after dark, so long's them kind o' varmints is round. Out West they jest don't wait for no edge and jury to set half a year on 'em and then turn 'em loose agin; they jest up and load thar guns, mount thar hosses, and give 'em chase, and, durn 'em, they keep arter 'em till they git 'em. Then—wal, thar's a jedge out thar what does 'em up prompt and sure, and you kin gamble on him every time!"

"And frequently hangs the wrong man," put in the young stranger quietly.

"Wal, what's a man more or less," growled Gobob, with ominous significance. "Ain't honest men and women to be pertected? Why, they'd ought to run the varmint down and shoot him on sight!"

"He may be innocent, despite the circumstances," was the cool response. "Wouldn't you give a man a show for his life?"

"Show!" cried Gobob fiercely, his apparent indignation at such a suggestion bringing a laugh from several. "What show'd he give the young chap up thar on the mountain yonder?—punched him tween the eyes with a big rock! Wrong man?—thar ain't no wrong man in this yere case. It's a dead sartinty! And you durned, onery tenderfoot!—you hear me! Ef I cross him, and kin get the drop afore he does, I tell you, down he goes, toes up, and don't you forget it!"

The loud and boastful words had scarcely passed his lips when a heavy tread sounded on the piazza, into the entry, and the very man of whom Zenas Gobob had been speaking, Guy Annadale, strode into the room.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES.

Guy Annadale, when he entered, was recognized to a certainty by only two persons in the inn parlor,—Matthew Forrest, the sheriff, and Miss Betsey Muffets, who had appeared simultaneously at the opposite door, being attracted thither by Zenas Gobob's noisy vauntings.

In depicting such a scene as followed it is necessary to observe somewhat of the mental action of the principal participants, that their conduct may be better appreciated; and it is to be regretted that the former cannot be set down in the actual brevity of its operation.

As Annadale entered the room, three ideas, like objects seen by a lightning flash at midnight, impressed themselves on the sheriff's astute brain—the man was guilty, and despairing of escape, had come to give himself up to justice, or he was ignorant of the fact that the murder had been discovered, and was thus bold by reason of his ignorance; or—and it was the first time the sheriff had entertained such a wild imagining—he was innocent, and had returned like a man to face down accusation and accusers. Yet, strange to say, Annadale's bearing and first utterance were in ill-accordance with either one of these instantaneous hypotheses, and with the quickness of thought, Forrest planned a stratagem to entrap the unsuspicious and more unfortunate tourist into a self-betrayal.

Unobserved by the latter, he half rose in his chair, lifted his hand in a commanding gesture of silence, his darkly flashing eyes sweeping on every former occupant of the room, all of whom instantly grasped his meaning, and as a result each and every one, apprised of the identity of the new comer, relapsed into a studied indifference, the intensity of which assumption can only be imagined.

Even Zenas Gobob, who a moment before had loudly declared his fell intention of shooting the "varmint" on sight, now drooped humbly in his corner, his lowering eyes bent darkly on the herculean fellow standing there in the lamplight; while the lip of the young stranger by the window had curled in a withering and contemptuous sneer.

The sight of Annadale had, on Miss Betsey Muffets, a most marvellous and telling effect; indeed, one scarcely to be credited—it deprived her of her power of speech! She stopped short in the dining-room doorway, threw both her withered little hands above her head, and stared at the burly tourist with no less amazement than if he had been a bloodless apparition suddenly risen through the parlor floor.

This evident bewilderment had its effect on Annadale. It brought a vivid flush to his cheek, and the faint laugh which came from his lips was rather constrained of nature. He threw a cursory glance over the several men seated about the room, as if surprised at their number, or the absence of one expected. Then, with a more ingenious laugh than before, he cried heartily, with a kind of outspoken candor:

"And how are you, Miss Betsey Muffets? and what's amiss that you stare so blankly? Is it surprise at seeing a delinquent debtor? I don't wonder much at that," he laughed frankly, "for time enough has elapsed to have nearly outlawed from your mind my little bill. But better late than never, Mistress Muffets! I owe you something, and till it is paid would hardly have the nerve to again impose my custom on you. You may take it out of this, if you please."

It was not the voice nor manner of aguilty man; it was like the action of one who is sensitively eager to rectify an unavoidable transgression which has placed him in a recreant light. He drew from his pocket a banknote and approached to tender it to the amazed little lady. But ere the latter could receive it or even utter a word the sheriff, rising quickly, interposed, and, blandly taking the note from Annadale's hand, said courteously and with a persuasive smile:

"You will pardon me, sir, but Miss Muffets is no longer conducting the inn, the charge now being my affair. Miss Betsey," though he spoke gently and with scrupulous politeness, yet, as he turned his back to Annadale and faced her, the look he gave her was so commandingly expressive that the poor little lady could not but understand, and dared not but obey; "won't you go round and close the front door yonder! there's too much of a draught through here or the comfort of an asthmatic person."

And Miss Betsey, now horrified as well as amazed by the portentous proceedings, went without a word, round by the entry and did as directed; then flew to the kitchen, where, crouching in a corner, her heart palpitating with terror, her teeth chattering as like to drop out, a cold moisture rising all about her parchment skin, she stopped her hearing with her palms, lest, adding to her present frightful experience a sudden pistol shot should split the drums of her ears.

"Why!" exclaimed Annadale, a bit surprised, but not in the least suspicious, "can it be that Miss Betsey has failed in her business? I'm sorry for that."

"Not exactly," answered Matt Forrest, turning with a smile and resting his elbow on the mantle, while the tourist, still close by the entry door, half sat, half leaned upon a small table against the wall. "I may possibly buy her out, indeed have practically done so for the present: and the business, so far as the moneys go, transfers to me. I will give you your change in just a moment."

He had examined, as he spoke, the note which he still held between his fingers. It was a counterfeit of the same imperfections, number and denomination as that which Edward Belden had described to him as having been upon his brother's person.

To his mind this fact would have settled all doubt of Annadale's guilt had not the manner of the tourist been that of one so thoroughly unconcerned. He waited, therefore, ere making the arrest on which he had determined; not dreaming that the frankly spoken fellow, even though learning the truth of his position, would attempt escape; or that if he did, there was danger of its consummation, for the front door was closed and the room half full of people. But he did not realize the power which existed in that adventurous Bohemian's massive frame.

"No hurry," said Annadale, laughing. "I'm going to stop the night, and, judging by the past, you can't lose anything by keeping it all. But I shall not require credit this time."

He ran his eyes about the room again, as if seeking some one. He thought it strange, the interest which seemed to centre upon him. Not a person there was in conversation and he was the cynosure of all eyes. It was a little embarrassing to one of so sensitive a nature. He felt a slight flush burning on his cheek and mentally condemned the curiosity of these rustics, who know no more politeness than to sit and stare at a stranger. He threw open his drab shooting-jacket and consulted his watch—Harry Belden's watch! It was just 8 o'clock.

Zenas Gobob seemed about to speak, but the sheriff, as motionless as a rock by the mantel, frowned him into silence.

To Forrest, this suspected man was a marvel. If he was acting, it was a masterly assumption. The most hardened criminal will finally shrink and cower before an oppressive silence and condemning observation combined. The mental force without seems to act upon him; he is calm at first; soon it is forced; then he becomes uneasy; shifts nervously in his seat; grows hot and angry within; and finally breaks down and confesses.

Yet Guy Annadale changed in color only, the faint flush beginning to deepen on his cheek.

The sheriff changed his tactics. He would put this man to a more severe test. He broke the silence by asking, carelessly:

"Where are you from?"

"Nowhere in particular," replied Annadale. "I am doing the mountains afoot. I was here three weeks back. Business seems to have looked up since then."

"Yes," said Forrest, heartily; "just a trifle, I'm told."

"I was expecting to find a friend here, but I don't see anything of him."

"Won't I do?" smiled the sheriff, which brought a faint laugh from several of the others; and now, for the first time, Annadale began to sense a feeling of constraint among his observers.

"Hardly as well," he replied, growing suddenly grave, and flashing a quick glance about the room, the color rising faster to his cheek in his embarrassment. "He was going to meet me here, if nothing happened. Possibly, though—"

"Who is he?" interposed the sheriff, mildly.

"Harry Priest, his name is: a Boston gentleman. When last here we climbed the mountain, yonder. I think—"

A faint murmur caused him to break off his speech abruptly. He fixed his eyes, now beginning to blaze angrily, on those mute forms, whose silence, first annoying, now seemed to mock him; whose ceaseless stares, first discourteous, now were almost insulting. He became susceptive of a motive in all this, and to a man of his delicate temperament suspicion was a hot iron, searing the naked flesh. It roused the undercurrent of his nature, that hidden flood which only the larger rocks of experience sends in boiling agitation to the surface; it began to wake those sleeping embers which had fired him at that moment when he raised Gobob's Fool head-high and hurled him to the earth. He buttoned his closely-fitting jacket about him, his swelling form seeming to distend its seams.

"Priest! oh, yes!" exclaimed the sheriff suddenly, for he perceived this rising excitement and his hand went carelessly towards his hip pocket. "I know now! I was just telling my friends a bit of news concerning him, when you entered. Perhaps you'd like to hear it, Mr.—"

"Annadale, my name is," was the quick rejoinder; then, eagerly: "Certainly I would."

"It isn't much," prefaced the sheriff, thoughtfully, his gaze never leaving the tourist's eyes; and Zenas Gobob suddenly rose to stretch one of his long limbs over the back of his chair upon which to rest his arm. "It seems that a few days back, I wouldn't say it's as long ago as you mention, he and a friend set out from here to climb the mountain yonder—the one you referred to, you know."

"Why, yes! certainly!" put in Annadale, eagerly.

"Well," continued Forrest, slowly, "it seems the friend came back alone along towards night. Of course there'd have been nothing strange in that, only—"

"Strange!" cried Annadale, in amazement, not dreaming of the drift of the sheriff's coolly calm remarks.

"Only," said Forrest more decidedly, "that night he went away from here in a rather doubtful manner—"

"True," interrupted Annadale, hotly, his crimson face beginning to pale with suppressed fury. "But I am back here! There was excuse! I am ready to explain and apologize to the proper party!"

"Oh, I beg pardon," exclaimed Forrest, regretfully; "was you the friend?"

"Most assuredly I was!" declared Annadale, in lofty disdain. "What do you mean by such a word as strange? and why do you dilly-dally and beat about the bush with me? as most certainly you are doing. If to me, rather than to my friend, your news relates, out with it! I am as eager to hear news of myself."

"Don't get angry," persuaded the sheriff, who nevertheless had a motive in leading the tourist on to exasperation ere he disclosed the truth. "I meant no offence. It seems that your friend met with a mishap—"

"Mishap!"

"Yes, an accident which—"

"Accident!" cried Annadale, his manner changing at once to earnest solicitude. "You don't mean it! It must have been after I left him. Not serious I hope?"

"Quite so," replied Forrest, drily; and though his intense gaze never wavered, his suspicions were crumbling to dust before the indubitable consternation and anxiety of this suspected man.

"Indeed, you alarm me!" said Annadale, rising erect from his seat upon the edge of the table. "Pray where is he?"

"Mr. Annadale," replied the sheriff, with deep gravity, "your friend is dead!"

"What! Dead!"

The words came from the tourist's lips in a hoarse whisper only. His amazement was beyond counterfeit. The man never lived who could have so concealed expectancy beneath the prearranged clothing of surprise. There was no thought of self betrayed in his white, horror-filled countenance. His whole soul, in all its sudden poignancy of grief, was pictured in his face.

"Dead!" he reiterated, as if the fact were beyond belief or comprehension even. "For God's sake! When? and how?"

"Mr. Annadale," gravely answered Forrest, who had not moved from his position by the mantel, nor lost one indication of the inner workings of the man before him, "your friend never returned from the mountain. His body was discovered in a crevice, hidden beneath a pile of rocks. Mr. Annadale, your friend was murdered!"

"Murdered!"

The word was less than uttered. The tourist's lips seemed only to frame, rather than speak it. Yet even now he appeared not to think of self; his emotion was more a speechless horror of his friend's fate, as the fearful knowledge forced itself in upon him. He staggered back a step or two towards the entry door; to some the action might have appeared the precursor of intended escape. There came the sharp click of a pistol lock from Zenas Gobob's direction, and two or three of the more excited sprang to their feet. But Matt Forrest did not move, other than to look forbiddingly on the lank champion of Western justice, and at whose throat the young stranger by the window seemed about to spring.

Annadale, too, heard the ominous click of the revolver, recognized the sound, and turned, like one stricken by a lash, in its direction. Then, for the first time, he seemed to divine the significance of what had been taking place at long silence, those steadfast looks, that too apparent constraint, the sheriff's peculiar utterance, even the disappearance of Betsey Muffets, and the closing of the front door. It was plain enough now; he had been made the subject of an espionage, an inquisition; they had sought to hedge him in. For what object? There could be but one! He wheeled upon the sheriff, his massive form quivering with passion, his voice ringing with furious indignation, as he cried:

"What! you suspect me?"

"Yes, Mr. Annadale! I must arrest you!"

"Arrest me!—My God!"

His manner suddenly changed, as from a change of thought. His face became ghastly, and for an instant he trembled visibly. He seemed to suddenly have sighted a hideous and unthought of peril. It was as if a multitude of circumstances of which he had become the victim had risen suddenly before him; not clearly and well-defined, but in a confused and overwhelming mass, about to crush him.

The sheriff approached him; his hand came from his pocket; he held a pair of steel handcuffs, which rang once, like a tocsin bell, as they struck together.

The sight and sound seemed to fire Annadale, as a hard-driven spur rouses a steed already galled. He sprang forward like a bayed lion, seized the sheriff by the shoulders, and, with a strength born of indignant rage and desperation, hurled him bodily across the room.

Zenas Gobob's revolver came to a level, but the young stranger was upon him with a bound, and tore the weapon from his grasp.

"You knave!" he cried fiercely. "Will you also commit murder!"

Annadale waited not. He dashed into the entry, tore open the door as if he would rend it from its hinges, and on the instant was in the village street.

CHAPTER IX.

BALANCING ACCOUNTS.

A man who is innocent of a crime, however condemnatory the circumstances about him may appear, will rather seek legal justice than, in his doubt of its discrimination, lay himself liable of increasing the gravity of appearances against him by seeming to avoid its grasp.

Had Guy Annadale, during his last few days of tramping among the mountains, chanced to have learned of the crime which had been committed, and of the suspicion which circumstances had led to be directed against him, his first and probably final impulse would have been to immediately hasten to the proper authorities, render himself into their keeping, and at once make asseveration of all his personal knowledge of the frightful affair.

But the nature of his surroundings at the time of its disclosure to him, the manner in which it had been led up to, the threatening aspect of those about him, the appearance of weapons, the sight of manacles, a horror in themselves to one like him, the seemingly desperate intentions of his accusers—all these, together with his sudden estimate of the frightful evidence against him and the rapid realization of the feebleness of his verbal defence, acted upon him with invincible effect. They brought but one desire, one determination, to his excited mind—present escape and freedom.

How ably he began the undertaking has already been related. He cleared the inn and reached the village street now shrouded in darkness, save the faint starlight struggling down to earth from a partially clouded heaven, and the opalescent glow through curtained windows of the few and feeble house lamps.

The consternation which he had left behind him was quickly over, and he had scarcely reached the road ere half a score of the now thoroughly excited men were after him.

With no definite destination, and eager only to place himself beyond the possibility of immediate arrest, Annadale ran swiftly up the road; and had covered fully 50 yards ere his pursuers, emerging from the lighter inn into the outer darkness, were able to locate him and give chase, filling the air with their cries, in the vain hope that some one might head off the fleeing man.

As may well be imagined of one of his daily occupation, the tourist had little difficulty in widening this distance between himself and his pursuers. Their loud shouts were still ringing out upon the night when he passed from the immediate village and entered the more open country. Still maintaining his headlong speed, he followed the road which he had traversed three weeks before, the highway presenting less liability of mishap from stumbling and had covered nearly a quarter mile when he ran almost bodily against a light Concord wagon that was standing motionless in the road.

He stopped short, and was about to dash off at a right angle when a low voice, suppressed in the intensity of eagerness and excitement, cried quickly:

"Mr. Annadale!"

He thought he recognized it, also the feminine form leaning over the seat toward him, one hand grasping its back, the other steadying the restless horse, headed homeward. He paused just for a second; he could not have resisted the temptation had he felt capture to be the result.

"Yes," he said, panting from his hard run.

To know that it was he seemed to be all that she required.

"Get in!" she cried eagerly. "Get in!"

He hesitated but an instant. The cries of his pursuers were drawing nearer, sounding plainer on the night air. He sprang by the wheels and in a second was upon the seat beside her.

She did not speak to him at first; only slid her hand up on the reins, reached for the whip and dealt the horse a stinging blow, crying with a kind of nervous exultation:

"Go it! Nancy!"

As if unaccustomed to such treatment, the restless animal bounded forward like a deer, tore along the rough mountain road, and bore Annadale away from his followers, at a speed that defied pursuit. The shouts behind them died away to silence, and though Millie Forrest felt assured that her bold action had not been detected, yet a mile had been covered ere she permitted the horse to drop into a less furious pace; and, turning suddenly to the man beside her, her face quite pale from excitement, said earnestly:

"They tried to arrest you—I feared they would. Was any one hurt?"

"Hurt? No, indeed, replied Annadale, rousing from a brief, gloomy abstraction into which his more sober consideration of his friend's death and his own unenviable position had sent him. He would have been glad of a few minutes of solitude, that he might review the events of that day in the mountains three weeks before, and estimate the evidence which must have accumulated against him, as well as prepare a plan of future action; but the girl responding quickly to his answer, he threw off his depression and immediately gave her his attention.

"I am glad of that," she said gravely. "I tried hard to prevent it."

"Prevent it?" said Annadale, turning a little, in some surprise, to look her in the face.

"Well, yes. And not exactly that, either," she answered, with a quick blush, for she had not intended to have thus betrayed herself. "You know you said you should return in three weeks. I thought that possibly you would not have learned of the—murder. I wanted to warn you of—of—"

"The feeling against me?" aided Annadale inquiringly.

"Well, yes," she faltered, then added with sudden frankness, "I wanted to warn you of the suspicions concerning you; that you might be prepared and able to decide for yourself what course to pursue."

He began to divine somewhat of that she had been doing, and a deep sense of gratitude and admiration began to warm the heart that had been so chilled in the last half hour.

"These suspicions," he said earnestly, his deep blue eyes fixed on her partly averted face. "Do you know what they are?"

"Oh, yes," she answered carelessly; "I know all about them."

"Yet you would have warned me—aided me to escape?"

"I would have warned you," she replied thoughtfully.

"Then you—you cannot," he stammered, an irrepressible hope filling him; "you cannot believe me guilty?"

"Guilty! certainly not!" she said decidedly, with a scornful flash of her dark eyes, and added emphasis to her words by a quick jerk upon the reins.

So sensitive of his position, such a blind confidence in his manhood, such an emphatic belief in his virtue, awakened in him an immediate emotion and though he did not give expression to the profound "thank God!" that rose from his heart, yet he clasped her arm with his powerful hand in an action he could not repress, and said deeply:

"You are very, very good! But in the face of her expressed faith, he would not stoop to refute the hideous charge made against him.

"No, no," she said, her color deepening, "had I believed that I should not have expected your return and watched to warn you."

"Did you do that?" cried Annadale, with a pride he made no effort to conceal.

"Yes; and I don't see how you reached the inn without passing me."

"I did not come by the road, but across the mountain side."

"That explains it. I was at the village with my father, who was at the inn. Perhaps you saw him."

"Possibly—there was a number there."

"So I saw. I drove by several times, waiting for him to come out. I knew at once what had happened when I heard their shouts, and I waited, hoping if you escaped you would come in my direction. It would have been useless to have tried to follow you in a team, you know."

"Follow me?" said Annadale, inquiringly.

"Yes," she replied ingenuously; "for I wished if possible to save you."

"Save me," he murmured deeply, beginning to see more clearly the motive of her conduct and to realize again the gravity of his situation.

"Aid you would perhaps have been better," answered Millie, a little confusedly; and she reached forward to replace the whip in its socket just as the light, burning in her home, appeared through the distant darkness.

Annadale, too, saw the light, and recognizing it as being where she lived, believed the moment of their parting was at hand. The sharp drive through the cool night air of the mountains had done much to assuage his excitement, and he now felt quite capable of facing the situation calmly and deciding the proper course to pursue.

"I will not trouble you to take me beyond your home," he said gravely, as they drew nearer the house.

"I was not going to," replied Millie, laughing softly.

He hardly knew what to make of this, but said feelingly:

"You have been very brave, very kind to me. I hope that some day when I am out of this horrible dilemma I shall be allowed the privilege of seeing and thanking you as you deserve."

"You may have a chance before then," she replied, half jestingly; and to Annadale's surprise, allowed the horse to trot briskly from the main highway in toward the house.

"I had best get out here," he said quickly, laying his hand upon her arm. "You may incur your parents' displeasure were they to know you had aided a suspected criminal to escape justice."

"Not justice, but injustice," answered Millie, correctively, and did not draw rein till they had reached a side door of the house, when, turning suddenly to the man beside her, her cheeks glowing, her lips trembling from excitement of the emotion which prompted her action, she said rapidly:

"I have only a father and an aged grandmother, who is very deaf, and abed hours ago. Mr. Annadale, you cannot remain out in the mountains over night. Your presence in this house need not be suspected. Come in! and I will give you shelter till morning."

He drew back, amazed at the proposition, yet much moved by the generous solicitude of this girl, who had already essayed so much in his behalf, and whose purity of motive now shone in her glittering eyes fixed so steadily upon him.

"No, no, Miss Forrest," he said, earnestly. "You are very thoughtful—very kind! But I have no right to accept such a hospitality."

"You have!" exclaimed Millie, winsomely decisive. "The same right as I to tender it. Mr. Annadale, you must consider your position calmly and dispassionately. The mountain side at night is no place for such grave deliberation. You must accept the shelter I offer, and the rest it will afford you. Come!"

With the pretty decision of one who had determined not to take no for an answer, and heedless of his remonstrance, she sprang lightly to the ground; when Annadale, finding himself left at a disadvantage, quickly followed.

"Miss Forrest! one moment, please; I beg of you!" he pleaded; but she had already led him to the door.

Then she paused suddenly, as if struck by a new thought; and finally said, gravely:

"Wait! perhaps I am doing you a wrong, and should you be discovered here you might doubt my sincerity. There will be no danger of discovery, provided you will follow my instructions; yet before entering I think you should be informed of one fact. Mr. Annadale, my father is the county sheriff."

"What! the gentleman who attempted to arrest me at the inn?"

"He is a stout, heavily-built man, nearly as powerful as yourself."

"The same!" cried Annadale, almost joyously; then he added quickly: "Miss Forrest, I accept your kind offer, and will decide before morning what I believe wisest to do."

"I think you act wisely now, at least," replied Millie, earnestly. "Come in." And she led the way into the farmhouse, the like of which is too familiar to all to require description.

"You may speak as loudly as you please, for granny cannot hear," she explained laughingly, "but walk lightly, for she can sometimes, if awake, feel the jar of a heavy tread. You will pardon me if I show you to your room at once, for I must return to the village for my father."

Annadale replied briefly, and followed her to a chamber on the second floor. Despite his apparent carelessness he was much affected by the conduct of this girl, who for his sake was doing and daring so much, and though filled with admiration of her courage, completely won by her artless devotion and indeed rather smitten by her rare beauty and the natural modesty which, beneath her active determination, betrayed itself in her blushing cheeks and averted eyes, so diffident was this great sensitive fellow, who had passed this last half-score of years in solitary tramping over lands as grand and rugged as was his own heroic nature, that he could find no words to express the grateful emotions which surged in his honest heart.

"There," said Millie, placing on a table the lamp which she had brought, "if quiet you will be safe enough here until tomorrow, and I will then inform you when the coast is clear for you to depart, should that then be your wish. There are pens and paper in the desk yonder, if you desire to use them, and there will be no danger of your light being observed from without, for the window opens on the ravine which cuts in back of the house."

She looked at him, standing there half confused in the middle of the room, and smiled, almost laughing, as the ridiculous side of the situation occurred to her—this concealing of a man beneath the very roof of the sheriff he had endeavored to elude. And Annadale, at length carried away by his feelings, his heart suddenly overflowing with love and admiration of the peerless girl before him, yielded to the impulse of the moment, and quickly taking both her hands in his, said eagerly:

"Tell me! tell me why you have done this for me!"

She blushed scarlet when she beheld the intensity of his feeling. His action had been so impetuous that she had had no opportunity to resist if so inclined; but she stood for a moment, her hands in his, her heart tremulous with a delightful pleasure, ill-concealed beneath her glowing cheeks and drooping eyes, then, looking up into his eager face, half roguishly, half earnestly, she said softly:

"I suppose it might be called, in some affairs of life, an attempt at balancing accounts. Mr. Annadale," she suddenly added, with a fervor that brought back to his face the great hope which for an instant had been clouded by her banter, "I shall never, never forget your service!"

"And I shall never forget you!" he cried, in a kind of suppressed rapture; and with a warm pressure of her hands, and a look into her eyes which proclaimed, louder than words could have done, the depth of his affection for her, he released her and turned away much moved.

And Millie, half intoxicated by the happiness of the moment, hastened from the room and the house, and, springing lightly into the team, drove quickly back toward the inn to seek her father.

Of what was Guy Annadale thinking, as he sat alone in the solitude of that strange chamber? Of the gravity of the situation in which he had so unexpectedly found himself? Yes, for a few minutes only; for he quickly arrived at a conclusion concerning that. He had but one object now in maintaining his freedom—to hunt down the murderer of Harry Belden, and so establish his own innocence; but he quickly decided the task too difficult under the existing circumstances.

Was he thinking of the poor fellow who had gone under, out there on the mountain? Yes, once; with a deep sense of pity and sorrow.

But most of the time his thoughts were of the girl who had just left him, whose soft, warm hands he still could feel within his own, whose sweet voice was still sounding in his ears, whose tender, truthful eyes had so enslaved him; and away down deep in his heart he was glad, since it had been so willed that his friend should die, that circumstances had so victimized him as to bring him thus near to Melicent Forrest.

He heard the team when it returned, and immediately rising, prepared to descend the stairs.

CHAPTER X.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

In less than half an hour from the time when Guy Annadale, superb and resistless in his heroic indignation, had staggered his observers by the audacity and suddenness of his bold escape, Millie Forrest, having seen him safely ensconced beneath her father's roof, again drove up to the inn. By making a short detour she was enabled to approach the village from the direction opposite that in which she lived and thereby avoid such questioning as otherwise might confuse her or necessitate equivocation.

But the inn was well nigh deserted when she drew rein before the low piazza, Annadale's pursuers not yet having returned from their vain and disordered pursuit. Only Jenks, the hostler, and the young stranger who had been so prompt to thwart Zenas Gobob's felonious intentions were there, engaged in a desultory conversation, while the diminutive figure of Miss Betsey could be seen within tripping excitedly about her front "parlyer," in an earnest endeavor to set the place in its customary good order.

The hostler at once offered to "look arter" Nancy if Miss Forrest would "git out an' come in," but Millie, in no mood to endure the conversational avalanche which she knew to have by this time collected in Miss Betsey's volatile mind, politely declined and asked only to be informed of the whereabouts of her father.

Jenksy's opinion was if she wanted to find her father she had best "set right where she wear," and thereupon he related in vernacular terms the "gist" of the evening's occurrence at the inn, his rendition thereof being materially improved by several voluntary additions and corrections on the part of the young stranger.

Millie experienced inexpressible joy on learning of Annadale's indignation and disdainful bearing, so consistent with her faith of his innocence, and could hardly contain herself when told of his valiant escape. She was proud already of this bold fellow, so fearless of danger, so resolute of action, yet whose gentleness and temerity with her had so won her that her heart seemed now possessed of a longing, the nature of which she had never before known.

She had not long to wait, however, for in the course of 10 minutes Matt Forrest approached from up the road, along with several others, most of whom were talking excitedly. Zenas Gobob was not among the number.

The sheriff immediately mounted to the seat beside his daughter, who, with a demureness that would have been laughable had he been aware of its duplicity, eyed his clouded countenance, but spoke never a word.

"I'm glad to find you here," he remarked, taking the reins. Then turning to the men who had stood to see him off, he added, with a jocularity that was not all assumed: "Well, boys, to give the devil his due, he worked us in a way that should never go on record—so keep it to yourselves. I'll warrant, though, I land him ere this time tomorrow. Good night."

"Good night, and good luck," were the cries that sounded after and mingled with his deep laugh as he drove away.

There were several minutes of silence on the part of both father and daughter, Millie viewing him from the corners of her bright eyes, and appreciating his evident mortification with an amazement almost beyond suppression.

"What's the matter, dear?" she at length asked, with a great pretence of concern. "Did he get away?"

"Uh, hah!" grunted the sheriff grimly. "For the time being."

And Millie burst forth into the laughter she could no longer suppress.

"What's the matter with you?" Matt demanded in surprise, but with not the slightest show of irritation; for not even a petulant word had he ever bestowed upon this girl, whom he all but worshipped. "I don't see anything to laugh at. I've got to drive over to B—, after dropping you at home, and send a score of telegrams to head off the skunk. Come! come! out with it! What are you laughing at?"

And he laughed himself, so contagious was her merriment; for the joyous feelings that surged within her she could contain no longer in the presence of this father whom she loved so dearly.

"I was laughing," she gasped, wiping tears of happiness from her bright eyes, "to think that all you men couldn't keep him, after getting him penned in Miss Betsey's little parlor."

"Humph!" muttered Forrest, his great form shaking as the scene occurred to his mind; "you might have occasion, if you had seen him toss me across the room as if I'd been only a rubber doll. It's funny to think of, I'm blowed if 'tain't."

"But, father dear, what kind of a looking man is he?" asked Millie, still so tickled as to be scarcely able to articulate.

"Man! He's a bull! Why, Millie, girl, I approached him as quiet and gentle-like as could be, intending to arrest him in the politest possible way—no man ought object to that, you know; but no sooner did he set eyes on the bracelets I had in hand than he had me by the neck, and the next I knew I was in a corner, all mixed up with three or four others who had been behind me, and he making like a streak of lightning for the road."

"And he got away?" said Millie, with a display of mock sympathy that threatened the maintenance of her secret.

"I should say he did," replied Matt, ruefully.

"But, dear," persisted Millie, suppressing her pleasantry, "I meant what style of man—a great, horrid ruffian?"

"No!" cried Forrest with decision that sent a thrill of ecstacy to his daughter's heart. "He's a mighty fine-appearing fellow!"

"But, oh, father! how can such a man be guilty?"

"I'm cussed if I know," was the dubious response.

"It isn't like that kind of a man."

"I know it."

"Do you really think that he is?" persisted Millie, with demure solicitude.

"He must be," answered the sheriff, thoughtfully; after a brief hesitation, which, to the eager girl by his side seemed double its actual length. "Why, the evidence is conclusive; barely short of seeing him commit the deed. Yes, he must have done it: else why would he have made this break for liberty, along with all the rest."

"There might be some reason," was the suggestion, made with quiet earnestness. "Did he talk and seem like one who had murdered his friend?"

"No," admitted Forrest. "He appeared as ignorant as if he first learned of the crime. To tell the truth, Millie, if he did know of it and returned here, believing himself secure from discovery, his conduct when told of the crime was a wonderful deception—almost beyond belief."

"Don't you think he might be innocent?" queried the girl, artfully.

"Aye! might be, but the circumstances are fearfully against it," replied the sheriff, forcibly.

"Yet we frequently hear of innocent persons getting into such situations."

"That is true," assented Forrest, with a curious look at her whose persistent drift of conversation puzzled him a little.

Nevertheless, Millie kept at him until they came in sight of the house; and, ere their arrival, had come to the conclusion that her father was very much on the fence as to his opinion of Annadale's guilt.

The big-hearted sheriff, who had not the slightest idea of his daughter's present artfulness, helped her to the ground; and while she hastened into the house he paused to fasten and blanket the horse from the cold night air. It was his intention after a lunch to drive to the nearest telegraph station, and prevent, if possible, Annadale's escape by rail; yet as he busied himself those few moments outside he was fain to confess in mind that he had some doubt of the poor fellow's guilt.

Meanwhile, Millie, hastening to seek a word with her guest, met him, much to her surprise, at the foot of the stairs in the dimly-lighted entry.

"Why! where were you going?" she asked, with a little startled cry, and involuntarily put out her hand to stay him.

Annadale, courageous in the semi-darkness, embraced the opportunity to take the hand within his own, and answered earnestly:

"I heard you talking as you drove up. I have decided to surrender myself to your father."

"Oh, I am very, very glad," she whispered, softly. "It will be such a deal in your favor. But I want you to delay meeting him for a few minutes—will you?"

"Certainly: as long as you wish," murmured Annadale, warmly, which brought a quick glow to her cheeks.

"I desire to speak with him first," she continued, "for I wish to tell him of what occurred the other night—hush! don't object," she pleaded; "it's in extenuation of my own conduct!"

The sheriff's heavy tread on the stoop without precluded Annadale's reply, and Millie, leaving him standing motionless in the hall, entered the cosy, homelike sitting room just as her father came in from the side door of the house.

"Come, pet! a piece of pie and my heavy coat," he cried heartily, throwing himself into an easy chair by the table, and drawing from his pocket the counterfeit he had taken from Annadale, he began to examine it closely.

"You are going to B— tonight?" inquired Millie, pushing an ottoman across the floor to his side.

"Uh, hah! Why, what's this? Do you call this getting me my pie?"

She had thrown off her outer garments, and sinking to her knees beside him, had slipped her arms about his waist. He bent down and kissed her, with all the great depth of his paternal affection.

"I wish to tell you something before you go—may I?" she asked, her grave eyes upturned to his.

"Why, of course you may," he said fondly, his deep voice mellow with tenderness. "What is it, pet?"

"I know you'll not be angry, and—"

"Angry with you? I should say not!"

And in subdued tones, her face now flushed, now pale, Millie Forrest told him of that night upon the bridge, told him of her peril and her assailant, of her terror and her frightful despair—then told him of her rescue and her preserver, yet never mentioned Guy Annadale's name; and though Matthew Forrest did not interrupt her to the finish, yet his darkening face, his lowering brows and gleaming eyes, his suppressed breathing and the tense compression of his lips, betrayed the fearful uprising within him.

"Hell!" he muttered fiercely, when she had done. "I'll have his life! My God! I'll have his life!"

He was fearful in his suppressed fury of that moment. He started to rise, but she held him back in his chair, and slipping her arm about his neck, her anxious eyes bent upon his own, she said earnestly:

"No, no! he is but a poor, demented wretch!—pity him! I have spoken with his sister, and he has been very subdued since then. I will be more careful in the future. Pray do not harm him!"

She sat upon the arm beside him, clasping his neck.

He seemed to divine something in all of this. He was silent for more than a minute.

"This man!" he exclaimed suddenly. "Who was he?"

"No one I had ever seen before," she replied adroitly, her cheeks flushing scarlet, her eyes drooping now before his gaze.

"Did you not get his name?—you should have. My God! I owe him, for that service, a debt I can never repay."

She bent and kissed him impulsively.

"You can and will," she whispered tremulously. "You cannot and will not when you know him, believe him to be guilty—"

"What do you mean? Not that—"

She stopped his lips with another eager, loving kiss, and he felt her hot tears on his cheeks.

"Do you wish to see him?"

She placed her soft, warm hands upon his brow and gently turned his head until his eyes fell upon Guy Annadale, leaning motionless against the casing of the open door, whither she had silently beckoned him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

POKER SHARPS.

A Man Loses About $20,000 in Three Weeks Betting Money Against Wind—A Five Days' Game.

[Kansas City Journal.]

Last Tuesday night John Claypool, a live stock commission merchant, living with his wife and three children at 1223 Virginia avenue, left Kansas City a ruined man. In the last three weeks he had lost and been swindled out of about $20,000 in the poker room of one of the principal hotels of the city, this sum being the last of a fortune which had been sacrificed to his passion for gambling. From well authenticated information it seems certain that Claypool was fleeced out of his last $10,000 or $15,000 without a chance to win. His pretended friends, who were bleeding him to death, kept him for five days in the hotel, drinking and playing poker, until they had all his money, when they turned him loose. Today he is a wanderer, his home is broken up, his fortune dissipated, and his wife has taken her children and gone back to her home at Bowling Green, Ky.

The story of John Claypool is a sad one. When he attained his majority, seven years ago, he inherited a goodly sum of money from his father, and shortly afterward married and went to Wellington, Kan., to live. Here he became engaged in the cattle business and was fairly successful for a number of years. About a year ago Claypool and his partner, Harry Voils of Wellington, secured a contract for shipping hogs to Mexico, out of which they made a good deal of money during last summer. Last August Claypool concluded that he would move to Kansas City to live and engage in business here. As his partner tersely puts its, "John's head got too big for Wellington, and he had to come to Kansas City." Soon after coming here Claypool got in with a fast crowd at the stock yards, comprising several prominent commission men doing business on the exchange, and his money went rapidly. He had about $40,000 when he came to Kansas City, but he lost some in shipping cattle to Chicago and a great deal more in two or three poker games running near the stock yards, where he would drop from $50 to $100 perhaps two or three times a week. His money gradually melted away, until three weeks ago, when he began playing in a much heavier way, he had only about $12,000 remaining. At this time several of his pretended friends induced him to come up town to the hotel referred to and take part in the poker game running there, on the plea that it was a bigger game and he would have a better chance there to make good his losses. Claypool was drinking a good deal at this time, and was a very easy victim. The very first game he played in the hotel was with a stock yards man, who bet wind against Claypool's money. Claypool won $500 in paper, and then the luck apparently changed, and the other fellow won $1000 of his cash. At another sitting he lost $500 and $800 respectively to two more of his stock yards friends. This rapid pace was kept up for several days, and Claypool was almost broke, when, on Jan. 12, his partner, Harry Voils, arrived from Wellington, and gave him $8000, which was due him from one of the late Mexican deals. This, with what he had left, and the proceeds arising from the sale of 100 head of cattle which he had just disposed of, gave Claypool about $12,000, and the crowd of vampires who were determined to squeeze him dry concluded that the time to finish him had come. Two weeks ago last Tuesday they again got him into the hotel game, in which there were half a dozen engaged, and they kept him there playing and drinking until the following Saturday, when they turned him out without a dollar.

During the five days' play, Claypool was kept in a half drunken condition all the time. When he would get too drunk to play he would be put to bed, and as soon as he would sober up a little the game would begin again. Every day Claypool would send a telegram to his wife telling her that he was detained at Liberty on important business. He was in a state of mental and physical intoxication and did not have strength of mind sufficient to enable him to break his bonds. His money was divided up between his companions and two or three professional gamblers who run the room and were in the game. When he was allowed to leave the hotel, after having lost all his money, he went home for a day or two, and then getting hold of a little more money he went back, tried to get into the game again, but they would not have him. Ruined and discouraged, he remained in the city for a week longer, and then on Tuesday night, as stated, he left for Atlanta, Ga. Among those at the stock yards who were his real friends there is great indignation over the manner in which he was robbed, and they propose to make it warm for somebody. His brother, C. C. Claypool of Wellington, and his partner, Harry Voils, are both in the city, and they have retained Attorney W. A. Anderson, who will shortly bring suit against the parties involved, and also probably against the hotel where the game was played, to recover the money lost by Claypool, and also damages.

SOMETHING ABOUT NAMES.

Remarkable Coincidences Recalled by the Death of Adam Forepaugh.

[Philadelphia Inquirer.]

The death of Adam Forepaugh will recall the frequency with which this city has supplied illustrations of the curious adaptation of surnames to business occupation. The explanation usually found for such fitness is that a great many names were originally derived from occupations, and the number of such names is so great that, after all, it is not remarkable that some modern Smith should return to the occupation of the founder of the family.

But that the bearer of the name Forepaugh and the owner of a menagerie should be combined in the same person cannot be explained in this way. Nor will it account for the equally striking adaptation of the name to the profession of that famous Philadelphia physician, Dr. Philip Syng Physick. It does not explain how Prof. Hartshorne came to be a physician. The ex-President of Select Council, Mr. Lex, is a lawyer, as his father was before him, and the same name translated from the Latin into English has been borne by another Philadelphia lawyer. The directory of any large city will furnish a great many similar instances, but not often where the persons have attained the prominence of those mentioned.

STOVES FOR THE POCKET.

A Japanese Article That's Quite a Luxury in Cold Weather.

[Washington Star.]

"Why, how warm your hand is!" exclaimed young Noodles, upon clasping hands with his friend Timpkins on F street one day during the recent cold snap.

Timpkins grinned.

"You haven't your gloves on, either; and yet, while my gloved hands are like icicles, yours are as warm as toast. Do you carry around stoves in your overcoat pockets?"

"That is precisely what I do," replied Timpkins, laughing. "Your random guess struck the fact squarely. I carry a stove in each side pocket of my top coat. Here is one of them."

With this Timpkins drew forth and exhibited to view a curious little tin box about 6 inches long by 4 in width and 1 inch in thickness. It was slightly curved in shape and appeared to be covered with some stuff like glazed calico. When the top was slid off the inside was seen to be made of tin perforated with a great many holes. It contained nothing but a round stick of some queer looking substance, which was burning at the end with a bright redness, but without any flame or a particle of smoke.

"What do you call it?" demanded Noodles, wonderingly.

"It is a Japanese stove—a device that has been used in Japan very commonly for centuries. You see, it is simply a tin box with holes in it, covered on the outside with this calico stuff to help retain the heat. It is really quite hot, you observe, and it will remain so for five hours with the burning of a single fire stick. They are so small and so flat that they don't even make one's pocket bulge."

Men's Women.

[February Scribner.]

To begin with, she is old enough to know her world thoroughly; yet, though she need never have been beautiful, she must have kept her youth. She is in no sense a light woman, neither is she over intellectual; she would not speak Greek, even if she could. She is a creature of infinite tact, whom every being with the outward semblance of a man interests profoundly. With him she is always at her best, and she contrives to get out of him the best there is. She listens well, and grows sympathetic as she listens. Has he a special weakness, she half tempts him to believe it a virtue. An adept in the subtlest forms of flattery, she would force the meanest of us to shine even when he is ill at ease. And yet, above all, she remains sincere. Her interest in him is real, and survives the fleeting moment. He is a man; that is to say, for her, the brightest page in nature's book. She respects convention, knowing well when she may venture to be unconventional; yet she is unapproachable and irreproachable. In return, he adores her.

ODDITIES

The horses out in Kansas are getting the grip.

A London curiosity is a full-grown deer only a foot in length.

Robert E. Gick, although serving out a life sentence in Joliet prison, acts as the warden's coachman.

The pope can neither read nor speak English, and the language is practically an unknown tongue at the vatican.

A farmer of Upshur county, W. Va., who owns a number of guinea hens, found a nest where they had been laying containing 387 eggs.

A statistician calculates that the total tonnage of the world, steam and sail, is in round numbers, 21,000,000, of which 50 per cent. is British.

A mail bag was recently found in the old law courts at Franklin-on-the-Main, Germany, containing 175 undelivered letters, dating back to 1585.

A Butler county man, whose entire property is assessed at $85, is the owner of five dogs, on which he will have to pay $3.50 tax. His property tax is $2.75.

A Saugatuck, Mich., housekeeper discovered the other day that a fowl she was dressing was supplied with two hearts and two livers, all perfectly formed.

A Philadelphia woman wrote with lead pencil on a piece of brown paper: "I give my bankbook to Mrs. Reichart," and it was a will which the lawyers could not break.

The woman who first circumnavigated the globe was a member of Bougainville's famous expedition around the world in 1766-69, which occupied just two years and four months.

There is a man in New York who makes a comfortable living by going with a whisk broom and bag, gathering up oats that horses scatter about their noon eating places in the streets.

There are six brothers in Kansas City named Frost, each one of them bearing a wintry name as follows: Jack Frost, Winter Frost, White Frost, Cold Frost, Early Frost and Snow Frost.

Truly there is nothing new under the sun. It now turns out that massage was a fine art with the Chinese about the time that Moses was maturing his plans for the exodus from Egypt.

What are supposed to be the first playing cards used were recently found in the Pompeiian excavations, and are now in the possession of a collector in Philadelphia. The cards are perfectly square.

A well-dressed young man asked at a Detroit theatre box office for two tickets. Upon being informed that there was "nothing left except standing room," he replied: "All right; gimme two together."

Allen McLain of Danville, Ind., had the grip and recovered. Subsequently, in a violent fit of sneezing he lost his voice, and has been unable to utter a word since, although apparently perfectly well.

If you happen to meet a curious looking animal, built in the form of an ellipsis, with a cassock-shaped head, dodge around the nearest corner as quickly as possible, for that is the deadly influenza bacillus.

"Prisoner at the bar," said a North Dakota judge, "your offence deserves to be punished by the State with a term of ten years in prison; but as the State is very hard up at present I will give you only five years."

The following epitaph is over the grave of Merideth, formerly organist of St. Mary's College, Oxford, Eng.:

Here lies one blown out of breath,
Who lived a merry life, and died a Merideth.

White mahogany is exceedingly rare, but sparingly introduced as borders for tables and delicate frame work of upholstered suits. It has a soft enamel-like gloss, and is very costly.

Fifteen years ago Henry Hill of Council Bluffs, Ia., swore that he would not shave until Susan B. Anthony was elected president. And he kept his word. His whiskers now are more than three feet long.—[Detroit Free Press.

The earliest known will has been discovered by Flinders Petrie at Kahun, or, as the town was known 4500 years ago, Illahun. The document is so curiously modern in form that it might almost be granted probate today.

A little girl named Kaufman, living just outside of Pittsburg, is a puzzle to the scientists. She cannot speak either German or English, but has a speech of her own partially understood by her parents, but allied to no known language.

An interesting "bone cave" of prehistoric times has recently been discovered in New Zealand. It contains a great variety of relics, including bones of the moa bird, besides Maori implements of wood, fishing tackle, with bone hooks, and a wood carving of a dog.

During a terrific storm recently the lighthouse-keeper at Tillamook rock, on the Pacific coast, says that the spray was thrown clear over the lamp-chimney, 150 feet above sea level, while a piece of basalt, 63 pounds weight, was lodged on the roof of his house, 110 feet from the sea.

An Ohio farmer named Shack took his rifle out into the yard to shoot an owl which was resting on the grindstone. The bullet went through the bird, struck the stone, glanced upwards and into a chamber window, and Mrs. Shack, who was making a bed, now carries it in her shoulder.

The way immigration has impressed itself on Minneapolis is shown by reference to the new directory of that flourishing city, which contains 2000 Ole Olsons, 1910 Erick Ericksons, 1215 Nels Nelsons, 1011 John Johnsons, 1010 Peter Petersons, 956 Jurgen Jurgensons, 900 Paul Paulsens, 896 Swan Swansons and 210 Andrew Andersons.

Here is a unique specimen of a medical certificate of death. It was tendered by a native apothecary at a recent inquest in India: "I think she died or lost her life for want of food or on account of starvation, and perhaps for other things of her comfortables, and most probably she died by drowning."

"Thank God! there is one man who never spoke a cross word to his wife," said Sam Jones at an Omaha meeting, the other night, as a round-faced, good-natured man rose, in response to Sam's question if such a person was present. The good-natured man smiled a bland smile and said: "I haven't any wife. I'm a batchelor!"

The height of ocean waves has recently been measured in a very ingenious way by floating a sensitive aneroid barometer, to which a recording apparatus was fitted, on the surface of the water. It has thus been proved that the waves attain a height of 40 feet from trough to crest in a fairly heavy sea, and probably very much more in violent gales.

The other day there came to Salem, Or., a box car that left Detroit 16 days before. It contained P. Harwood, wife and two babies, seven cows, two horses, two sheep and an endless assortment of household and kitchen furniture and farm appliances. Mr. Harwood said the trip was made easily and quite pleasantly, considering the crowded condition of the car.

Parisian ladies have very odd and dainty fancies concerning underwear, upon which they spend fabulous sums of money. One lady wears nothing but silk underwear of the finest quality, trimmed with frills of delicate lace and always in the most out-of-the-way colors, like willow green, gobelin blue, vieux rose and other equally æsthetic shades. Another lady recently ordered a set of night dresses made exactly like a baby's first slips.

There are many curious customs observed by the Brazilians. Funerals are notable in that for a young unmarried lady coffin, hearse and the livery of the driver must be bright scarlet, the four white horses drawing the hearse must be covered with scarlet nets, and scarlet plumes must deck the horses' heads. No women go to the cemeteries. The mother, the widow, must not exhibit her grief in public.

The government of India has been compelled by law to purchase three copies of each new book issued in the country, and it has been discovered that a practice has grown up of printing new books simply for the sake of the sale of these three copies, for which any price within reason could be charged. A change is about to be made in the law, and hereafter the publishers will have to present the copies to the government.

The height of an olive tree is usually 20 feet, but it is sometimes as high as 50 feet, and it reaches an almost fabulous age. One lately destroyed at Beaulieu had a recorded age of five centuries, and was 36 feet in circumference. The olive tree is exceedingly prolific under cultivation; the fruit yields about 70 per cent. of its weight (exclusive of kernel) in oil. Italy is said to produce 33,000,000 and France 7,000,000 gallons of oil annually. The tree does not vegetate readily beyond 2000 feet altitude, or 45° of latitude.

Judge Thomas T. Bouldin of Charlotte county, Va., owns the plantation on which his grandfather and great-grandfather are buried, and which has been in the family 146 years, and although he is 77 years of age, he sleeps in the same room he was born in, and upon the same bedstead he was born on. Judge Bouldin showed the correspondent the spot where stood the cabin which his ancestress, who came from Maryland, had erected in 1744, and the tradition is that she wept because she found no place for her gold lace hat.

A cork core floating rope has been invented. The inventor claims that his floating rope of one inch thickness will stand a strain of more than 1000 pounds. The rope consists of a core of small round corks, about three-quarters of an inch long, placed end to end, around which is braided a network of cotton twine. This is surrounded by another layer of strong cotton twine, braided in heavy strands, which is about a quarter of an inch thick. The rope is very soft and pliable, and even after being tied in a small knot will return to its original shape. It can be used in life lines, on life rafts, and as a heaving line to tie heavy hawsers to. At a life-saving station such a rope would be very valuable.

The word "rivals" once meant neighbors who lived on the banks of a river.

The seven hundredth female physician in Russia has just passed her examination.

"Gath" (George Alfred Townsend) is said to have received his nickname from a little niece that lisped.

The Gospel Standard, an English newspaper of very strict tendencies, advertises that "No charge is made for inserting the death of godly persons."

A Nebraska farmer says that when his hogs lose their appetites he takes them out riding in a lumber wagon and jolts them over the roughest places he can find.

The French doctors suggested warm alcoholic drinks as a good remedy for the grip, and within the next three days the arrests for drunkenness in Paris rose to 1200.

A Frankfort, Ky., man is training his hens to lay their eggs in the kitchen, where he has placed a cradle for their accommodation. This saves the labor of hunting the eggs.

A business man of Painesville, O., is afflicted with paralysis of a very singular kind. His legs are powerless from dark to daylight, when he recovers the use of them.

N. Phillips, a Stanford, Ky., farmer, had had the headache for 12 years and couldn't get cured. The other day he went out and hanged himself.

A breeding pen of eight white Langshan fowls arrived at New York on Tuesday afternoon from London on the steamship Lydian Monarch. The eggs of such fowls are scarce at $1 apiece.

Four weeks ago a tooth was discovered and sent to the Smithsonian Institute that weighed 26 pounds, and the scientists at the institute pronounced it to be an extinct species of the elephant.

A Southern exchange says: "A turnip was recently eaten by an editor weighing respectively 150 and eight pounds." An eight-pound editor who can get away with a 150-pound turnip is a curiosity.

The following quaint epitaph on husband and wife—the husband having died first—is to be seen in one of the Parisian cemeteries: "I am anxiously awaiting you—A. D. 1827." "Here I am—A. D. 1867." The lady had taken her time about it.

The opisthocomus, a bird of the island of Marajo, in the Amazon, is four-footed when young. Its wing has two fingers, each with a claw, which drops off after a time, and these are used for scrambling about.

The daily consumption of oysters at the Senate restaurant is about 25 bushels during the oyster season. Fully the same quantity is served to customers in the House restaurant. Friday is the big day for oysters at the Capitol.

A French woman has got up a public contest, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to the relief of the sufferers from the Antwerp fire, in which the prize is to be awarded to the woman who speaks the most words in an hour.

A gentleman who was recently married in Newport, Ky., gave up an inheritance of $75,000 rather than miss getting the object of his choice. He was a widower, and his first wife's property was to revert to his mother in case he married.

A South Carolina man embezzled $40 and went up for 12 years; an Ohio man embezzled $6000 and got five years; a Michigan man embezzled $25,000 and almost got smothered by the congratulations of his friends.—[Detroit Free Press.

On the roof of the New York hospital building will be a garden, probably enclosed in glass, where patients can enjoy the cool breezes that blow over the housetops. Here there will be flowers, plants, an aquarium, seats and hammocks.

The Sultan Abdul Hamid lives in a constant fear of his life as the Czar of Russia does. When he goes to the mosque, which he must by the law of Mahomet do every Friday, a body-guard of 10,000 men, well paid and therefore loyal, surround him.

White county, Ark., claims the champion big girl. Her name is Nellie Arilda Malone. She was 9 years old the 14th of last August, and now weighs 230 pounds. Her father is dead, but she has two sisters and a brother, all younger than herself.

A woman's chance to marry between 15 and 20 is 14½ per cent., between 20 and 25 is 52 per cent., between 25 and 30 is 18 per cent., between 30 and 35 is 15½ per cent., between 35 and 40 is 3¾ per cent., between 40 and 45 is 2½ per cent., between 45 and 50 is ⅜ of 1 per cent.

Near Santa Rosa, Cal., is a well from which, it is said, in drawing water thousands of eyeless fish, from half an inch to six inches in length, have been taken out. Occasionally the bucket is drawn up half full of fish. No subterranean inlet to the well has yet been discovered.

A New York gambler has exploded the superstition that touching a hunchback brings luck. He touched 13 of them, and not only lost his last dollar at faro, but was arrested by one of the hunchbacks for assault and battery and had to pay a fine of $50.—[Detroit Free Press.

When I first began preaching my delivery was very rapid. My words fell over themselves, and I often got ahead too rapidly. I cured myself of this by putting up signboards in my manuscript, such as "Slow Up Here," in large letter.—[Professor Swing, in Chicago Tribune.

The most powerful electric light in existence has recently been put into operation in a lighthouse at Houstholm, on the dangerous coast of Jutland. It is of 2,000,000 candle power, mounted on a tower about 200 feet high, and can be seen at a distance of 35 miles even in rainy weather.

A tax collector of Crawford county, Penn., recently sent the following dun to a delinquent: "Mr. I tot I wood Rite you a few lines in regard to your tax i haf to go To town the last of the month So i want you tax on or before the 25 for i dond wanto Levy and Sell property if I can helpit."

The police rules of London forbid an officer to arrest a drunken person unless he is trying to do some one an injury, and it is not an uncommon thing for an officer to have six or eight "drunks" asleep at intervals along his beat. They may all sing, whistle or shout, but he cannot arrest them.

A merchant in Nebraska had only $4 to put into his safe the other Saturday night. He put up a placard to that effect, but burglars blew it open, and were so mad at the smallness of the sum that they went to the merchant's house and hauled him out of bed and thumped him almost to death.—[Detroit Free Press.

John J. Jones, who was one of those caught in the Johnstown flood and lost his all, can remember that his wallet contained about $20 in money, but whether it also contained a check for $4000 he cannot remember. He was working for $1.50 per day, and so did not keep track of such trifling sums of money.—[Detroit Free Press.

A novel flower has been found at the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. This floral chameleon has a faculty of changing its color during the day. In the morning it is white, when the sun is at its zenith it is red, and at night it is blue. The red, white and blue flower grows on a tree about the size of a guava tree, and only at noon does it give out any perfume.

George E. Heath, who lives in Hanover county, states that on Saturday morning he went to his hennery and attempted to take a hen off her roost, when she flew at his face, pecked him in his mouth, and took out a tooth which had been troubling Mr. Heath for some time, and which he intended having extracted. This is the second hen dentist in Virginia.

In some States the salaries of the governors are simply contemptible. Michigan and Rhode Island pay but $1000, and only $1500 is paid by Oregon and Vermont. Connecticut, Delaware, Maine and New Hampshire pay but $2000. Only California and Illinois ($6000 each) and Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York ($10,000 each) pay their governors higher salaries than Massachusetts.

J. N. Winn of Darien, Ga., has invented what he calls a railroad indicator. The method of its working is briefly in this way: In each coach of a passenger train there is seen within easy sight of every passenger an ornamented frame having a glass front. As a train leaves a station, Atlanta, for instance, the engineer, by a simple and ready motion of his hand, sends an influence along the whole train, and a gong sounds that arrests the attention of every passenger, while simultaneously the name of the next station appears.

Gen. Sherman Gets a Kiss.

[Chicago Herald.]

A woman recently approached Gen. Sherman in a railroad car, and pulling at his coat asked:

"Is this Gen. Sherman?"

"Yes, madam."

"Gen. Sherman, I felt that I must see you. I wanted to look at you and talk with you. I had three brothers in your army, in the 15th Corps. Two of them will never come back again."

The general straightened up in a minute and his eyes got a little moist. He would have done anything for her after that. Three brothers in his command and two killed! He sat there and talked with her with such courtly dignity that, encouraged, a crowd of women and girls, the companions of the sister of the three soldiers, crowded into the car. No one would have suspected that his nap had been spoiled. The woman who had awakened him was young and by no means unattractive in appearance. Her color deepened as the train prepared to move out.

"General, is it—is it—true," she asked hesitatingly, "what they say about your kissing the women wherever you go?"

"I'm afraid it is."

"Well, why do you do it—does it please them?"

"I don't know whether it does or not. Some of them say it does."

"General, can—can I"—then she stopped. "Can I do it?" she finally blurted out.

The general was on his feet in an instant and reaching up she gave him a good smack.

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HOWARD'S LETTER.

Everything Now Hinges on Money.

Public Schools the Bed Rock of Our Salvation.

World's Fair Burlesque Humiliating to New York.

NEW YORK, Feb. 8.—The selection of Seth Low as president of Columbia College is an admirable illustration of the tendency of the age.

Everything now hinges upon money, for obvious reasons. Money is a power, and like all power, if well directed, works for the good of the common people.

The elevation of the common people means progress of the world along desirable lines. Many a man with ideas is unable to put them into execution because he has no money.

I don't doubt that there are others in whose brains mighty thoughts, interesting theories, entertaining and instructive works are smothered, simply because they are compelled to work day by day for their daily bread, and are unable otherwise to keep the wolf of hunger and distress from the door of domesticity.

Inventors lacking money, and being unblessed with that public spirit which would suggest a free emancipation of genius born conceits, die without the sight of their fulfilled designs. Churches are crippled for lack of means. How often we hear it said, "If I had a few thousand I could develop my business into a most profitable concern."

Just so with colleges.

It is a sad feature, but none the less an existing fact that the world at large doesn't appreciate at its full value a liberal education. I think it would surprise even taxpayers if they knew how grudgingly money is voted for our public schools, and yet what is

The Bed Rock of Our Salvation

but our public school system?

I have occasionally called attention to the meagre remuneration afforded preachers, teachers, professors, writers, instructors of all sorts and kinds.

We see a Booth drawing a thousand dollars a night as his compensation for repeating with elocutionary skill the words of another, and we see a ministerial follower of the Saviour of mankind grudgingly given $400 or $500 as his sole compensation earthly for a year of unremitting toil, self-sacrificing, all-around beneficence.

The clowns and buffoons of life climb the financial pole amid the huzzahs of a shouting multitude, while the solid and substantial layers of foundations, on which the republic itself must stand, are compelled to dig in the very sub-soil of travail and tribulation for a meagre bit of the precious ore on which to live.

Now and then we find men in literary life with an itching palm. Mark Twain is one. A dollar means a hundred cents to him every day in the year. He has a sharp nose for news in the line of income, a quick eye to detect a bargain, and a firm grip on his money when he gets it.

Dickens, in his later days became very fond of money. Thackeray sought to be rich; Collins and Reed were more prodigal, but they liked money, as does Ouida; Dumas made money fast and spent it faster; Mrs. Stowe jumped at one bound from absolute poverty to wide extended opulence.

But of all these I know of but one, and that the first mentioned, who gained

A Reputation for Mercenariness,

and who seemed to demand tribute to the uttermost farthing from the public, who generously supports him now, as they did when he first stuttered into their recognition.

The love of money is the root of all evil, but the gaining of money for good purposes and desirable ends is worthy of the noblest and the best. No pursuit comes within a hundred miles of the usefulness of education. The man whose calling is to train the youth, to bend the callow mind, to turn the very subsoil of fallowness and implant there seeds in the springtime of endeavor, that later in the harvest month of fruitage will blossom forth into magnificent returns for the helpfulness and upbuildment, not of individuals alone, but of the nations and the people of the earth, has the grandest, the most sublime, the nearest to the calling of the imperial factor himself, that can be thought of or described.

Such are schools.

And significantly such are our high schools and colleges. Well endowed colleges leading up to magnificently equipped universities mean much. They mean much more to the present generation than we think, but much as they mean to us to those who come after us they mean infinitely more. The man who leaves $100,000 to a university, the interest from which is applied to the maintenance of a professor or of a department, goes through time a helper of the human race.

There is a sermon or two in that.

I fling it out as

A Text for Others to Hammer.

There is literally no limit save that of eternity to the good that men can do, and if the doctrines of our theological friends are correct there is absolutely no bound, for eternity is endless, and an influence once started can never be closed in operation.

College presidents traditionally are men of venerable mien—shaggy-headed fellows, with long eyebrows, huge spectacles, cobwebby mentalities, eccentric methods and vast pietic learning.

They are unsocial to a degree, they were born old, they were never young, they know nothing whatever of life; it is impossible for them to appreciate the tendencies, the follies, the inconsideratenesses, the goodness of young people.

They regard a spree as evidence of total depravity.

Smoking, drinking, off colorisms of any sort or kind are looked upon with abhorrence, and as the apparel of Lucifer himself. They are unhuman in composition, they care nothing for money, they are without thought as to their raiment, they are reckless of personal appearance—but they know a great deal.

That's the traditional college president.

We are about changing all that.

Colleges and universities need money.

They need money more than they need anything else. They need money more than they need everything else, and the reason is very simple. If they have no money it is impossible for them to have physical accommodations, mechanical, æsthetic, professional equipments of any sort or kind, or to hire men of ability to teach the scholars. Ergo, the prime essential for the success of a school of learning is money.

Obviously then a man who can get money is a chief desideratum.

Columbia College needs money, therefore it selected as its president

A Man Who Can Get Money.

Mr. Low is a man of good New England birth. His father, A. A. Low, was born in Salem, as generations of the family were before him. For a half century he has been an honored merchant of New York city, a highly esteemed resident of the City of Churches. I have known the family from my boyhood, and can testify of the solid and substantial regard in which they are held by the best domesticians in Brooklyn, and by the highest grade of merchants in New York. In many particulars Seth Low, named after his grandfather, once mayor of Brooklyn, is just the man for the presidency of Columbia College. In the first place, he was born right here. He knows New York and Brooklyn and all the region round about backwards. Then, too, he is not only well born, but well bred. His father, a man of means, gave him a liberal education.

Columbia College graduated him some 20 odd years ago, and after that he extended the horizon of his experience and education in his father's counting-room. In those days counting room education meant something. There were then no wires belting the globe, no cable stretching beneath the seas, no fleet of greyhound steamers alternating every week in the year between New York and Liverpool. Merchants owned their ships and sent them on the wings of the wind across the mighty seas freighted with ingenuity, steered by enterprise, conducted with honest thought.

Mercantile Honor Meant Much,

and prominent among people of that stamp were the Lows, in whose counting room young Seth learned that there was something in the world besides books of research, and became as familiar with books of record as he had already learned the contents of the books of the sages.

Supplementing these two desirable forms of education, the purely book knowledge and mercantile information, by several years of active political participation, Low found himself through the generosity of his father a man of some means and a very wide acquaintance with men of greater wealth. Full of enterprise and zeal with ideas and the courage of them, he was honored with the offer of the presidency which was this week crowned by formal installation.

Now mark my words.

Columbia College will be in time one of the wealthiest corporations in the world of letters, and it will become so because Seth Low, its president, thoroughly understanding the necessity of money as a means to the desired end of equipment, will lay himself out along the line of endowment, donation and bequest.

As certain as the sun shines he will push with characteristic energy, and with well-bred intelligence, that line of service in the interest of his alma mater. I know of no man who can more successfully do just that thing than Seth Low, who was made president of Columbia College for just that thing. It would be an absurdity hurtful to him if it were claimed that Mr. Low was made

President of Columbia College

by reason of great learning, of profound thinking, of scholastic record. On the other hand, it would be absurd and hurtful to those who made such claim to pretend that he is a mere money chump, a brainless idiot with a rich papa. His presidency is a most happy augury for the future of Columbia College. He understands as well as any living man the relative position occupied by the college.

This is a city of enormous wealth and of tremendous charitable impulse.

It was hard work to raise that five millions guarantee fund for the world's fair, but there was a reason for that. Two-thirds of the people who subscribed had no faith whatever that there would be a world's fair in 1892, and it seems to them the very height of nonsense to go through this forced notoriety for nothing.

Others, and some among the largest subscribers, no one of which has paid a cent you know, made their subscriptions solely for the purpose of notoriety, knowing very well that in their innermost souls they would never be called upon for one dollar of the sum subscribed.

But you let Boston or Chicago, Atlanta or Charleston be swept with fire or shaken by volcanic eruption; you let the town of Jamestown be blotted from the earth and see whether New York is backward in coming forward with millions of money, and millions of money not to be paid back with interest either.

Next to the centennial farce, this world's fair burlesque is the most pitiful, the most humiliating picture New York has been compelled to look upon in many a year. There is not a newspaper writer in the city of New York, no matter how he protests and mouths in his paper, who has the faintest idea or has had the faintest idea of any

Fair in the City of New York

in 1892. Certain sordid conductors have hurrahed about it for the purpose of increasing circulation and making a sensation. They would do the same over a patent coffin enclosing the remains of their own mothers.

New York is not to be judged as a grudger in the line of giving or subscription by the dilatoriness which characterized the raising of that five millions, and raising it on flimsy paper at that.

Mr. Low knows better.

He knows well enough that if he sets his mark at a million it won't be many years before that million will be reached and passed. Twenty gifts of $50,000 each cover the million-dollar suggestion. Do you mean to tell me that a man born and bred as Seth Low was in the city of New York, with at least 200 acquaintances worth over a million dollars each, cannot inside of 10 years obtain 20 donations of over $50,000 each?

The idea that he could fail in such a task is belittling to the man who entertains it for a moment. Therefore I say again the best selection that could by any possibility be made in the present condition of Columbia College was Seth Low, and he will devote his time, his energy, his thoughtfulness so far as that college is concerned to two lines, unless I am very greatly mistaken.

Those two lines are, first, public appearance and the taking as president of Columbia College a pronounced interest in the affairs of the city; and, second, the raising of money as endowments for special furnishings and equipments of the college. He is fond of public speaking, and, although

In No Sense an Orator,

in other words he is not a Beecher, nor a Wendell Phillips, nor a Phillips Brooks, nor a Talmage, nor a Choate, nor a Depew, but he is himself a very well-informed and a very interesting speaker.

You will find that on all occasions where it is at all proper for the president of Columbia College to be and speak he will be and he will speak, and it won't be a year before every man in the city of New York who knows anything whatever about the educational institutions of the city will know that there is such an institution as Columbia College, that its president's name is Seth Low, and that he is on deck at all time and under all circumstances.

Neither will it be a year before the donations and the endowments and the bequests will be made.

Truly money is a big thing.

Rightly directed there is no force this side of the imperial potencies that equals it.

HOWARD.

Criticism From Below Stairs.

[New York Sun.]

Thursday in Brooklyn is the universal "day out" of the household servants, and any one abroad on that evening will meet them everywhere. An upward-bound elevated car last Thursday about 8 o'clock had several groups of "girls," one of which consisted of two unmistakable Hibernians.

"Shure it's early," says Bridget. "Come home with me for awhile."

"Ah, I can't," says Nora.

"I'll give you a cup o' tea," says Bridget persuasively.

"Shure, is that all?" laughed Nora. "Can't you do no better than a cup o' tea?"

"Not a haporth o' anything else will there be in the house," said Bridget, seriously; "not even a cracker. We don't have dessert from Sunday to Sunday, and there isn't a crumb o' cake to be had from Monday to Saturday. We live that close the missus will miss the slice o' bread I'll give you with the tea, but, Nora," and Bridget's eyes twinkled in full appreciation of her intended irony, "ye should see the illigant dishes the table's set out with," and both girls laughed hilariously.

A Photographic Hat.

[St. Louis Republic.]

Herr Luders of Gorlitz has patented a photographic apparatus that can be carried in the hat. This novel head-dress contains, besides the machine, a number of prepared plates. In the front part of the hat there is a small circular opening about the size of a small shirt button, behind which the lens is fixed. By means of a string on the outside of the hat its wearer, whenever he finds himself enjoying a pleasant view or is in contact with a person whose features he wishes to preserve, can, without attracting attention, instantaneously take the picture and finish it up at leisure.

They Raised His Bill.

[Rochester Post-Express.]

Actor—How is this? My bill is just twice as much as you said it would be.

Hotel clerk—I believe you said you were an actor, and upon these representations I gave you a reduced rate.

Actor—Well?

Hotel clerk—Well, I attended the performance last night and I am convinced that you are no actor. Nine dollars, please.

Giving the Play a Chance.

[Life.]

He—Let's go to the theatre tonight, and ask the Bragdon-Ivers to go with us. Do you think I'd better get a box?

The bride—Oh, no; don't get a box. What's the use of it? The Bragdon-Ivers are not very talkative, you know, and I am so hoarse I can't talk above a whisper myself.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

That is the question. You can make some money—more than you have any idea of—by getting subscribers to The Weekly Globe. It gives the largest commission ever paid on a dollar weekly. Send for new rates.

DELIGHTS FOR THE NOSE.

Favorite Smells You May Always Have.

How the Fragrance of Flowers of Distant Countries is Bottled for Us.

Chemist Beekman Talks Interestingly of Cologne and Perfumery.

He made me mad
To see him shine so briskly and smell so sweet.
—[King Henry IV., act 1, scene 3.

To smell sweet is as fashionable nowadays as it is to look sweet. Some people are as curious to know what perfumery their neighbors use as they are interested in their wearing apparel. Perfumery and cologne are no longer considered a luxury, but a necessity. It has not always been thus. Our grandmothers and even our mothers have seen the day when a bottle of cologne was something not easily procured. It is only within recent years that the cost of perfumes has been so reduced as to enable everybody to enjoy the luxury.

A prominent physician told the writer recently, that by neglecting to tutor the sense of smelling people are constantly led to breathe impure air, and thus poison the body by neglecting the warning given at the gate of the lungs. Those who use perfumes are more sensitive to the presence of vitiated atmosphere than those who either consider the faculty of smelling as a useless gift or do not, through ignorance, appreciate the good derived from keeping the smelling organ in good condition.

The use of perfumes not only preserves health, but has been found to be a potent factor in the restoration of the sick. The occasional sacrifice of incense in the fever chamber will prevent infection. The majority of perfumes are originally derived from vegetable plants, and the odors of plants are all antiseptic.

Those of us who have ever travelled in the country have experienced the exhilarating and gratifying results of the odoriferous products of the garden and the forest. In the different brands of perfumes and colognes we recognize many of the sweet-smelling odors we have enjoyed in

Our Country Rambles.

We have no doubt wished when we plucked a flowers, we might preserve the flower and its fragrance for an unlimited time, but we know this to be an impossibility. How then is it possible for the concoctor of perfumes to give us in a neatly sealed bottle, these same odors greatly magnified? In these little vials we are reminded of many a rural incident; we live over again, as it were, a whole fortnight's vacation, simply by breathing the fragrance of the perfumery bottle, where we can enjoy the smell of every flower we are familiar with.

Being curious to know how perfumers capture these subtle fragrances that puzzle the wills of would-be extractors, the writer called upon Messrs. Houghton & Dutton, the Tremont street merchants, who manufacture all kinds of perfumes and colognes. Mr. Beekman, the chemist, kindly consented to give THE GLOBE a few facts with regard to the making of perfumes.

In the first place Mr. Beekman assured the writer that perfumes are not adulterated, because it would be a physical impossibility to do so, as there is no ingredient that possesses the necessary odors but flowers and a limited number of animal substances from which to make perfumes.

"The art of perfumery is a wonderful one," said the chemist, "and one which is not generally understood. To be a successful perfumer one must have a good nose for different odors just as much as a newspaper man must of necessity possess the "nose for news" before he can make a good journalist. To the unlearned nose all odors are alike, but when tutored, either for pleasure or profit, no member of the body is more sensitive. Wine merchants, tea brokers, drug dealers, tobacco importers and others have to go through a regular nasal course of training.

"The following are the principal odors used in perfumes: Rose, cinnamon, musk, heliotrope, geranium, stock and pinks, jasmine, violet, tonquin bean, orange flower, vanilla, sweet pea, orris, balsam of peru, pergalaria, castor, calamus, clematis, santal, clove, storax, wallflower, patchouly, civet, verbena, citronella, pineapple, peppermint, lavender, magnolia, ambergris, cedrat, bergamot, mint, syringa, jonquille, portugal almond, camphor, southernwood, vernal grass (new hay), tuberose, acacia.

"Flowers yield perfumes in all climates, but those growing in the warmer latitudes are more prolific in their odor, while those from the colder are the sweetest."

"What country has just the right kind of a

Climate for Flower Growing

for perfuming purposes?" was asked.

"Though many of the finest perfumes come from the East Indies, Ceylon, Mexico and Peru, the South of Europe is the only real garden of utility to the perfumer. Grasse, Cannes and Nice are the principal seats of the art. From their geographical position the grower, within comparatively short distances, has at command that change of climate best fitted to bring to perfection the plants required for his trade. On the seacoast the cassie grows without fear of frost, one night of which would destroy all the plants for a season, while nearer the mountains of the Estrelle (at the foot of the Alps), violets are found sweeter than if grown in the warmer situations, where the orange tree and the tuberose bloom to perfection. In England the growth of peppermint and lavender is superior to that of any other country. At Cannes are produced all the products of rose, tuberose, cassie, jasmine and orange. At Nimes the cultivators direct their chief attention to thyme, rosemary, aspic and lavender. Sicily yields lemon and orange, Italy orris and bergamot."

"Does the odor of plants always reside in the blossom?"

"Not always; sometimes in the root, as in the iris and vitivert; the stem or wood, in cedar and santal; the leaves in mint, patchouly and thyme; the flower, in the roses and violets; the seeds, in the tonquin bean and caraway; the bark in cinnamon, etc. The odors of flowers are more generally secreted during the sunshine, but there are some which yield no odor in the day time, but are very fragrant in the evening. Flowers plucked for perfuming purposes must be taken when the secretion of odor is at its height. It is a strange fact that white flowers are the most fragrant and pleasing to the smell, while the brown-colored flowers are of little use to the perfumer."

"Are not flowers cultivated for perfuming purposes in some parts of the United States?"

"Decidedly not. Our climate, or climates, are peculiar, but not adapted for this purpose."

"How is the odor extracted from the flower or plant?"

"The plant, or that part of it which contains the odoriferous principle, is placed in an iron-copper or glass pan, varying in size from that capable of holding from one to 20 gallons and covered with water; to the pan a dome-shaped lid is fitted, terminating with a pipe, which is

Twisted Corkscrew Fashion

and fixed in a bucket. This apparatus is called a 'still,' in which the water is caused to boil, and having no other exit the steam must pass through the coiled pipe, which being surrounded with cold water in the bucket condenses the vapor before it can arrive at the tap. With the steam, the volatile oil, that is the perfume, rises and is liquefied at the same time and is preserved. Another process, which is now becoming quite common, is the pomade process, or maceration. The operation is conducted thus: A certain quantity of purified lard is put into a clean metal or porcelain pan; this being melted by a steam heat or bath. The kind of flowers required for the odor wanted are carefully picked and placed in contact with the liquid fat and allowed to remain from 24 to 48 hours. The fat has a particular affinity or attraction for the otto of flowers, and, as it were, draws it out of them and becomes itself by their aid highly perfumed. The fat is strained from the spent flowers, and fresh flowers are added 10 or 15 times over till the pomade is of the required strength. The pomade is then packed in cans, and is ready for transportation. The next thing to do when the odor that lies in the fat is to be converted into cologne is to extract it from the lard. This is done by a simple process of permeating the fat with highly distilled alcohol, which is called 'cologne spirits.' The 'cologne spirits' takes every particle of the odor from the lard; it is then placed in sealed jars, and is allowed to stand for at least 12 months before it is converted into perfumery for the market. As with wine, the longer it stands the more virtue there is in it.

"That queen of the garden, the rose, loses not her diadem in the perfuming world. The oil of roses, or, as it is commonly called, the otto, or attar of roses, is procured simply by distilling the roses with water. Between 500 and 600 pounds weight of rose leaves are required to produce one ounce of the attar. At Rome the odor of the rose was in such demand that Lucullus expended fabulous sums in order to be able to have it at all seasons. But nowadays

Pure Otto of Roses,

from its cloying sweetness, has not many admirers when diluted; however, there is nothing equal to its odor, especially if mixed in soap, to form rose soap, or in pure spirit, to form the esprit de rose. The finest preparation of rose as an odor is made at Grasse and Cannes, in France. There is no doubt but that clergymen and orators, while speaking for any time, would derive great benefit from perfuming their handkerchiefs with Hungary water, as the rose water it contains excites the mind to vigorous action, sufficient of the stimulant being inhaled by occasionally wiping the face with the handkerchief moistened with these waters.

"Perfumes, as is well known, are also derived from animals. The musk ox and deer, the civet, an animal much resembling the common cat, and the whale furnish odors known as musk and ambergris. The perfume known as civet is probably one of the oldest perfumes known. It is mentioned several times by Shakespeare in different plays. 'His hands are perfumed with civet.'—'As You Like It,' act 3, scene 2. The odor of civet is best imparted, not by actual contact, but by being placed in the neighborhood of absorbent materials. Thus, when spread on leather and placed in a writing desk, it perfumes the paper and envelopes delightfully, so much so that they retain the odor after passing through the mails. Valentines are scented in this way.

"Undoubtedly the perfume known as new mown hay is the most popular of perfumes. The fragrance of hay is one of the most grateful to our senses and it is natural that there should be a demand for a perfume of this odor. The odor of hay is due to the vernal grass it contains. When vernal grass is well grown, cut and dried, it evolves an odorous principle similar to that yielded by the coumarine or tonquin bean. The following extracts of odors mixed goes to make the beautiful new mown hay so much admired by both sexes: Tonquin bean, two pints; geranium, one pint; orange flowers, one pint; rose flowers, one pint; rose triple, one pint; jessamine, one pint.

Odors are mixed to give different shades of fragrance exactly as are colors combined to give blending shades. There are numberless brands of perfumes which are in great demand, and it is not infrequent that the cologne merchant is called upon by the fastidious to make certain colognes to order. Some like cologne that strongly savors of musk, while others like a predominance of the rose. You can get just what you want in this line just as much as you can have a suit of clothes cut and made to suit your own individual taste. Your perfumer can give you a bouquet of odors in cologne as easily as the florist can furnish you with a bouquet of cut flowers, and blend to suit your nose as well as your eyes. Probably you have not been aware of this. Try it.

CHARLES L. FLETCHER.

AFTER COTTON'S THRONE.

Ramee Fibre Spun Into Cloth by a Providence Manufacturer.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 9.—Botanist Porte of the Department of Agriculture is of the opinion that a process has been discovered by which the ramee plant can be made into cloth at such moderate cost that it will soon become a dangerous rival to cotton.

"About a month ago," says Mr. Porte, "information reached the department that Thomas Mabbett, a Providence manufacturer, had at small cost woven ramee fibre into cloth. The ramee fibre had been prepared by a process discovered by Charles Topham, a chemist of Salem, Mass. Mr. Topham, by a secret formula, had turned the fibre into a substance resembling floss. This floss he sent to Mr. Mabbett at Providence for weaving. Mr. Topham, it seems, had been experimenting with ramee for years, like a great many other men, and only succeeded after innumerable failures. I was sent to New England and investigated the discoveries of Messrs. Topham and Mabbett, and what I saw has convinced me that the problem of the utilization of ramee has at last been satisfactorily solved."

INSIGHT.

[Ella Wheeler Wilcox in Jamestown Sun.]

On the river of life, as I float along,
I see with the spirit's sight
That many a nauseous weed of wrong
Has root in a seed of right.
For evil is good that has gone astray,
And sorrow is only blindness,
And the world is always under the sway
Of a changeless law of kindness.

The commonest error a truth can make
Is shouting its sweet voice hoarse,
And sin is only the soul's mistake
In misdirecting its force.
And love, the fairest of all fair things
That ever to men descended,
Grows rank with nettles and poisonous things
Unless it is watched and tended.

There could not be anything better than this
Old world in the way it began,
And though some matters have gone amiss
From the great original plan;
And however dark the skies may appear,
And however souls may blunder,
I tell you it all will work out clear,
For good lies over and under.

What the British Soldier Eats.

[Gen. Viscount Wolseley, K. P., in Feb. Harper's.]

The pay of a private soldier of a line infantry regiment—which is the smallest man's rate of pay in the army—is one shilling per diem. In addition to his pay he receives a daily ration of three-quarters of a pound of meat and one pound of white bread. During peace everything else he requires as food he has to purchase from his daily pay. When on active service he is well fed free of all charge.

There has been a great deal of nonsense talked and written of late about the insufficiency of the soldier's food. The fact is he gets plenty to eat, but he has to pay for much of it out of his own pocket. Examine any corps on parade, and the plump, ruddy appearance of the men will prove how well he is fed. In addition to the daily rations, which I have already described, every company mess purchases tea, sugar, milk, vegetables, etc., at a daily cost of about 3½d. to each man. Most men also buy in their canteens beer, hot sausages, butter, jam and other luxuries. In his recreation room the soldier can be served at all hours with good tea, coffee, bread and butter, etc. The question for the government to consider is how much of the soldier's daily food is to be paid for by the state.

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